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DAUGHTER OF MEXICO

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE
FOUNDED ON
DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE

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BY
DR. A. E. BREEN

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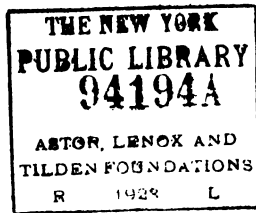
AUTHOR

"INTRODUCTION TO HOLY SCRIPTURE"
"HARMONIZED EXPOSITION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS"
"DIARY OF MY LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND"

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
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A Daughter of Mexico

CHAPTER I.

Mexico is a land of contrasts. Tropical heat and perpetual snow; inordinate riches and abject poverty; aboriginal Indians and twentieth century millionaires; a constitution and a state of continual anarchy; superstitiously religious, and yet pagan and savage. Well does Ober describe this wondrous land:

“Mexico lies at the meeting place of two zones, the Temperate and the Torrid, and from its geographical position, combined with its altitudes, possesses a greater variety of soil, surface, and vegetation than any (other) equal area of contiguous territory in the world. Basking in the sunshine of the Tropics, her head pillowed in the lap of the North, her feet resting at the gateway of the continents, her snowy bosom rising to the clouds, she rests serene in the majesty of her might. She guards vast treasures of gold and silver; emeralds and opals adorn her brow; while the hem of her royal robes, dipped in the seas of two hemispheres, is embroidered in pearls and riches of the sea.

“Mother of western civilization! Cradle of the American race! A thousand years have been

gathered into the sheaf of time since her first cities were built. When the Norsemen coasted our western shores she had villages and towns, white walled temples and spreading palaces. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, a hundred years had passed since the soldiers of Cortés had battled with the hosts of Montezuma."

In no country in the world can you pass so rapidly from the blazing shores of the heated Tropics to the region of perpetual winter, from the land of the palm and the vine to the land of the lichen and the pine.

A writer in the *Geographic Magazine*, May, 1914, declares that "here you will see a Mexican half-breed, barefooted, wearing a dollar pair of trousers, a fifty-cent shirt, and a ten-dollar sombrero. There, at a single glance and within the length of a single city block, you may see an Indian *cargador*, a donkey, an ox-cart, a carriage, a railroad train, a street car, and an automobile—almost every type of locomotion since Adam."

The area of Mexico is 767,005 square miles with a population of 13,604,000, of whom only 2,062,000 are Whites or Creoles, 7,380,000 Half-breeds or Mestizos, 4,082,000 Indians, and 80,000 Negroes.

The mighty Cordillera (lit. 'chain') of the Andes crossing the Isthmus of Panama rises into the high peak of Zempoaltepec (10,000 ft.) in the state of Oaxaca. Then the great Cordillera divides itself into an eastern and western branch,

called the Sierras (lit. 'saws'). The Sierra Madre Occidental continues throughout the entire longer western part of Mexico, and merges into the Rocky Mountains in the United States. It has an average altitude of 8000 ft. Its highest points are Nevado de Colima (14,360 ft.), and Volcan de Colima (12,750 ft.).

The Sierra Madre Oriental is a shorter range, terminating at the Rio Grande in the state of Coahuila. Its highest peaks are Orizaba (over 18,200 ft.) and Popocatepetl (17,800 ft.).

These two great chains enclose the great plateau of Central Mexico.

The western Sierra leaves but a narrow strip of land between itself and the Pacific Ocean, and the descent is very sharp and abrupt. This configuration of the land forms many good harbors on the Pacific coast.

On the eastern side the strip of coast land is broader, and slopes almost imperceptibly to the Gulf of Mexico. On this coast there are few good harbors.

Mexico has a great variety of climate. The vast tablelands have but two seasons: the wet, from May to October; and the dry, the remainder of the year, which is absolutely rainless. The temperature of the tableland is temperate.

The great Mexican plateau is about 250 miles wide, and extends throughout all Mexico, about a thousand miles. Its meagre and scattered popu-

lation is occupied chiefly in mining and stock raising. The City of Mexico itself is situated in this great plateau; and though the City of Mexico is situated in a valley, the floor of this valley is 8000 ft. above sea-level.

The climate of the coast regions is very warm, and there is more rain there.

Many of the native races which inhabited Mexico at the time of its conquest by Cortés are still there. Principal among these are the Mexicana, the Aztaca (Aztecs), the Tarasca, or Michoacana, the Otomi, the Opata-Pima, the Mixteco-Tzapoteca, the Mijea, or Zoque, the Chontal, and the Maya in Yucatan.

The famous Yaqui Indians who are scattered through the state of Sonora are a branch of the Opata-Pima.

A considerable portion of the great central tableland of Mexico is a barren desert, but irrigation would change this into a fertile land, as Saltillo the oasis-city demonstrates.

The agricultural possibilities of Mexico are very great. It has millions of acres of the finest pastures in the world. Its banana groves are among the finest in the world; much of its land will produce two crops of corn in the year. It has fine coffee lands, rubber lands and cocoa lands. In the middle and lower altitudes the banana and orange flourish.

It has some of the finest forests in the world,

and its mines are the "treasure-house of the world." It produces one-third of the world's silver, one-ninth of the world's lead, one-twentieth of the world's copper, and a considerable percentage of the world's gold. The mineral production, exclusive of iron, coal and petroleum, in 1910 was \$158,000,000. And yet the mineral resources of this rich country are in large part undeveloped. The famous iron mountain at Durango, nearly a mile long, more than a third of a mile wide at the base, and 700 ft. high, is estimated to contain 600 million tons of the richest iron ore. The Santa Maria Graphite Mines are the largest in America. The region near the Gulf of Mexico is rich in petroleum; the oil fields of Yucatan and Vera Cruz are among the richest in the world.

The industries of the Mexicans are important. The delicate drawn-work of Mexico, made by Indian women of Mexico, deserves to rank with the finest laces of the world.

The Mexican cochineal, made from insects that feed on the cochineal fig and other allied cacti, is highly prized.

Corn is the great staple of Mexico. It was a chief article of food even in the days of Montezuma. They make cakes of corn meal called the tortilla, or the tamale, which may be called the national dish of Mexico.

Another curious dish is made of marsh flies and their eggs. The insect deposits its eggs in great

quantities upon flags and rushes. The Indians gather these eggs and press them into little hard cakes like cheese. They mix them with corn meal and the eggs of fowl, and thus make excellent cakes. The insect is about the size of our common house-fly. They are taken, pounded into a paste and boiled in corn husks, as they boil tamales. The Indians call the eggs of these insects water-wheat, and they plant flags and rushes that the insects may lay their eggs thereon.

One of the most remarkable fruits of Mexico is the melon zapote or papaya. It grows wild, and sometimes attains a height of 25 ft. The fruit bears a resemblance to a cantaloupe and a water-melon. From twenty to a hundred melons are produced by one tree, and some of the melons may weigh 20 pounds. The fruit contains pepsin, and is very healthful. The juice of the fruit and the leaves have the power to render tough meat tender.

Mexico is the ornithologist's paradise! Nowhere in the world may one find such a vast and splendid variety of birds.

As an evidence of what Mexico might be if a just and strong permanent government were established, we may note that under Porfirio Diaz the Bueno Tono Cigarette Factory had a daily output of twelve million cigarettes a day. It is the largest cigarette factory in the world. There were 145 cotton mills employing 35,000 operators.

The Mexican Light & Power Co., at Necaxa, is one of the largest in this hemisphere.

The plan of Diaz would have saved Mexico. His plan was to create a middle-class of intelligent workers and thereby develop the industries of Mexico, and temper the extreme class distinction between the very wealthy class and the peons. While the present conditions exist Mexico can never be at peace. There is a part of the Mexican people who are truly Christian, law-abiding people, but they are not as aggressive as the lawless part. They shrink from strife and bloodshed, and allow the revolutionists to devastate the fair country. We see the same thing in France. That country is a Catholic country, and those who believe vastly outnumber the liberals; and yet these Catholics of France permit a comparatively few Freemasons and atheists to rob the churches, destroy the glorious institutions of mercy and of learning, curtail the rights of God's ministers, and violate the most sacred principles of justice and right. And this is allowed because the good men of the land are not organized, and are lacking in moral courage.

The same conditions exist in Mexico. The land is terrorized by bands of brutal savages, who revel in the wild adventure of camp life, and who are kept in the ranks by the hope of enriching themselves by plunder.

Mexico needs a strong paternal government. It

needs a benevolent iron hand to rule it. The only government which ever benefited Mexico was that of Porfirio Diaz; and his government, though in name a republic, was in reality a monarchy.

The Mexican is much like the Arab: he lives in dreamland. Exaggeration is found in everything. They are fond of gaudy things, emotional, superficial, and intensely fond of holidays. They resemble the Athenians, *cupidi rerum novarum*.

But under a government like the present government of Germany this people could attain a high degree of prosperity.

There are many beautiful traits in Mexican life. The Mexican mother glories in her large family of children. These Mexican mothers form a splendid contrast to those unnatural monsters, too often found in our country, who, through sordid selfishness and accursed avarice, violate the most sacred laws of nature, and bear on their wizened faces the stamp of a reprobate sense.

The Mexican is hospitable, and charitable; he only lacks that cool, logical temper of mind that fits men to form a republic.

The Mexican reveals that immaturity of mind proper to a child. He will spend many valuable hours sharpening the spurs of cocks and witnessing the cock-fight; but he thinks little of finding a means to save his country from its civil dissension. He will deprive himself of food to procure a fine sombrero, and this is the one article of his dress to

which he is a slave. To keep the hat from becoming a nuisance the government put a tax of \$1.00 on the rims of hats which exceeded a certain width.

The land is full of the most wretched beggars; they study the art of making themselves appear most wretched, that they may cause men to pity them.

Millions of acres of the arid land of Mexico are vast forests of cacti. They range from the vast *Candelabra*, more than fifty feet high, and the equally large *Organ*, to the creeping kinds that scarcely rise above the ground. Most of the five hundred known species of cacti are found in Mexico.

One of the great characteristic institutions of Mexico is the *Hacienda*. These enormous private estates were created in the early days of the Spanish conquest. They are feudal and aristocratic, and constitute a sort of state within a state. Some of these haciendas are larger than the entire state of Connecticut. Upon the *Hacienda de Cedros* about two thousand persons live. There is the *Casa Grande* or great manor house with associated structures, the church, the mills, factories, corrals, and the homes of the peons.

The homes of the peons are small adobe huts, put up where convenience dictated. They are, for the most part, comfortless and dirty.

The improvement of the conditions of the peon

is a difficult problem. If the master be a good man the peon is, perhaps, as well off in peonage as his nature will permit. His present wages are small, but larger wages would not help him. He would squander the wages, and his condition would be made worse. He has no ambition, no thought for the morrow. He is apathetic and childish. Of course this does not apply to all peons, but we believe that it is true of a great majority.

Some are found who are clean, industrious and refined.

The Hacienda is administered in truly feudal manner. There is the *administrador*, who represents the owner. Under him are *caporales*, who administer every one his division or *fraccion*. Under the *caporales* is the *major-domo*, who assigns the men their tasks, supervises their work, and makes a report to the chief.

Some of the methods of agriculture are very primitive, such as plowing with a crooked stick tied to the horns of oxen, reaping with the sickle, and threshing by driving oxen upon the grain spread out on the threshing floor. Corn is planted and shelled by hand, and the people seem to accept these primitive methods by choice. Their vehicles are rude and heavy; a lack of any desire for improved methods is apparent.

The Europeans who subjugated Mexico established themselves the lords of a conquered race. They did not follow the policy of robbery and ex-

termination, as was done in the United States. The natives were allowed to live side by side with their masters. They intermarried with them; and hence of the 13,604,000 inhabitants of Mexico, 7,380,000 are half-breeds.

The foreign population two years ago numbered 100,000 souls, of whom 30,000 were Americans, 20,000 Spanish, and 5000 British.

The Spanish conquerors brought to Mexico the Catholic religion; and wherever human frailty has not destroyed the effects of the teaching of Christ, the Mexican is a beautiful character.

But scepticism, and secret societies, the great evil of all Latin countries, have wrought terrible havoc in Mexico. Using these as their allies, the Protestant missionaries, those vampires of the nations, have led the Mexicans into fatal error and misery. It is clearly proven that some of the worst outrages of the hordes now operating in Mexico were incited by Protestant missionaries. Protestant missionaries are generals, colonels, and captains in the marauding armies. Revolutionary governors of two states are ex-Protestant ministers. Protestantism as such does not appeal to the Latin. He is by nature, even though illiterate, too logical to embrace Protestantism. He may for temporal advantage feign to profess Protestantism, but he is not sincere. The effect of Protestantism and Freemasonry on Latin peoples is to make them infidels and atheists. Freemasonry

has accomplished this in France, Portugal, Italy, Cuba, the Philippines and Mexico.

According to some authorities two-thirds of the population of Mexico are illiterate; others estimate the illiterate portion to be as high as ninety per cent. But it would be a great injustice to make the Catholic Church responsible for this condition. Whatever of culture Mexico has is the result of the Catholic religion. We destroyed the Indian, but the Roman Catholic polity of Mexico raised him up, and patiently counteracting his temperamental indifference to education, it produced such scholars as Diaz, Mejia, Urrutia, Munguia, Carillo y Azcona, Alarcon, Altamirano, Estagnol, Sanchez Santos, Panduro, and Velazquez.

Mr. Lummis, though hostile to Spanish religion and civilization, admits in his "Spanish Pioneers" that the laws of Spain were "the highest-minded, most complete, most noble Indian policy ever framed by man."

Father Kelley in his remarkable brochure on Mexico quotes the following testimonies from biased Protestant writers:

"Our partisan histories, even our encyclopedias," says Lummis, "are either strangely silent or strangely biased. They do not seem to recognize the precedence of Spain, nor the fact that she made in America a record of heroism, of unparalleled exploration and colonization, never approached by any other nation anywhere. Long

before the Saxon had raised so much as a hut in the new world, or penetrated a hundred miles from the coast, the Spanish-pioneers had explored America from Kansas to Cape Horn, and from sea to sea; and had far inland a chain of Spanish cities five thousand miles long."

"Mr. Lummis says that 'they (the Spaniards) were far less cruel than the Saxon ones.' The Spaniard never exterminated. He conquered the Aborigine and then converted and educated him."

"I have before me a book by Professor Noll, of the University of the South, biased, of course, as most such books are. But the professor is forced to concede this: 'It may be frankly admitted that the influence of the religious Orders was, in the main, beneficial to the country throughout the sixteenth century. The archbishops and bishops of Mexico exercised great influence in the affairs of government. They were respected by the civil authorities and venerated by the natives. . . . The Jesuits who arrived in the year 1572, true to the purposes of their Order, tried to foster learning in the new land, though with but limited success. Other religious Orders established and maintained admirably appointed hospitals and asylums in every large city.' "

"Enoch, an Englishman, whose prejudices are rather fairly distributed against both Mexico and the United States, frankly says: 'The Mexican of

today owes all he has—law, literature, art and social system, and refinements of law and religion—to Spain.’ ”

Long is the list of the heroic pioneer priests who brought the knowledge of Christ and of Christian civilization to the Aborigines of North America. Every man who loves the truth venerates the memory of Brébeuf, Jogues, Bressani, Chabanel, Garnier, Lalemant, Mercier, Goupil, Ragueneau, Poncet, Le Moyne, Chaumonot, Recontre, Guimont, Claude Dablon, De Quen, La Brosse, Alouez, Marquette, Daniel, Ménard, Laval, Fremin, Bruyas, Lalande, Millet, Pierron, de Carheil, Raffeix, de Lamberville, Garnier, Druilletes, Lejeune, Râle, Albanel, Buteux, Aulneau, Laure, and many others. Inspired by the faith that Christ delivered to the world these men gave their lives for the poor deluded bestialized savages of North America. They left the easier tasks of the Christian ministry for others. They were led on by no earthly hopes, no riches or honors: their citizenship was in Heaven.

Ingram Kip, the Protestant bishop of California, thus eulogizes the saints, Jogues and his confreres: “So died one of that glorious band that had shown greater devotion in the cause of Christianity than has ever been seen since the days of the Apostles; men whose lives and sufferings reveal a story more touching and pathetic than anything in the records of our country, and

whose names should ever be kept in grateful remembrance; stern, high-wrought men, who might have stood high in court or camp, and who could contrast their desolate state in the lowly wigwam with the refinement and affluence that waited on them in their earlier years; but who had given up home and love of kindred and the golden ties of relationship for God and man. '*Ibo sed non redibo,*' said Isaac Jogues, as he went for the last time into the valley of the Mohawk. He fell beneath the blow of the infuriated savage and his body was thrown to feed the vultures, whose shrieks as they flapped their wings above him was his only requiem."

Greater love no man hath than that he lay down his life for his friend; and the Good Shepherd, who first laid down His life for us, inspired his true servants to lay down their lives for the savage, who still had a soul, and a capacity for eternal life.

One of the errors of history is to attribute to pagans and savages a certain natural nobility of character. The pagan and the savage are the natural man moved by his elemental passions, and we know that man is a fallen nature. In some rare types of both there may be found some good qualities, but the great mass are moved by the lowest passions of humanity. We find a convincing proof of the great depravity of even the proud pagan Roman in the letters of St. Paul. Those who

travel among the Arabs become so disgusted with their avarice, their lying, their carnal lust, their cruelty, their utter worldliness, that they almost lose hope of finding a possible redeemable remnant in the *massa damnata*.

The American Indian has been overestimated. He was exceedingly cruel. They cut in pieces their victims and ate the flesh cut from the writhing victim. One of the great motives of their warfare was to obtain victims to torture. They were fierce cannibals: De Lamberville testifies that the Iroquois killed and ate six hundred captives in one expedition against the Illinois. They were brutal in their carnal lust. The women were corrupt from early childhood. The spiritual order of being moved them but little. They were moved by what they apprehended by the senses. Though many savages entertained some vague idea of a great spirit, the more carnal thought of the god of war, or some impure deity moved them more. The hope of some temporal gain appealed to them far more than the grace of God.

The awful human sacrifices of the Aborigines of Yucatan are well known. Into the dreadful well were tossed prisoners of war and beautiful maidens, drugged with the sacred ambrosia, *Balche*, as expiatory sacrifices to an offended deity.

Some point to the great temples, reliefs, and mural paintings of Chichen Itza in Yucatan to

prove the civilization of the ancient Maya race. They wrote their calendar on a great circular stone twenty-two feet in diameter and three feet thick. It weighs over twenty-three tons. Another great stone containing a carved description of the rites of sacrifice is found in the Mexican National Museum. A copy of it is in our National Museum. Many thousands of human victims were offered up on this stone to the sun-god of the Aztecs. They were accustomed to pluck out the heart of the living victim and hold it up in sign of offering to the deity.

The Pyramid of The Sun and the Pyramid of The Moon, near Mexico City, are only surpassed by those of Egypt. The Pyramid of The Sun covers an area nearly as large as that of the Pyramid of Cheops: it is 216 feet high. It is rich in inscriptions which reveal some knowledge of astronomy, and this is by many proclaimed as an evidence of Toltec civilization.

A civilization which fills the land with temples, but leaves man cruel, lustful, ignorant of his destiny, ignorant of the one true God, is a curse. Its temples only prove how deeply a foul superstition had fixed itself in the life of the people.

When we contrast paganism with Christianity we find this to be true. The evils of paganism are inherent in the cult itself. Its fetichism, its carnal uncleanness, its devil worship, its sensuality, its

cruelty spring logically from the principles of the false religion.

On the contrary, the evils which sometimes attend on Christian civilization come from the weakness of the human exponent of the Christian faith.

Human sacrifice was a part of the religion of all the tribes, but it reached its greatest proportions among the Aztecs.

When the Aztec Emperor Ahuitzotl (1486-1502) inaugurated the great temple in Mexico, we are told by Father Motolinia, in his letter to Charles V. (1553), that during three days there were 80,400 men sacrificed to the supreme god Teotl and the subordinate deities.

Father Durán corroborates this testimony, and declares that he found it recorded in many places.

The Vatican MS. gives the number as 20,000; but even if we accept the smaller number as correct, we can have no regret for the passing of such a horrid cult.

Human sacrifice was such an essential of their polytheism, that they directed their warriors not to kill their enemies in battle, but to take them prisoners for sacrifices to their gods. Historians of the first rank affirm that from 15,000 to 20,000 men were annually sacrificed to the various Aztec deities.

In 1521 the Aztec empire came to an end. It was not an easy task to overthrow the empire of the Aztecs: Cortés and his men, knowing that if taken

prisoners they would be offered as human sacrifices, fought to conquer or die in battle.

Many of the conquerors were evil men. Nuño de Guzmán, the conquerer of Michoacan, was a monster of cruelty and greed. Wherever he passed he plundered, tortured, and put to death the natives of whatever rank. He tortured and put to death Tangoaxan II. in a most unjust and cruel manner.

With equal cruelty Cortés slew Cuahutemotzin (1521).

Spanish civilization was in nowise responsible for the cruelty of the Spanish leaders and their adventurous followers. Not the best of Spain's sons came to New Spain. In the measure in which they were influenced by their civilization they benefited the savages. Spanish civilization was formed and fashioned by the Catholic religion, and that religion and the civilizations founded upon it are the only causes that have ever benefited the savage race.

If at times the home government of Spain was weak in repressing the cruelty of its agents in the New World, the fault is not due to the principles of the religion of Spain, but to the human element in religion, which has always revealed those limitations foretold by the Founder of Christianity.

Many causes conspired to move the Spaniards to be cruel to the Indian. The character of many of the Indians was evil and exasperating. Many

of the Indians, while seeming to profess Christianity, secretly clung to their heathenish abominations.

Besides there was a false persuasion in the minds of many of the Spaniards that the Indians were irrational beings, who consequently had no more right than the brute beasts.

Finally, we must recognize that Negro slavery at that time was looked upon as just throughout the world. It is not strange therefore that the Spanish conquerors in New Spain should seek to place the Indian in the same category as the African Negro.

The Catholic Church exerted its powerful influence to protect the Indians from the cruelty of the conquerors. Fray Bortolomé de las Casas, the noble Dominican, and in fact all the ministers of the Catholic Church labored with all their might to improve the condition of the Indian. The government of Spain aided them.

Never in the whole world was there a more fiery champion of the rights of the savage than Bartolomé de las Casas.

Not alone the Crown, but all the influential men and women of Spain favored him.

It was by the aid of the Catholic missionaries that the Spanish government obtained from Paul III. (1537) the Bull which gave to the Indians equal rights with the white man, and proclaimed

them capable of receiving the Christian faith and the sacraments. This decree practically destroyed the pernicious belief that the Indians were irrational beings.

CHAPTER II.

A brief glance at the history of Mexico will show forth the benefits which the Catholic religion conferred on Mexico, and will make clear its present status.

With the capture of Cuahutemotzin (1521) the Aztec civilization came to an end. There followed a period of active explorations and conquests.

The Indians remained submissive.

The priests, who came with the Spanish conquerors, could do little during the period of conquest.

When peace was restored the Flemish Franciscans began the work of evangelization. Not knowing the language of the natives, the missionaries could at first do but little among the adults. They were more successful with the children, and through these they gradually drew the adults, so that after a few years most of the natives were baptized.

In 1528 the first bishop, Zumarraga, came to Mexico. Owing to the turbulent conditions prevailing in Rome, Zumarraga came with only Charles V.'s nomination, and exercised his office in Mexico for six years before he returned to Rome and was duly consecrated. He ruled the

diocese from 1528 to 1548. The diocese of Mexico extended in his day from Tampico on the Gulf Coast to Acapulco on the Pacific.

When the missionaries came in 1524 they found not a single Indian who could read. They immediately founded schools, and themselves learned the Indian language, so that twenty years later Bishop Zumarraga ordered the Catechism of Pedro de Cordoba translated into the Indian tongue, believing that it would do much good, "there are so many who know how to read." Pedro de Gante, kinsman of Charles V., gathered about a thousand children in the Convent of San Francisco of Mexico, and taught them Catechism, Music, and Latin. He also founded a school for adults, a church, a hospital, and also an establishment which was a primary school, a college, and an academy of fine arts. And yet this man was only a lay brother of the Franciscans.

The other missionaries worked on similar lines, but none equalled Pedro.

Bishop Zumarraga, zealous for the Indian's highest good, opened for them the College of Santa Cruz at Tlaltelolco, on January 6, 1534. They began with sixty pupils, but the number rapidly increased. Religion, reading, writing, Latin, rhetoric, philosophy, music, and medicine were taught. Many fine native scholars went forth from this college.

An event which aided much in the conversion of

the Mexican Indians was the vision of the Mother of God to a neophyte Indian, Juan Diego, fifty-five years of age, who was going to Mass on Saturday, December 9, 1531.

It was on the slope of Tepeyac Hill near Mexico City that the Virgin appeared.

She bade Juan Diego go to Bishop Zumarraga, and direct him to build a temple where she stood.

The Blessed Virgin appeared to Diego at the same place that same Saturday evening, and also on the evening of the following day, to get the bishop's answer. But the bishop was not at once persuaded of the truth of the vision.

The bishop directed Juan Diego to ask a sign of the vision in proof of her genuine character.

On Monday, Juan was occupied with his uncle Bernardino, who was sick unto death of a fever. All remedies had failed, and early Tuesday morning he set out in haste to fetch a priest from the nearby Convent of St. James.

Fearing that the apparition might delay him he strove to avoid it by going another way. But the Blessed Virgin came down to meet him, and said: "What road is this thou travellest, son?"

Juan explained to her the fact of the sick man; she spoke at some length with Juan, and then appeared to the sick man, declaring that she was Holy Mary of Guadalupe, she healed him.

She then bade Juan to go again to the bishop.

Juan asked for the sign as directed by the

bishop. The loving words of the Blessed Virgin had dispelled all his hesitation and fear.

The Blessed Virgin bade him ascend to some rocks and there gather roses. It was not the season of roses, and the place was not fit for them.

Juan went and found an abundance of roses. He filled the lap of his long cloak with them.

The Mother of God arranged them, and directed him to keep them untouched and unseen until he presented them to the bishop.

As Juan opened his cloak to present the roses as a sign to the bishop, the roses fell out and Zumarraga and his attendants knelt in adoration. There on the cloak of the Indian was the life-size picture of the Blessed Virgin as she had appeared to Juan Diego.

The picture was first preserved in the Bishop's Chapel. A shrine was at once built for it as requested by the Blessed Virgin, and the picture placed therein. It is three miles north-east of Mexico City.

This first shrine, finished in 1532, served until 1622, when a richer shrine for the picture was erected in the same place. Again in 1709 a much richer one was built, and this with additional buildings of the eighteenth century is the shrine of today.

The picture is painted on poor, thin, open stuff like sacking.

The stuff was woven of vegetable fibre, probably

maguey. The stitching is weak, and the seam is visible up through the middle of the figure but turns at the face.

The figure is a girl of fifteen, in the traditional pose of the Immaculate Conception.

The chief color is gold in the rays and stars, blue-green in the mantle, rose in the flowered tunic.

Many painters have examined the picture, and none have been able to explain how the colors could have naturally been laid on such a poor unprepared "canvas." They find the blending of the colors and the drawing perfect.

The miraculous picture of Guadalupe has encountered some opposition, but the evidence of its genuineness seems to be convincing. Processes in 1663, 1666, 1723 and 1750 were presented to Rome in attestation of its authenticity. The clergy have been very faithful to it. Nineteen popes have approved it. Benedict XIV. made Our Lady of Guadalupe the national patron of Mexico, made December 12 a holy day of obligation with an Octave, and ordered a special Mass and Octave.

Leo XIII. approved a complete historical Second Nocturne, ordered the picture to be crowned in his name, and composed a poetical inscription for it.

Pius X. permitted all Mexican priests to say the special Mass of Our Lady of Guadalupe on the twelfth of every month, and granted indulgences

throughout the world for prayers before a copy of the picture.

The miracle of Guadalupe gave a great impetus to Christianity in Mexico.

In 1553 there were in Mexico three principal colleges: a Franciscan college at Tlatelolco for the Indians, another Franciscan college at San Juan de Letran for the Mestizos, and a college with lay teachers from Spain for Spaniards and high caste Creoles.

In 1575 the Augustinians founded their celebrated College of San Pablo for Spaniards and Creoles.

About the same time the Jesuits founded their College of San Ildefonso in Mexico City.

The Viceroy D. Antonio de Mendoza (1635-50) took an active interest in education in New Spain. He petitioned Charles V. to found a university in Mexico. The decree of foundation of the university was signed in 1551, and the university was opened June 3, 1553. It had all the faculties and privileges of the University of Salamanca.

In 1760 a library was added which contained over 10,000 volumes.

The university was closed by President Gomez Farias in 1833. President Santa Anna reopened it the following year; but the condition of Mexico at that time was not favorable to a university. The golden age of Mexico had passed. The faith

and morals of the people had suffered from skepticism and Freemasonry.

The university was influenced by these evils; public sentiment was against it. It had deteriorated so that it was no longer beneficial to the nation; Maximilian finally suppressed it in 1865.

In the history of the world there never was a province better governed than was Mexico during the Spanish sovereignty.

We acknowledge that in the first Audiencia (1528-31) composed of Nuño de Guzmán, Juan Ortiz Matienzo, and Diego Degadillo, the Emperor of Spain made a mistake. These men were unjust and cruel and all Mexico suffered. The second Audiencia (1531-35) was composed of just and able men, and they effected lasting reforms.

The kings of Spain donated much of their tithes for building and endowing churches, hospitals, and schools in Mexico. They filled the land with fine churches, hospitals, convents, and monasteries. They appointed worthy bishops, and protected the Indians.

During the Spanish regime there were established in Mexico the following religious orders of men: the Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, Carmelites, Brothers of St. James, Jesuits, Mercedarians, Bethlehemites, Benedictines, Oratorians, and Brothers of St. John of God.

The following orders of women were established: the Poor Clares, Capuchines, Carmelites,

Conceptionists, Cistercians, Augustinians, Dominicans.

The first printing press brought to the New World was brought to Mexico by Bishop Zumarraga and the Viceroy D. Antonio de Mendoza. The record of the Spanish kings in their government of Mexico was almost Utopian. There were some abuses, but these were not attributable to the home government but to the "cursed distance that prevented (the Mexicans) from enjoying the presence of their king."

The Spanish kings also exercised great care in selecting worthy men as viceroys. There were a few bad men in this post, but most of the viceroys were upright and prudent governors. As examples we may name Mendoza, Velasco, Payo de Rivera, Juan de Acuña, Bucareli, and the second Conde de Revillagigedo.

Where do we find a record of any other colonizing nation or of any non-Catholic missionaries which can compare in merit with the record of Spain and her Catholic missionaries in Mexico?

The American Revolution, the French Revolution, and racial antipathies conspired to bring on the Mexican Revolution. Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, native Indian parish priest of Dolores, on September 10, 1810, led the revolt against Spain.

He was defeated, captured, and executed at Chihuahua, July 30, 1811.

José Maria Morelos, the Indian parish priest of

Carácuaro, and the native Indian priest Mariano Matamoros, took up the work for independence.

They recruited some four thousand ill-armed, undisciplined troops, and fought with great bravery and some measure of success.

On September 14, 1813, the first independent Mexican Congress was assembled at Chilpancingo, and decreed, "That dependence upon the Spanish Throne has ceased forever, and has been dissolved. That the said Congress neither professes nor recognizes any religion but the Catholic, nor will it permit or tolerate the practice, public or private, of any other; that it will protect with all its power, and will watch over the purity of the Faith and its dogmas, and the maintenance of the regular bodies."

Reverses followed. The Mexican Congress fled from place to place. Matamoros was captured, and on February 3, 1814, was shot at Valladolid.

In the battle of Tescmalaca Morelos was defeated and made prisoner. He was tried first by the military tribunal and then by the Ecclesiastical Inquisition and condemned as a traitor to God, the King, and the Pope, a negative heretic, and a profaner of the Sacraments.

On December 22, 1815, he was shot at San Cristobal Ecatepec.

We regret this act of these tribunals in Mexico. Morelos had been irregular in his conduct; but

clemency was due a man who was moved by his patriotic ideals.

It is a case where the human element in the Church acted contrary to the principles of the Church which they represented.

We may lay the full blame on the Mexican Inquisition, because at that day the Inquisition dominated all legal procedure in Mexico.

Morelos himself had shown great cruelty. He had ordered a number of prisoners to be shot, when the viceregal government had refused to exchange prisoners with him.

Notwithstanding this, the ecclesiastical tribunal should have shown mercy, and spared the life of a man who was impelled by the love of his country. Perhaps the memory of this act of the ecclesiastical tribunal in Mexico is a factor in the present unhappy condition of the land.

While we regret the execution of Morelos, we must remember that in all revolutionary uprisings bitter passions are engendered and excesses are committed. Where in all history do we find a more despicable crime than the murder of the Irish patriots by the English government in this year? It is the blackest deed in a long list of England's crimes.

In some degree all nations and all institutions have failed to temper justice with mercy. Even the Father of our Country would have been a

greater man had he spared the life of Major Andre.

In 1817 Janvier Mina, a Spaniard, made an unsuccessful fight for Mexican independence. He was shot on November 11 of the same year.

Vicente Guerrero (1782-1831), who had served under Morelos, took up the struggle by a sort of guerilla warfare for a time.

Augustin de Iturbide (1783-1824), who had distinguished himself by conquering Morelos, was made commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies in Mexico. He saw at once that, owing to popular feeling, independence in some form must be offered Mexico. He began to treat with the revolutionary leaders, and finally offered them the celebrated "Plan of Iguala," by which Mexico was to have independence, provided a prince of the royal family of Spain were chosen emperor.

Iturbide's plan was popular, his army grew rapidly, and on September 21, 1821, he entered Mexico at the head of sixteen thousand men. His plan had virtually made him a revolutionist against Spain. The viceroy in Mexico could do nothing against Iturbide's growing power. The viceroy, O'Donoju, signed a treaty with the insurgents adopting the "Plan of Iguala."

On May 18, 1822, Iturbide was proclaimed Emperor, and was crowned July 21, 1822, under the title of Augustin I.

On December 2, 1822, Santa Anna revolted and

declared for a republic. He was joined by Guerrero and Bravo.

In March, 1823, Iturbide abdicated and was banished to Italy.

In May, 1824, unaware that the republican government of Mexico had outlawed him, he returned to Mexico. He was arrested and shot on July 19, 1824.

After the fall of Iturbide, an executive council of four revolutionary leaders, Bravo, Victoria, Negrete and Guerrero managed affairs during the next year. They assembled a congress which on December 4, 1824, proclaimed the first constitution of the Republic of Mexico. Guadalupe Victoria was elected first president.

Freemasonry now became the dominant power in the state of Mexico. The Scottish Rite and York Rite were bitterly opposed to each other.

With the achievement of the independence of Mexico there were formed two parties, the conservative party favorable to the Roman Catholic religion, and the liberal party, which was opposed to the aforesaid state religion. Ever since that day Mexico has been torn by the conflict between these two parties. Many times the leaders vacillated between the two, as advantage persuaded. Santa Anna was sometimes a liberal and sometimes a conservative, but always an unprincipled man.

In 1822 Joel Roberts Poinsett (1779-1851) came

from the United States to Mexico on a special mission.

The day of his coming was an evil day for Mexico.

He came back again as United States Minister from 1825 to 1829, and employed all the power of his evil genius and his office to promote Freemasonry. Since that day Freemasonry has dominated the political history of Mexico.

There were dissensions among the lodges, and these dissensions were causes of strife in the state.

In 1828 General Gomez Piedragawas elected, but the opposing faction of the Freemasons forced his downfall and flight from the country, January 4, 1829.

Guerrero, who had been the rival candidate, assumed the executive functions of the government.

In 1829 the United States recognized the Republic of Mexico.

In the same year Spain sent a military expedition to reconquer Mexico under General Barradas.

He was defeated.

Bustamente, the vice-president, now rose against President Guerrero, and deposed him.

Though legally only vice-president, Bustamente exercised all the powers of president.

The land was in continual tumult.

ti Guerrero was shot on February 14, 1831.

C The leading man in the affairs of Mexico for the

next twenty years was Santa Anna (1795-1876). He had been an adherent of Iturbide in the uprising against the Spanish power. In 1822 he turned against Iturbide and led a rebellion against him which forced Iturbide to resign. He held various military offices, and in 1832 he forced Bustamante to resign, and placed in office his ally, Pedraza.

In 1833 Santa Anna became president. He was really a dictator.

Texas, then a Mexican state, seceded in 1835.

The secession of Texas was mainly the act of the American colonists in the state.

Santa Anna prepared to put down by force of arms the insurrection. After some skirmishes, Sam Houston was chosen commander in chief of the Texan armies, and the war moved in larger proportions.

On February 23, 1836, Santa Anna with 7,500 men invested the Alamo, a fort near San Antonio. After a bombardment of eleven days Santa Anna carried it by storm. Of the whole garrison all were put to death except one woman, her child, and servant.

Houston continually retreated before Santa Anna until he made his final stand at San Jacinto. Here in a bloody battle the Texans completely routed the Mexicans and captured Santa Anna.

Though the Mexican government refused to acknowledge the Republic of Texas, they were never again able to invade the land.

There ensued a period of anarchy in Mexico. Leader succeeded leader in quick succession. The constitution was suspended.

In 1837 through the influence of President Jackson Santa Anna was sent back to Mexico in a United States warship. He held office as provisional president of Mexico from March to July of 1859. Then Nicholas Bravo became president for a week.

Confusion followed. Santa Anna, Bravo, and Canalizio were alternately at the head of the dictatorship.

In 1844 constitutional government was resumed, with Santa Anna as president. In a few months he was deposed and banished by revolutionists.

Canalizio succeeded him, September 20, 1844, but in December of the same year Herrera deposed him, and made himself president.

Herrera was driven from office by a revolution on December 30, 1845. General Paredes succeeded him.

War now broke out between the United States and Mexico by reason of the annexation of Texas.

In July, 1846, Santa Anna was recalled from banishment and in December, 1846, was made provisional president. Though a cripple, having lost a leg fighting against a French invasion at Vera Cruz in 1838, he was undoubtedly the strongest military leader in Mexico at that time.

Santa Anna took the field against the American

troops, but was defeated in every battle.

As a result of this war Mexico was obliged to recognize the annexation of Texas, and to cede to the United States half a million square miles of territory.

This war which the United States waged against Mexico, is one of the foulest deeds of our nation's history. It created a distrust which still resides in the men of all Latin America.

After the occupation of Mexico by General Scott, Santa Anna resigned the presidency, and after an unsuccessful attempt to capture Pueblo, he went into exile in Venezuela.

He was recalled in 1853, and was made president for one year. During this term he declared himself president for life.

An inevitable revolution against him followed in March, 1854. After fifteen months of strife against the revolutionists, in August, 1855, he fled to Venezuela, and thence to St. Thomas.

He came back to Mexico in 1864, during the French invasion, but was driven from the country by Bazaine.

Ambition moved him to return in 1867, but he was made prisoner and exiled. After the death of Juarez, he returned to Mexico and died poor and neglected in Mexico City, June 20, 1876.

The character of Santa Anna was unprincipled, weak, and vacillating, and his effect upon Mexico was evil.

In 1855 Alvarez was chosen president. In December of that year he resigned in favor of Comonfort.

Continual revolutions disturbed the land.

In 1858 Benito Juarez became president. His claims were contested by General Miramon, head of the Clerical or Conservative party. Civil war ensued. Juarez held Vera Cruz, while the Conservatives were in possession of Mexico City.

On the 3rd of August, 1860, the Liberals captured Mexico City.

In the attack of Mexico City the young Colonel Porfirio Diaz (1830-1915) took an active part.

He had studied at the Pontifical Seminary of the City of Oaxaca with the intention of becoming a priest, but after four years in the aforesaid seminary, he chose the career of a lawyer, and in 1849 entered the Institute of Sciences and Arts to complete his studies. One of his professors was Benito Juarez. Here he became imbued with liberal ideas, and in 1853 abandoned the lawyer's profession to engage in a military career. He was brave and resourceful and took a very active part on the side of the Liberals in their fierce struggle with the Conservatives.

The Conservatives under General Miramon were decisively defeated at Calpulalpam in October, 1860, by the Liberals under Gonzalez Ortega. By this victory Juarez became president of all Mexico.

The last stand of the Conservatives was near

the city of Pachuca, October 20, 1861. They were again defeated. Porfirio Diaz was prominent in this battle.

In 1861 France, England and Spain sent armies into Mexico to enforce some claims against the land. At the request of the United States Spain and England soon withdrew.

Napoleon III., however, made common cause with some of the Mexicans and prepared for war.

President Juarez sent an army against them under Ignacio Zaragoza. The Second Brigade was commanded by Porfirio Diaz. Diaz's brigade were the first to encounter the French at Escamela. They fought bravely, but were forced to fall back towards Puebla. There the whole Mexican army engaged the French and defeated them May 5, 1862.

French reinforcements were sent by Napoleon, and again the French advanced towards Puebla. Zaragoza had died; Ortega was commander-in-chief of the Mexican army.

After a siege of two months Puebla fell into the hands of the French. Diaz was captured, but soon after escaped and fled to Mexico City.

The Mexicans were soon obliged to evacuate Mexico City.

Marshal Bazaine now assumed supreme command of Napoleon's troops, and laid siege to the city of Oaxaca. Diaz was its governor.

After a siege of several days he surrendered and

was made prisoner. He managed to escape, and began again his fight to repel the invaders.

By June, 1866, he had a little army under his orders.

He fought successfully at Nochixtlan, September 23, 1866; at Miahuatlan, October 3, 1866, and at La Carbonera, October 18, 1866.

He moved thence against the city of Oaxaca, which he besieged for twenty days.

It capitulated October 31, 1866.

In 1863 the Assembly of Notables of France offered the crown of Mexico to Maximilian (1832-67), younger brother of the present Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. Unwillingly he accepted it, and entered Mexico in 1864. For a time all went well; the revolutionists were defeated and driven from Mexico City and the city of Oaxaca. In his eagerness to reconcile the Liberal party, Maximilian refused to change the "Reform Laws," touching the laicization of property, although besought to do so by Mgr. Meglia, the Papal Nuncio.

Maximilian failed to reconcile the Mexican parties.

Juarez again raised the standard of revolt.

The United States made it plain diplomatically to Louis Napoleon that the presence of a foreign army in Mexico could not be tolerated. The cessation of the Civil War in the United States made it

possible for our country to resist this violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Napoleon withdrew his troops in 1866, and requested Maximilian to depart with them. Maximilian nobly refused to abandon his following in Mexico. With eight thousand men he prepared to hold Queretaro against the Liberal army under Escobedo.

On April 2, 1867, Diaz took the city of Puebla. The garrison unconditionally surrendered. They were treated humanely as prisoners of war.

Diaz next defeated the Conservatives under Marquez at the battle of San Lorenzo on April 10, 1867.

Diaz immediately laid siege to Mexico City.

On May 15, 1867, Escobedo took Queretaro, and made prisoners of Maximilian and his generals, Miramon and Mejia. They were tried by court martial, and on June 19, 1867, they were shot.

On the 21st of June, 1867, Mexico City was taken by Diaz. Thus ended one of the sad tragedies of history.

Diaz avoided all harsh measures in Mexico City. He administered affairs until Juarez and his Cabinet returned, July 15, 1867.

Diaz returned to his farm, but he was soon called into public life again.

Three candidates were proposed for the presidency, Diaz, Juarez, and Lerdo de Tejada. Civil war on a small scale ensued.

In 1872 Juarez died, and Lerdo de Tejada obtained the chief magistracy of the nation.

In 1876 Lerdo de Tejada sought re-election. Porfirio Diaz was the rival candidate. Civil war again broke out. The fortunes of war for a time were contrary to Diaz. There was much desultory fighting, and Diaz was obliged to flee to the United States. It is said that a price of \$50,000 was placed on his head.

Diaz was a Freemason, and through Freemason influence he succeeded in obtaining passage on a small ship which plied between New Orleans and Vera Cruz. The purser of the ship, a Freemason, took Diaz under his protection.

As the ship neared Vera Cruz, arming himself with a dagger as defense against sharks, Diaz sprang overboard.

He was observed, however, by a Mexican coast patrol and was pursued back to the ship. The purser by a ruse saved him.

When the ship was being unloaded Mexican soldiers watched it. The officers of the ship purposely delayed the unloading so that it was not finished at nightfall, and under cover of darkness they enabled Diaz, disguised, to escape in a boat.

Diaz now took up the struggle for the presidency.

A further complication arose at this point. José Maria Iglesias, chief justice of the Supreme Court, declaring the election of Lerdo de Tejada illegal,

proclaimed himself in virtue of his office the chief executive of the nation. It was again a triangular contest among Lerdo de Tejada, Diaz, and Iglesias. Of course there was a revolution.

Lerdo de Tejada sent troops under General Alatorre to put down Diaz and Iglesias. Public opinion favored Diaz. Iglesias was soon abandoned by his followers, and he fled to the United States. Diaz defeated Alatorre at Tecuac. Lerdo de Tejada fled to New York, where he spent the remainder of his life.

General Mendez, one of Diaz's supporters, was placed in charge of the executive power, and at the election in December, 1876, Diaz was elected by an overwhelming majority.

A serious revolution against Diaz broke out in 1877. It was promptly suppressed and the leaders executed.

In the same year General Escobedo, a partisan of Lerdo de Tejada, invaded Mexico from Texas. He and his allies were defeated by Diaz, who pardoned all of them.

Diaz was the one redeeming feature in the government of Mexico since its independence. It is true that he became a dictator, but Mexico needs a dictator.

In 1880 General Gonzalez was nominated. Diaz feared the popular feeling against a second term for the president, and would not accept the nomination. Gonzalez was elected, and for the first

time in its history administrations changed without a revolution.

Diaz was made Secretary of Public Instruction. In May, 1881, he resigned. Soon after he was elected Governor of the State of Oaxaca, his native state.

In 1884 Diaz was again elected president without opposition. He held this office without opposition down to the year 1911, when he was forced to leave Mexico by Madero.

Diaz did much for Mexico. He established her credit abroad and developed her industries. Though a Freemason he was favorable to the Catholic Church, well knowing that Mexico can not develop her civilization without that church. It was because that he contemplated an equitable adjustment of the relations between the Catholic Church and the state that the unprincipled Madero was able to depose him.

We have given this extended synopsis of Mexican history that the reader may better judge the present status of Mexico. The Catholic religion came to the Mexicans when they were immersed in their frightful idolatry. It taught the knowledge of the true God; it gave them schools, colleges, churches, hospitals, asylums, a university. Though at times hindered by the Spanish viceroys and other officials, it achieved a conversion of the whole people. Freemasonry came, the "Laws of

Reform" came, and behold what they have made of the Mexican!

It is pleasing to know that the only ruler who did anything for independent Mexico recognized the exclusive right of the Catholic Church, and before his death was reconciled to her, and died in her communion.

Mexico is not a civilized country. The vast majority of its inhabitants are illiterate, nomadic, without any interest in the government or the institutions, and combine in their character the inherited vices of their ancestors with the worst vices which they have learned from Europeans and Americans. The general plan of the republic corresponds to ours, but in fact the executive exercises a far greater power.

The evils that have grown up with time in the country are the concentration of wealth and land-ownership. Our Ambassador Wilson declared that ninety per cent. of the land is in the hands of ten per cent. of the population. This is probably true of the other wealth of the land. The wealth is in the hands of the aristocratic party called "Científicos," and against these the fury of the Revolutionists is directed. Even the Freemasons are divided in Mexico. Under the Spanish domination the Scottish Rite of Masonry had grown up in Mexico. Many men of Spanish blood entered it. They were of the educated and propertied classes. But Joel Poinsett, of evil memory, introduced the

York lodge (Yorkinos), which enlisted its members from the masses, and spread among the common people the evil principles which the Scottish Lodge had disseminated among the aristocracy.

When Francisco Madero began to plot to overthrow the government of Mexico, President Diaz was 83 years of age. His regime had been most beneficent to Mexico. In his advanced age he preserved the same justice and high purpose of his better days, but his giant frame felt the weight of the burden of years.

Taking advantage of the physical weakness of the great chief, Madero with financial aid from New York started the Revolution in Puebla November 16, 1910.

If Diaz had acted with his former genius and energy, Madero's attempt would have been crushed in its inception. Its leaders aimed not at reforms, but at spoils. Diaz temporized, and the Revolution gained in strength. Skepticism and drunkenness have debased many of the Mexican people, so that high moral principles move them but little.

The government of Diaz fell, and De la Barra became provisional president. In the election which followed Madero was elected president. His government started out with a platform of pure democracy, great love for the people, and a reform of agrarian abuses, greater liberty of the

press, and a policy of conciliation with the bandit chiefs.

Madero was inaugurated on November 6, 1911. Scenes of confusion and anarchy attended the gaudy ceremony. The mob in the streets threw off all control, assaulted members of the diplomatic corps, and gave evidence that they recognized that the necessary discipline was now relaxed. The national treasury was empty, disorder and lawlessness reigned in Oaxaca, Morelos, Puebla, Tlaxcala, Vera Cruz, Guanajuato, Jalisco, Zacatecas, Tamaulipas, and Nuevo Leon. Madero, the spiritualist and dreamer, could do nothing to control this lawlessness. Even De la Barra himself declared to the American Ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, that Madero "was by reason of his peculiar mentality incapable of adherence to sane and sound principles of government" (Confidential letter of H. L. Wilson to Secretary Knox, October 27, 1911).

The better classes of Mexico's citizens were never content with Madero. His weakness also set free the lawless element who have nothing to lose by a change of government. Thus he was beset by two very different turbulent elements. Though he came into power with large promises of greater liberty, in the latter days of November, 1911, Madero's government suspended the constitutional guarantees in the States of Morelos, Tlaxcala, Guerrero, Vera Cruz, and parts of Puebla.

By this act the government confessed that it could not assert its authority in the aforesaid parts. The great mass of the Mexicans, owing to their inherent tendencies, ignorance, and defective training, understand government only as a strong central force which awes them into subjection. The larger idea of liberty and the socialism preached by Madero in order to obtain the chief power were abused by the ignorant and lawless as a license to lawlessness and brigandage.

Conditions became so bad that on March 2, 1912, President Taft issued a neutrality proclamation and put an embargo on arms. This act was very beneficial to Mexico. Had it been followed by a similar consistent policy, Mexico might have been saved.

The Mexican politician is cunning and will readily resort to lying to achieve his purpose. When Calero, Mexican Ambassador at Washington and Minister of Foreign Affairs under Madero, returned to Mexico he made this declaration in the Senate:

“The political situation, Gentlemen of the Senate, is very serious, and inspires us with profound misgivings respecting the future of our country. Peace has not been restored, and since it has not been re-established, it looks now as if during the ten months I had been lying to the American government when I assured it that peace was a matter of a few weeks. That was my part, my un-

grateful part which served as a pretext for the unmerited censure of a foe, who happens to be at the same time Vice-President of the republic. I do not deserve this censure, I swear it upon my honor. Whoever would have, at the present time, to discharge the delicate duties of Ambassador at Washington would have to put on a domino and cover his face with a mask in order to redeem the almost lost reputation of the government."

The present administration has believed these lies, and both our country and Mexico have suffered in consequence.

Under the weak Madero the federal army lost the morale and discipline which characterized it under Diaz. The loyalty of Generals Beltram, Blanquet, and others was secured by a bribe. The Madero government also endeavored to bribe the bandit chiefs. Dishonesty dissipated the public finances, the cessation of the industries threw upon the country an army of unemployed, who were ready to follow the most fortunate rebel chief, the cabinet was split into factions, the press was muzzled, state elections were controlled by force, the election of Delegates and Senators was interfered with, espionage was established, brigandage increased, and thus the incompetent government of Madero fell. Villa was one of Madero's "patriots." The American Ambassador, however, forced Madero to apprehend him for the robbery of an American estate. Madero impris-

oned Villa, but the latter escaped and returned to his brigandage.

It seems that shortly before Huerta came into power the federal government had advanced to the state of Chihuahua a loan of \$400,000. The Mexican press openly charged Carranza with misappropriating some of this. This seems to have been the prime factor in the opposition between Huerta and Carranza. Proofs are not at hand of Carranza's guilt, but he surely feared punishment at the hands of Huerta.

One of the great errors of our time is the failure to distinguish between the divine and the human element in the Church. The divine element is the message of God, perfect and unchanging, the sanctifying sacraments, and the ministry and regimen, divine in their source, though exercised often by weak men.

The weakness therefore of the instrument cannot be taken as any proof that the divine institution is defective. A weak race may have a weak priesthood, but they must stand or fall on their own merits; the divine element never fails; it can not fail. Even while Christ was organizing his first band of priests one of them was plotting the crime by which he betrayed the Redeemer to death. Even if all the bishops and priests of Mexico were of evil life, it would not be any proof whatever that the Catholic religion be not true,

or that it had not benefited Mexico in the measure in which it had been applied to that land.

Now we are willing to accept that the native Mexican is a weak race. His Indian or mixed blood is for the most part inferior. There may have been failures in the Mexican clergy, though from accurate unbiased investigation, the number of these failures seems to be very small; but it is a perversion of the truth to blame the Church for the evils which prey upon that unhappy land.

Before the so-called Laws of Reform of Benito Juarez in 1859, the Church was teaching the Indians religion and useful knowledge. The revolution of Juarez changed all this. The constitution of 1857 decreed the separation of Church and state. This was in the presidency of Comonfort. Juarez, who succeeded him, systematized the anti-clerical laws into what is known as the "Laws of Reform."

In 1874 President Lerdo de Tejada caused many of the laws of Juarez to be embodied in the constitution.

Law of December 4, 1860, Art. 8—Right of asylum in churches is abolished. Art. 18—The use of church bells is to be regulated by police ordinance. Art. 24—Public officials or troops of soldiers are forbidden to assist in their official capacity, at any religious ceremony or entertainment in honor of a clergymen.

Law of May 13, 1873—No religious rite or

demonstration of any kind whatsoever may take place outside of the church building in any part of the republic.

Law of December 14, 1874, Art. 3—No official, official corporation, or body of troops may attend in an official capacity religious service of any kind whatsoever, nor shall the government recognize in any manner whatsoever religious solemnities. All days, therefore, that do not commemorate some exclusively civil event cease to be holidays. Sundays are set apart as days of rest for offices and public institutions. Art. 5—No religious rite may take place outside the church building, neither shall the ministers of religion, or any individual of either sex, of any denomination whatsoever, wear in public a special dress, or insignia which would characterize him in any way, under penalty of a fine of ten to two hundred dollars.

Constitution of 1857, Art. 5—The State cannot allow any contract, pact, or agreement to go into effect that has for its object the impairment, loss, or irrevocable sacrifice of a man's liberty, whatever be the cause, education, or religious vow. Consequently the law does not recognize monastic orders, nor can it permit their establishment, whatever be their designation or object. Art. 27—Religious institutions or corporations, whatever their character, name, period of existence, and object, and such civil institutions as are under the patronage, direction, or administration

of these, or of the ministers of any religious denomination, shall have no legal right to acquire title to or administer any property, but such buildings as are destined for the immediate and direct use of said corporations and institutions. Neither shall they have the right to acquire or manage revenues derived from real estate.

Law of July 12, 1859, Art. 5—All the male religious orders which exist throughout the republic, whatever their name or the purpose of their existence, are hereby suppressed throughout the whole republic, as also all archconfraternities, confraternities, congregations, or sisterhoods annexed to the religious communities, cathedrals, parishes, or any other churches. Art. 6—The foundation or erection of new convents of regular archconfraternities, confraternities, congregations, or sisterhoods, under whatever form or name, is prohibited; likewise the wearing of the garb or habit of the suppressed orders. Art. 7—By this law the ecclesiastics of the suppressed orders are reduced to the condition of secular clergy, and shall like these, be subject, as regards the exercise of their ministry, to the ordinaries of their respective dioceses. Art. 12—All books, printed or manuscript, paintings, antiquities, and other articles belonging to the suppressed religious communities shall be given to museums, lyceums, libraries, and other public establishments. Art. 13—All members of the suppressed orders who, fifteen days

after the publication of this law in their respective localities, shall continue to wear the habit or live in community shall forfeit the right to collect their quota as assigned by Article 8, and if after the term of fifteen days designated by this Article, they should reunite in any place and appear to follow their community life, they shall be immediately expelled from the country. Art. 21—All novitiates for women are perpetually closed. Those at present in novitiates cannot be professed.

Law of February 26, 1863, Art. 1—All religious communities of women are suppressed throughout the republic.

Law of September 25, 1873, Art. 5—The law does not recognize monastic orders, nor can it permit their establishment, whatever their name or the object for which they are founded.

Law of December 4, 1873, Art. 19—Any religious orders that may be secretly established shall be considered unlawful assemblies which the authorities may dissolve, should the members attempt to live in community, and in all such cases the superiors or heads shall be judged criminals, infringing on individual rights according to Art. 973 of the Penal Code of the District, which is declared in force in all the republic.

Law of July 12, 1859, Art. 1—All property which under different titles has been administered by the secular and regular clergy, whatever kind of property it may be (taxes, shares, or stocks), or

the name or purpose it may have had, becomes the property of the State.

Law of February 5, 1861, Art. 100—The government hands over all parochial residences, episcopal palaces, and dwellings of the heads of any denomination, declaring them inalienable and free from taxation, as long as they are reserved for their own specific purpose.

Law of September 25, 1873, Art. 3—No religious institution may acquire property nor the revenue derived from property.

Law of October 10, 1874, Art. 16—The direct ownership of the churches, nationalized according to the law of July 12, 1859, and left for the maintenance of Catholic worship, as well as those which have since been turned over to any other institution, continues to reside in the nation; but their exclusive use, preservation and improvement, as long as no decree of consolidation is issued, remains with the religious institutions to which they have been granted. Art. 17—The buildings mentioned in the preceding article shall be exempt from taxation except when they have actually or nominally passed into the hands of one or more private individuals who hold the title without transmitting it to a religious society; in such cases the property shall be subject to the common law.

Law of December 14, 1874, Art. 8—Legacies made in favor of ministers of religion, of their relatives to the fourth degree, or of persons living

with said ministers when they have rendered any spiritual aid to the testators in their last illness, or when they have been their spiritual directors are null and void.

Law of July 23, 1859, Art. 1—Marriage is a civil contract that can licitly and validly be contracted before the civil authorities. It suffices for its validity that the contracting parties, having complied with the formalities of the law, present themselves before the proper authority, and freely express their desire of being united in marriage.

Law of December 4, 1860, Art. 20—The civil authorities shall not interfere in the religious rites and practices concerning marriage, but the contract from which this union proceeds remains exclusively subject to the laws. Any other marriage that is contracted in the republic without observing the formalities prescribed by these laws is null, and therefore ineffectual to produce any of the civil ends which the law grants only to a lawfully contracted marriage.

Law of July 31, 1859, Art. 1—The intervention of the clergy, secular or regular, in the management of cemeteries, vaults and crypts, which up to the present time has been in force, ceases throughout the republic.

Law of December 4, 1860, Art. 21—The governors of states, districts, and territories shall exercise the strictest vigilance for the enforcement of the laws in regard to cemeteries and burial

grounds, and in no place shall decent burial be refused the dead, no matter what may be the decision of the priests or their respective churches.

Law of February 2, 1861, Art. 1—All hospitals and charitable institutions which, up to the present time, have been under ecclesiastical authority, and managed by religious corporations are secularized.

Law of February 5, 1861, Art. 67—Charitable institutions that were managed by ecclesiastical corporations or committees independent of the government are secularized, and placed under the immediate supervision of the civil authorities.

Law of February 28, 1861, Art. 1—All hospitals, asylums, houses of correction, and charitable institutions which exist at the present time, and which shall be founded in the Federal District, shall be under the protection of the government.

Law of August 27, 1904, Art. 25—The ministers of any form of religion cannot act as the directors, administrators, or patrons of private charity; neither can officials, dignitaries or religious corporations, nor anyone delegated by them, act in the same capacity.

Law of December 4, 1874, Art. 4—Religious instruction and the exercises of any form of religion are prohibited in all federal, state, and municipal schools. Morality will be taught in any of the schools, when the nature of their constitutions

permits it, but without reference to any form of religion.

Constitution of 1857, Art. 56—No member of the ecclesiastical body can be elected a Congressman or Senator.

It is easy for a citizen of the United States to judge the injustice of these laws. Our country has never restricted the right of religious corporations to possess property, and the state has been benefited by their possessions. They have not absorbed any undue amount of the nation's wealth; and have used what they possess for the advancement of the highest purposes of civilization.

Our country's laws have never taken away from the priest his right to inherit property, and no harm has come therefrom.

Our priests may bless the bodies of the dead at the cemetery; our priests and nuns may wear what decent garb they will in public without danger to any of our cherished national institutions. There is no citizen of the United States who would wish to confiscate to the state the property of the Catholic Church.

In the "Laws of Reform" of Mexico we see a master effort of the reprobate spirit of the world, which hated Christ, and will always hate what is of Christ.

These laws shared the fate of all such laws. They never were and never could be fully enforced. They hindered in some measure the work

of the Church, but their glaring injustice prevented them from obtaining the end at which they were aimed.

In Mexico there are eight Archdioceses, twenty-two Dioceses, and the Vicariate Apostolic of Lower California.

In 1914 in the Archdiocese of Mexico there were four hundred secular priests and two hundred priests of religious orders. In the Archdiocese of Guadalajara there were five hundred thirty-five secular priests, fifty-five priests of religious orders and an Academy of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. In this diocese every parish had a Catholic school. The Diocese of San Luis Potosi had an Academy of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Fifty nuns were in the community.

There were twenty priests of religious orders at Saltillo, seventeen religious brothers, and ninety-seven nuns of various orders. The Christian Brothers at Linares had twelve hundred pupils in their schools.

There were five sisterhoods at Chiapas. In the Archdiocese of Yucatan there were seventeen priests of religious orders and ninety-four secular priests. There were thirty-six Marist Brothers and ninety nuns. In this small archdiocese of about 300,000 Catholic population there were nearly 7,000 children in the Catholic schools. This can not be said of any diocese in the United States. Even the Jesuits, who like their Master are "a

sign that shall be contradicted," had important educational institutions in many of the cities of Mexico. Carranza often visited them and partook of their hospitality, as Judas ate bread from Our Saviour's hand.

We see therefore that the "Laws of Reform" in many of their enactments were so unjust and injurious to the civilization of Mexico that they were allowed to remain inoperative.

All is changed now: the ghouls who, by our President's favor, hold the power in Mexico recognize no constitution, and no law in their attack on the Church.

Contemporaneously with the "Laws of Reform" of Benito Juarez, an attempt was made by the secret societies and other anti-Catholic associations to induce Juarez to declare that Mexico should separate herself from Rome, and establish an independent national church, whose first pontiff, a priest named Padio, should be created by the government. This Padio had fraudulently obtained a Bull from Pope Gregory XVI. creating him Bishop Auxiliary to Bishop Guerra of Yucatan. Padio died suddenly in May, 1861, and the movement failed.

In fact what other institution has ever done anything for the real uplift of the Indian save the Catholic Church? A few years ago Senator Vest, a Presbyterian, was appointed to investigate the Indian schools in our Western States, and after a

careful investigation, he declared on the floor of the United States Senate that the only schools which were really benefiting the Indian were the Catholic schools.

One stands amazed when he contemplates the agencies which are arrayed against the Catholic Church and the methods which they use. The campaign of the Jews against Christ is scarcely more unjust and cunning. The enemies of the Church have adopted the cry of Voltaire: "Fling mud; some of it will stick."

A court of the Guardians of Liberty, the bigoted society which has General Miles for its leader, sent to Villa the following letter:

"Alamo Court, No. 1, Guardians of Liberty of Texas, a patriotic organization of American citizens, with courts throughout the entire United States, which has for its purpose the maintaining of the United States Constitution and the complete separation of church and state, desires to express to you, and other patriotic Mexicans, our hearty approval of your actions and the great good and service you have and are rendering your people and the country.

"We would especially commend your actions in ridding your country of the basest of human vultures, the Catholic priesthood. Whenever women are forced to secretly confess to a man who has never married, and knows nothing of the sacredness of woman or of home, it is but natural for im-

morality to exist, and until this practice is stopped it is impossible to raise up a liberty-loving, intelligent, patriotic, moral generation.

“Again assuring you of our appreciation of your invaluable worth to your country, and trusting that you may continue your good work until the people of your country are freed, indeed, from the root of the trouble, the Roman Catholic Church, in the language of the patriot, we would exclaim, ‘Viva Mexico by Villa!’ ”

This declaration reveals the minds of men confirmed in evil. It is allowed to a Protestant to examine the validity of the doctrine of confession, but to calumniate an institution which by divine power has been preserved even from failures which have occurred in other departments of the Church, through the frailty of man, is to impugn the known truth.

To defend the Catholic religion we need not defend Cortés or Spain. Learned historians return a very severe verdict on Cortés. He was cruel, ambitious, and avaricious. In fact it seems now quite certain that he murdered his first wife.

Spain sometimes may have exploited Mexico for its own profit. She sent some undesirable priests there to get them out of Spain. But notwithstanding these adverse causes, Spanish civilization vastly benefited Mexico; for it gave it a knowledge of the true religion, and the vast majority of Mexi-

can bishops and priests have always been faithful to their calling.

Last year the Carranzistas published an accusation of rape against Rev. Vincente Latorre. The victim was said to be Miss Josefina Pimental. Touching this charge the American-Mexican secular paper *El Presente*, in its issue of November 7, 1914, has this vigorous denial:

"We have taken pains to investigate this, and information shows that it is untrue. Accusations of all kinds directed to the clergy in Mexico are all too frequent, and, for reasons or pretext always unfounded, the Carranzistas have exiled them. Let us not forget the accusation made of finding arms and ammunition in the temple of Santo Domingo, which was found to be a great untruth and which the Carranzistas themselves had to correct.

"This is not a religious organ, nor have we any political agreement with the Church, but we aim to be defenders of truth and justice, and, therefore, believe the action of our colleagues a little hasty in accepting scandalous and untrue reports such as these.

"As regards Miss Pimental, we are assured that she is not known in Mexico."

We have taken this testimonial from the remarkable brochure entitled "The Book of Red and Yellow," by Rev. Francis Clement Kelly. We are indebted to him for many of the facts which appear in our book. His remarkable work is docu-

mentary, and should be in the hands of every American.

Another testimony that we take from him is that of a certain liberal governor who resigned his governorship because he objected to Huerta's methods. He declares: "In order that you may understand that I am not untruthful and that I am not partial to priests, I will state that in politics I belong to the Benito Juarez party and I was always recognized as a member of the Liberal party. I have tried to practice the greatest respect toward the Catholic religion, and I know for certain that the priests of my state, after having suffered various vexations, and this without any motive or reason, have been exiled. We have had the good fortune of never having heard any scandal on the part of any of our clergy. The same may be said of the other religious sects. I repeat that never in any revolution has Mexico witnessed such barbarous excesses as in the present uprising, and I speak as one having experience, for I witnessed two and I fought on the side of Juarez. Today there is no respect for any of the political divisions, or any religious body in Mexico. To me any man who is honest has a right to be respected, be he Catholic, Protestant or Jew. One may think "pro" or "con" about some ideas, but about stealing and killing there must be only one opinion.

"As regards the clergy, they have no power, no chance to favor rich people rather than the poor.

Besides, the greater part of the clergy in Mexico comes from the poorer classes. Furthermore, the idea of morality and justice is prevalent in the minds of our priests."

The country lying between the cities of Veracruz and Mexico City has been lately said to contain more married attention than any other corner in the world. From the tropical belt of the Gulf Coast one passes first to an amazing variety of life until one reaches the mighty peak of Orizaba about seventy-five miles from the coast. It is a land of infinite possibilities.

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to send young people away from the city to work in the country. The government has been successful in this regard, and the country is now a major agricultural producer.

CHAPTER III.

The country lying between the cities of Vera Cruz and Mexico City has been justly said to contain more natural attractions than any other equal area in the world. From the tropical flora of the Gulf Coast one passes through an amazing variety of life until one reaches the mighty peak of Orizaba, about seventy-five miles from the coast. Here eternal winter prevails.

On an afternoon in the year 1914 in front of a small, decent dwelling that stood at the end of a lane leading into the main road, sat an Indian of perhaps sixty years of age. He struck the beholder at once as being an extraordinary man. His brow was broad and high and an air of depth and of great intelligence emanated from his bronzed and wrinkled face. A mysterious sadness possessed him: he never smiled. Though the approach of age was perceptible in his face and form, he still gave evidence of mighty strength. Notwithstanding his air of mystery, the man inspired confidence; he seemed a noble type of primeval man.

Near the sitting man stood a young man of about twenty-two years of age. He was dressed in riding costume, and wore the usual broad som-

brero. He was a pure blood Spaniard of the finest type. His form was erect, powerful, yet lithe and supple. His forehead was very high and broad, and his large intelligent eyes had an expression of great force combined with deep tenderness. He stood with his arm thrown over the glossy neck of a powerful black mare, who was pressing her head lovingly against his broad breast, eager to be caressed by her master.

One could see at once that a deep bond of sympathy existed between the man and the noble horse. Whenever any sudden noise broke the stillness of the scene, the mare quickly raised her head, which caused a fine flourish of her beautiful mane, and standing proudly erect she scanned the surrounding region, ready to serve her master in any need.

At the moment of which we write the man seemed unconscious of the manifestations of the mare's affection. His fine features were moulded into an expression of deep thought tinged by sadness, and it was evident that words had been uttered by him that had brought upon the older man a similar state of soul.

A remarkable fact was that though the young man was of purest Spanish blood he addressed the older man as father.

"Father," he said, "many a time you have promised to tell me the mystery of my origin. You have reared me tenderly, and have given me ad-

advantages which were purchased by hard and unremitting toil. Mother Benita has given me all that any mother could give. I love you with all the love that a child can give the best parents. I love Joseph and Lucy, my brother and sister. Nothing that you could tell me would change my love; but I am now a man, and over me hangs a deep mystery. If I could have lived unconscious of the fact that I am not of your blood, I could have been happy. But the fact of my different parentage can not be hid. I must take my station in the world, and live among men, who demand to know my birth; and if it can not be revealed they will asperse my name. If my origin be tainted, then I must become a wanderer and a stranger to men. My love of you shall endure, but my nature can not endure the shame of being a man without a name. Even though the thought were never uttered, I should see it in the faces of men. Tell me my origin: the suspense is devouring me."

At the impassioned speech of the young man twenty years seemed to be added to the old Indian's age. His face was of the color of ashes; his head sank into his trembling right hand; his teeth were clenched; and his breathing became slow long sobs. The young man gazed a moment at the mute suffering of the crumpled limp form, and then, while mighty convulsive sobs shook his own form, he advanced and throwing himself on his knees before the man whom he called father, he laid his

head tenderly, as might a little child, on the breast of the old Indian.

The mare came up slowly sniffing the ground, and pressed her nose in dumb sympathy first against the face of one and then against the face of the other of the men.

The young man broke the silence: "Forgive me, Father; I do not now ask for that which I a moment ago importuned. We shall go together into some land where we shall be unknown. We shall live unknown among men; we shall do all the good which our lives may have power to accomplish, and await the judgment of God, who can cancel even the stain of birth."

The words of the young man were intended to calm the mighty grief of the other. Their first effect however, seemed to be to agitate him more. He arose trembling, and with voice broken by gasps, he declared: "León, we stand in the presence of the living God; and by that God I swear that no man in all this land is of more honorable birth than you." A wild joy seized the young man: he threw his strong arms about the old Indian and clung to him in an ecstasy of joy. He could not express his feelings: one could see that he valued his honor above his life.

A short period of silence ensued, and then the young man spoke again: "My Father, you have lifted out of my life a mighty sorrow, which began with the dawn of reason, and has grown in pain

till it blinded my soul. I ask to know no more: I am a man now among men. I care not for wealth, I care not for anything external to my real self: I care only for honor. Father, you may wonder why this pent up desire to know my birth finds such passionate expression today. Yesterday as I rode homeward from the herds there was revealed to me a vision of a woman that has filled my soul with one overmastering thought, love. She is present now, her eyes will never leave me. All through the watches of last night I saw her: sometimes she seemed to call to me to help her. She seems to touch this earth lightly, as a soul in bliss might appear in seeming body. All the glory of womanhood is enshrined in her: she transcends the ideals of da Vinci, Raphael, Murillo and Velasquez. And that soul yesterday looked into my soul and created in me a new being. The thought of her inspires noble purposes. Were a base desire to assail me, it would perish in an instant by the thought of her. I feel that she belongs to Heaven, and that I must put on immortality before I could be worthy of her companionship.

“She was driven in a carriage seated by the side of her father. The spirited horses took fright at the sudden flight of a bird, and the unskilful driver lost control of them. Seeing their danger I rode up swiftly and seized the bridle of the near horse. I was soon able to subdue and calm the frightened animals, and for greater safety I rode ahead of

them to the gate of their dwelling. She lives in the great manor house of the Hacienda de L——. She is Miriam, the daughter of Estaban de M——. As I was about to take my leave of them, father and daughter with profound expressions of gratitude advanced and extended their hands. As that white hand lay tranquilly in my right hand, I felt that some mysterious destiny binds us together. Holding her hand I became oblivious of time and place, and reverently held her hand so long that with some timidity she gently disengaged it, and nestled closer to her father. He must have understood that I meant no evil, for he presented me his card. I am not practised in the usages of polite society, but I realized that the proper convention of society demanded that I should make known my identity. But I could not. I have no name; but, my Father, sorrow not for that. What I felt most was the haunting dread that my origin were in dishonor. Were that true I should feel unworthy to think of Miriam de M——. But you have dispelled that cruel dread. I can never enter the social world in which Miriam de M—— lives; but her bright vision will go with me always as an inspiration to do what is best; and in that better life that awaits us I may hope that by the grace of God my deeds may remove the barriers which the usages of men have here established in society. For now, Father, hear my resolve. Kneeling in the presence of God,

I dedicate my life to the service of God and my Country. I know not now how I may serve this purpose, but the times demand men who shall put right before everything else, even life itself. With such absolute allegiance I offer my life and all my powers to the service of my God and my Country.

"Evil days have come upon Mexico, and I believe that the sins of our people have provoked the just God to strike. The great world-plague of skepticism has invaded our land, has penetrated even into the ranks of the anointed of the Lord and the cloistered. Its deadly blight is not upon all, but yet upon many; and even many who seem still faithful believe with a halting, hesitating, questioning, half-doubting faith. Men doubt, and are frightened by the consciousness that they are doubting. Faith offers but little to a man whose nature is too low and bestial to appreciate the things of faith. There are many such in our land. They are like the Israelites of old, who were drawn more by the flesh-pots of Egypt than by the promise of a country flowing with milk and honey. They have lost reverence for holy things, for the sacraments, and for the priesthood. The religion which St. Paul calls 'the foolishness of the cross' is become to them contemptible; for the same spirit which made the Christian religion appear 'foolishness' to the Gentiles has seized many of our nation; yea it is the mighty spirit of the world today.

"The causes of religious decay today are the same as those so powerfully analyzed by St. Paul in his day. 'Now the *natural* man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them; because they are spiritually judged.'—I. Cor. II. 14. What part of our nation feels this necessary essential dependence on the spirit of God?"

"It is true Christ has a following in our land; whom He knows and who know Him, but they are but a remnant of the people. The true Christian must be an exceptional man."

"I am also weak and imperfect; but even I am estranged from most of the men of my acquaintance by reason of their liberal views on religion. To believe with a firm faith and to fashion one's life according to the firm foundation of faith is now held by the spirit of the world to be a crime."

"When I read of the prophets of old; through whom God did great things; my soul aspires to do some great achievement, and I offer myself wholly to serve my God; but His will has not yet been made known to me. Can this bright vision of woman be a part of the divine plan?"

"The old man had become very calm, but the expression of his face showed that the depths of his soul had been moved by the words of the man who called him father. After a pause the old man spoke: 'Listen in silence; and I will tell you all; but my words are for you alone.'

“For more than fifty years our Country has been guilty of oppression of the Catholic Church. Your father and your angel mother were descended from the best blood of Spain. Being richly endowed by nature and by fortune, your father first sought to combat the enemies of our faith in his mother country, Spain. Confiscation of his goods and exile followed. With his fair young bride, who shared his virtue and his courage, he came to this land. His enemies conspired with the Liberals of Mexico to ruin him. A price was set on his head. He was compelled to flee to the mountains, and there I found him a dying man. He trusted me, and commended to my poor protection his young spouse and the child at her breast. Risking my life I came down from the mountains and brought a Catholic priest to the dying man. There in the lonely cave your father received the last sacraments, and his last words were: ‘O my Saviour, forgive all who have done me injury; O Jesus, have mercy on me.’

“The priest and I watched in prayer by the side of the dead through the long night. The next day I buried the body there in the wild loneliness of the mountains. I set a mark on the spot, and oft have I gone thither to pray for that noble soul.

“Following the advice of the dying man I took your mother and gave her into the care of my faithful Benita; but sorrow soon consumed her life. She faded away without pain or a struggle;

and when she realized that she was summoned by death, she drew Benita to her and asked her to care for her baby, and to lead him in the steps of his father.

“O, she was beautiful!

“After the Holy Viaticum she never spoke again, but a sweet smile came into her face, and remained there in death.

“Benita prepared the body for burial, and we bore it two days journey up into the mountains and placed it beside her beloved husband. In the great silence of the mountains they lie together awaiting the judgment day, when God shall call them to that reward of which they are most worthy. I was a poor man, but owing to the good Franciscan Fathers, I had been taught to read. I loved you as my own child. You were tenderly nursed by mother Benita, and when you were able to learn I taught you the first rudiments. Then, as I was unable to send you to college, I entrusted your education to the priests. They have taught you well. You are now the peer of the most favored sons of our land. Were our country at peace, you could choose any profession; but in the present state of things we can only wait, for there is no leader of our people. Those who lead the rival factions are miscreants and scoundrels. They attract to their standards the lawless hordes who are drawn by the lust of rape and plunder. The leaders respect no law, and impose no disci-

pline on their lawless troops. When the Carranzistas took Durango they arrested that holy old man, the Archbishop, and demanded as his ransom \$500,000. As he could not pay the ransom they flung him into prison, exiled his clergy, closed the churches. Pious persons collected what they could, and as the robbers could get no more, the venerable Archbishop was released; but again at Morelia they arrested him, and forced another offering from pious Christians. Today that venerable man, against whom they could bring no charge, is an exile.

In the cathedral the Carranzistas broke open the tombs and scattered the remains in their wild search for treasures. Wherever they found any one whom they believed could pay a ransom they arrested him and threw him into prison. The churches were horribly profaned, and religious of unblemished character were insulted and outraged. But I fear that the reign of terror is only beginning. A sorrowful presentiment is upon me that Mexico must pass through a fearful crisis.

When you demanded to know your origin I felt that the revelation would take you from me, and the thought shook my whole being. You are more to me than a child. The spirits of those who sleep in those graves in the mountains seem to be enshrined in you. Now that you know the nobility of your birth it is hardly to be expected that you will cherish for a poor Mexican Indian the old feel-

ing of love. But at least let me know that you believe that I have been faithful to my promise to your departed father. And now come with me and I shall deliver to you the only inheritance which your father left to you."

As the old man rose to lead the way to their dwelling the young man caught his shoulder.

"Father, tell me, am I truthful?"

"Very truthful," the old man replied with energy.

"Then believe a truthful man's words, when I say that, though I am another's son, and though a new worshipful love has entered my soul—the love of my good parents—it has taken nought from my strong love for you. You are still my father, and the mercy you showed my dear parents increases my love of you; and I wish you and my mother Benita, Joseph and Lucy with me in time and in eternity."

An expression of deep joy dislodged the sorrow which had blanched the old Indian's face. He caught the young man's hand, and drew him swiftly towards their dwelling.

But a cry and the sound of the galloping of horses caused both men to halt and face the main road. A young woman on horseback was riding at utmost speed down the road, and in close pursuit was a mounted Carranzista.

The woman was aware that the soldier was gaining on her, and this realization filled her with mad-

dening terror. Her horse showed signs of fatigue, and in a moment a crisis must ensue.

With one bound Leon was in the saddle. A word to Black Bess, his faithful mare, and she was darting towards the fleeing woman, as though her dumb instinct made her conscious that a wrong was to be averted. In a moment Leon reached the woman's side, and motioning her to ride into the lane up to their dwelling, he dashed onward and confronted the mounted soldier.

The horses crashed in collision, and the soldier's mount recoiled back on its haunches. Black Bess seized the neck of the struggling steed, and buried her teeth deeply in the flesh. The soldier was heavily armed. He was not unhorsed by the impact; and now with a horrible oath he drew a large calibre revolver from his belt, and endeavored meanwhile to steady his writhing steed in order to direct his fire. Leon was unarmed. He had never been a man of violence, and though in accordance with the customs of his country, he was practised in the use of arms, and sometimes carried a revolver and belt of cartridges, today he was without any means of defense.

Instantly he saw his danger, and clapping his spurless boots fiercely against the flanks of Black Bess he caused her to spring forward with a mighty bound. The momentum of the powerful beast threw the lighter opposing horse prone on the earth, and the rider was thrown off, though

free from the prostrate horse. In the fall his revolver had been hurled from his hand and before he could regain it, or draw the other from his belt, Leon was upon him. Both were strong men; and the soldier had the advantage that he strove to kill his antagonist, whereas Leon strove only to defend himself, and disarm his enemy. Fiercely they struggled and rolled upon the earth. Blood-stained and panting they struggled, exerting all their strength, aiming their attack at the most vulnerable points.

As they fought Black Bess, having driven away the soldier's horse in ignominious flight, came prancing up to where the two men writhed and not being able to help her master, she circled round and round the mass of contorted human members in great agitation.

During the struggle the soldier repeatedly endeavored to draw his remaining revolver from his belt, but Leon with greater strength drew back his hand. Had Leon been inspired with the motive to kill, as was the other, the contest would have soon come to an end. Leon was the stronger man; but he directed all his efforts merely to overpower his adversary without unnecessary injury.

Suddenly the soldier by compelling Leon to shield himself from the other's teeth, disengaged his right hand, and in an instant drew his weapon. Leon abandoned his defense against the other's teeth, and with instant action seized the armed

hand, and twisted the arm violently backwards. There was a sharp clicking sound; the revolver fell from the limp, lifeless hand; the arm was broken. The soldier was overcome; he cried out with pain, mingling oaths with his cries.

Leon arose and assisted the wounded man to arise. The soldier looked at him with an expression like to that of a wounded panther at bay. Leon addressed him kindly.

"Stranger, against my will, in the defense of my life, I have done you an injury. Though I fear that your life is evil, you still are a man; and as a man I appeal to you to justify my defense today of a defenseless woman. Who that woman is, or what relation she bears to you, I know not; but any man worthy of the name of man would have taken up her defense today as I did. If your pursuit were in any way just, you could have made known the justice of your cause. I was not armed. I never sought to injure you, even in our struggle. I regret the injury that you have received, and I offer you the hospitality of our humble home and proper care and nursing in your injury."

The soldier was silent.

Leon took up the revolvers and, emptying the chambers, he placed them in the soldier's belt.

But now he became conscious that the man was growing very weak, his legs were tottering, and Leon was obliged to support him in his arms.

Black Bess was close at hand, rubbing her nose

against Leon, and sniffing of his blood-stained garments.

And now the old Indian accompanied by his son Joseph came up. Together they lifted the fainting man and placed him on Bess' back.

Leon led the mare; the old Indian supported the injured man in the saddle; and Joseph went to bring the soldier's horse, which was grazing at a little distance.

As Leon neared his home, the woman whom he had saved came to meet him. She was accompanied by Lucy the Indian girl, his foster sister.

He could hardly believe the testimony of his eyes: the woman whom he had just rescued was Miriam de M——.

A strange fate was binding these lives together.

She came up to him with perfect trust and grasped his hand.

"My noble deliverer, I owe you my life. You are wounded. Oh, blood is flowing from our arm; come, I can dress a wound. But I can not come near that dreadful man. Ah, I am wrong; I am safe here, I know I am safe; he can not dishonor me; and I will nurse him also. You are all good here; I know it. God sent me to you. Oh, what have they done to my home? to my father? to my sister Inez?"

Great was the girl's grief. She feared most of all what might befall her loving sister. As the flood of painful thoughts surged through her soul,

a sudden inspiration seized her, and she cried out :

“They will not kill my father, for they want his ransom ; and I know that Inez will die for her faith and her honor. She has the spirit of St. Cecilia, St. Agnes, St. Agatha.

“She was separated from me because she went to minister to a sick child. O God of Mercy, I commend her to thy protection. Thou wilt not suffer her to be dishonored. Oh, why are men so wicked ?

“My father is innocent of all wrong : he lives for naught else but to do good. My Inez lives yet in the purity of her baptismal innocence. O, God, protect us in this hour of trial.”

The old Indian had assisted the soldier to the best couch in the humble dwelling.

He gently loosened his garments and prepared him for the reduction of the fracture of the arm.

Meanwhile Benita, the mother of the home, had removed Leon’s blood-soaked shirt and tenderly bathed the lacerated flesh in preparation for the excellent salve which she had ready. Lucy assisted her mother in silence. She was a mere child of perhaps sixteen years of age.

Joseph had not yet entered the home.

On a sudden Miriam became aware that she was the only one that was not doing some useful service. To be idle in a time of need was contrary to her character. She bounded to the side of Benita and with deft fingers aided in bandaging the wound.

A little drop of Leon's blood dropped upon her white hand. Thinking herself unobserved, she pressed her hand to her lips and kissed the spot of blood.

Leon saw the act, and a wild thrill of joy surged through his being. His pain now was nothing. He could have wished a greater physical injury, in order to have Miriam minister to him.

Leon's injury was soon cared for, and he joined the old Indian in caring for the soldier.

The Indian possessed much knowledge of medicine, and was very skillful in the setting of bones.

Assisted by the others, he performed a very skillful operation on the soldier's arm, and soon the injured man was quietly resting, much at home in his new surroundings.

We must now go back to the earlier events of the day. The Carranzistas had come to the estate of Señor Estaban de M——, and had arrested him in a brutal manner. They had plundered the estate, had killed some of the servants, and the wounded soldier had attempted to seize Miriam. By the help of a faithful servant, Miriam had escaped on her favorite mount, but her flight was discovered, and the pursuit which we have described ensued.

Inez, the only other member of Señor de M——'s family, returning from her errand of mercy, when within sight of her home, paused in terror. She was a daughter of the soil, and knew

at once the meaning of the sounds and sights which she perceived.

Anxiety for her father and sister impelled her to come nearer; not openly however, but screening herself from view in the paths which she knew so well. She had reached a point whence she could see quite clearly what was being done, when the soldiers dragged her father forth from the house. The sight caused her to cry out, and forgetting personal danger, she dashed forward and threw herself upon the soldiers who held her father captive.

"O, Father," she cried, "why are they taking you away? What have we done? O, gentlemen, don't take my father away. No man in Mexico loves his country better than he. He has worked for peace; he has fed the poor; he has given a hospital for the sick and wounded. You cannot arrest my father. No man in all the world can charge him with any crime. Take all we have, but let my father come with me.

"Father, let them have the house, the herds. You and Miriam and I will be happy together."

The only effect of this appeal was to excite the brutal lust of the soldiery. A rough-visaged Mestizo caught Inez in his arms, but the presence of the beautiful girl had in some measure drawn the attention of the soldiers away from her father.

As with a fiendish leer the brutal soldier forced Inez into his embrace, Señor de M—— drew a dag-

ger from his belt and plunged it up to the hilt in the heart of his child's aggressor. With a guttural groan the soldier threw up his hands and sank dead upon the ground.

"Flee, Inez, leave me," shouted Senor de M——, "flee to the mountains: you know secret ways—"

Señor de M—— did not finish the sentence. The defense of his daughter's honor was his last act. The soldiers fell upon him and cut him in pieces.

That which might have caused a weaker soul to collapse brought peace to Inez.

The processes of thought are very swift. She realized that nothing in this world could now hurt her father: he had passed out of the world of sin and suffering. She knew intimately his life: he was a saint. His last act was a noble and fearless defense of his daughter's honor. His act had freed her. No hand was now upon her. She judged that Miriam had fled; and her own inspiration to flee was strengthened by the wish to give effect to her father's last heroic act. She felt that she must be brave to be worthy of such a father, and with a swift worshipful look at the noble form, she breathed a fervent prayer for his soul, and then praying without ceasing for him and for herself, she darted away through a hidden path towards the mountains.

She ran while her strength endured, and then halting a moment to listen, and being reassured that no one was following her, she sat down in a

hidden nook, and then for the first time the full terror of her state was realized. What a day it had been! They had lived for some time in fear of the Carranzistas. Her father had always been a pacifist, and had always counseled that the chiefs come together and adopt a *modus vivendi*. He had helped all in distress, irrespective of their factions, and the only thing which could make him a *persona non grata* to the Revolutionists was that he had stood for justice for the Catholic Church in Mexico. Though he had inherited great wealth, he had greatly lessened his estate by his charity to the poor. He had considered himself merely God's steward to use his goods to do the greatest good.

Even in the worst stage of the French Revolution, the eminent virtue of Estaban de M—— would have saved him from the fury of the Commune. The Revolutionists of Mexico have descended below anything recorded in civilized history. They have mingled the cruelty of the savage with the fierce anticlerical hatred of Europe.

Inez now felt the full force of her loss. The night coming on increased her loneliness. But the very horror of her situation drove her to more implicit reliance on the protection of Heaven.

She knelt and prayed for help to the God who has declared himself to be the Father of the orphan. She was an orphan and alone. The memory of her noble father, of all his goodness, of

his love of her, surged back upon her soul, and she fell prostrate, even as the Man of sorrows fell prostrate in the garden under the weight of the world's sin.

It was her faith alone that preserved her from madness. As the angel appeared in the agony in Gethsemane, so faith brought help to that stricken soul.

Through the gloom of sorrow the thought of Heaven thrust itself in. The Spirit of God whispered to her spirit that her noble father was safe in the keeping of God. Sweetly, as though whispered by an angel, the words came to her: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live: and every one that liveth and believeth in me shall not die forever."—John XI. 25-26.

Peace entered her soul. She no longer thought of her father as dead, but as raised to a better state of life, in which he should be her inspiration and her hope.

But now another more disturbing thought entered her mind. Where was Miriam?

Were Miriam dead, Inez could associate her with her father, for Miriam's life had been like his. Both girls had been closely associated with the father in his good deeds. Their lives greatly resembled the lives of the early Christians in that golden age of the Church, before the world invaded the patrimony of Christ and brought into

existence that contradiction in terms, the worldly Christian.

But even here Heaven consoled the desolate child. She knew not whence it came, but a certain definite persuasion filled her that Miriam was safe.

She had gone a considerable distance into a wooded, uninhabited tract. In an ordinary mood she would have been greatly afraid to be alone in the darkness in the uninhabited place. But now she seemed so near to God that as the great silence of the night enveloped her she looked up to Heaven, as though she could put forth her hand and touch its invisible entities.

She had begun to collect her thoughts, and to form a plan of action, when a noise startled her. She looked in the direction of the sound, and her heart stood still with terror. The quivering of the bushes gave evidence that some living being was pushing its way in her direction.

The sudden terror took from her the power of thought and action: she sat and looked in dumb fear. Through the rustling, swaying bushes the object came nearer, stopped for a moment, and then with a bound was upon her; it was her pet dog. He licked her hands and her face, gamboled about her, and whined piteously.

It required some moments for Inez to recover from the shock. She threw her hands about the faithful animal's neck and pressed her cheek against his glossy neck.

The presence of the dog brought back tender memories of her home. How often had she and Miriam walked out through the peaceful fields, while Brave, the dog, frisked and gamboled about them in the wild exuberance of healthy nature! And now all had passed; the fearful tide of sorrow was setting in again, but again faith came to the rescue.

“O God, mighty, living God, in Thee I hope: Thou wilt not fail me.”

A desire now moved Inez to revisit her home. She could not turn away with the thought in her mind that perhaps her father's body might be lying uncared for where he fell.

She realized that the undertaking was most dangerous; but she was becoming accustomed to danger. The darkness would be her shield. She patted Brave lovingly on the head; impressed on him that he was to go cautiously with her; and set out in the direction of her home.

It was close to midnight when she reached the house. All was silent. She waited some time and listened; there was no sound. By the pale ghastly light of the moon she located the spot where her father fell. The ground was soaked with human blood, but the body had been removed. She realized the futility of trying to find where they had buried the body.

With greater caution she entered the house. All was in confusion. Everything of value had been

taken. A systematic, thorough looting of the house had been wrought by the soldiers.

Out of the confusion she gathered some of Miriam's and some of her own apparel, and made a bundle of it.

The soldiers had feasted in the house, and out of the broken pieces of food she gathered some fragments into another little parcel, and then crept out of the desolate house. As she passed the blood-stained earth where her father had fallen, she knelt and pressed her handkerchief in the blood. She folded it up and reverently placed it in her bosom.

She went forth at dead midnight into the vast silence; faith had made her superhuman.

She had not gone far before she became aware that several persons were approaching. By the pale light of the moon she could discern dim shadowy forms, who were evidently endeavoring to approach without being observed.

Brave uttered a low growl, and stalked boldly in front of her to defend her as he might.

The remembrance of the danger from which her father had saved her made her shudder. Her blood seemed to be congealed in its course. She faltered backwards, but her physical strength had been strained beyond its capacity. She reeled and sank to the ground, and lost consciousness.

In the brief interval that ensued she seemed to hear far off voices; she seemed to struggle to go

to the voices, but to be held as in a nightmare. Then she opened her eyes and stared into a human face. And now with a suppressed cry, she clasped in her arms Miriam, her sister. With Miriam were Leon, his foster father and Joseph.

They knew all. As soon as they had dressed the soldier's injury they had come out to Miriam's home. They found the scene of desolation which we have described. The body of Señor de M—— lay where he had fallen. They had taken the body and had given it immediate burial, as they feared that the Carranzistas might trace the body, and thus endanger Miriam.

The body was horribly mutilated, and immediate burial was imperative.

They had now returned to recover whatever might have escaped the marauding soldiery.

Words cannot describe the happiness of the sisters in their meeting. Their words were few; they held each other in a close embrace with their cheeks pressed together so that their tears were mingled as they flowed from their common grief.

"Our father is in Heaven," whispered Miriam.

"O, Miriam," Inez replied, "out in the lonely wood tonight an angel told me what you now say. You and I shall now live only for Heaven, and our father's memory shall be our inspiration."

They now again entered the wrecked dwelling, and Miriam went to a secret hiding place and took from it a bag of gold, which had escaped the rob-

bers. She took a few other articles, and then all went back to the Indian's home.

A room was given to the two sisters, and against their protests they were gently constrained to accept the best room in the house. Clapsed in each other's arms they slept a sleep that was more the sheer exhaustion of nature than the healthful slumber that comes to happy mortals.

And while they slept, in silence Leon and his foster father kept vigilant watch, ready to give their lives for the defenseless ones within their home.

Before the break of day a dreadful storm broke upon the scene. The lurid lightning and dreadful thunder seemed to bespeak God's anger against the deeds of wicked men.

The watchers welcomed the storm: no one would go abroad in such weather, and it would give them more time to devise a plan of safety.

The sullen, ungrateful behavior of the wounded soldier dispelled all hope that he would be friendly to them after leaving them. It was inevitable therefore that, as soon as his convalescence should enable him to depart, they must flee.

At this juncture there came to their habitation a refugee priest from Galeana. He was fleeing to the mountains. The Carranzistas had robbed him of all his possessions. The priest was a man of deep faith and fervent piety, and withal a true lover of Mexico. He reported fearful things which

had been done wherever the Constitutionlists had taken cities and towns. At Monterey they had locked the churches, imposed a fine of \$500,000 on the priests, and as this could not be paid they cast the priests into prison. Their respective consuls freed the foreign priests, but they must leave the country. The native priests were kept in prison until as much money as could be collected was given for their ransom.

The Archbishop's palace was confiscated, his fine library destroyed, the confessionals of the churches were burned, the statues of the saints were thrown in the streets and shot at.

A decree was published which practically abolished religious liberty.

At Tanquecillos they dressed themselves in the sacred vestments, and then indulged in an impure dance.

At other towns they drank their national drink *mescal* from the ciborium. Horrible sacrileges were perpetrated everywhere.

At other places they resorted to various methods of torture, and of inspiring fear to extort money from the priests. Mock executions were carried out; priests were lined up to be shot; others were hanged by the neck, and then let down when semi-conscious.

The poor priest was given hospitality; Miriam drew some of the gold from the bag, which she had recovered from her ruined home, and gave to

him. He blessed them in God's name, and went on to the mountains.

Miriam and Inez now proposed that they should go secretly and seek shelter at Z——. They knew the Theresian Sisters there and their worthy chaplain, who had been for years their father's close friend. They should go disguised as Indian peasant women, and Leon and Joseph should accompany them. The old Indian, Benita, and Lucy should remain to nurse the wounded soldier; and when he was able to be discharged from their primitive hospital, they should follow to Z——, and all should begin life anew, thus removed from the scene of the tragic events.

The plan was at once put into execution, and the journey was made without incident.

Inez regretted much that she could not take the dog Brave with her. She gave him into the custody of Leon's foster father, begging him to make a gift of him to some one who would use him well.

Miriam mounted her own horse, and Inez was placed on Black Bess. Leon and Joseph travelled on foot.

The less frequented ways were chosen, and all caution was used to avoid observation.

All were received with sincere welcome at Z——. The good nuns had received many benefits from Señor de M——. His tragic death was a great shock to them. His funeral Mass was at once

celebrated in the chapel. The scene at that Mass much resembled many scenes in the Catacombs of old.

It was a great happiness to the chaplain, Father V——, and all the nuns to be able thus to honor the memory of the good man, and to offer welcome hospitality to his daughters.

The two girls were given a plain but decent room, and Leon and Joseph were lodged in the chaplain's house.

There ensued a few days of much needed rest; and during that time the chaplain and Leon studied the Mexican question, with a view to find some way of relief.

Miriam and Inez were not idle.

In happier days they had made the acquaintance of a young man of good family, an American, who for business interests had for some years resided in Mexico. He was a non-Catholic, and perhaps that fact had prevented any closer relation than mere friendship. He had manifested a marked admiration for Inez, but the difference in religious belief always formed an impassible barrier; and for some time all communication between them had ceased. Inez knew that her American acquaintance had influence with the leader, Villa; and in her distress she determined to appeal to him for help. She confided her plan to Miriam, and both judged that it would be just and honorable to make such appeal.

As the mails were in great disorder, they called Leon into consultation, and after mature deliberation, determined to send Joseph to bear the message to Harold Wilding, the aforesaid young American.

The Indian youth was greatly pleased to be entrusted with such an important mission.

He was furnished by Miriam with some money for the journey, and departed in fine spirits.

Advices now began to come in that the Constitutionalists under Villa were marching upon Z——, and that the city must fall into their hands. The fear of the impending evil invaded everyone.

Carranza was the "smiling damned villain"; Villa was the brute. They were then working in harmony.

One morning the superior of the convent advised the chaplain that Miriam and Inez wished his advice. After Mass he received them by their request in the community room of the convent. It was a time for the most serious thought: the Constitutionalists had begun to attack the city. "Father," began Miriam, "we wish your counsel touching a question of great moment. Is it allowed a woman to destroy her life to save herself from dishonor?" A moment of silence ensued. The priest rose and took from a bookcase a Bible. Opening it he presented it to Miriam, saying "Read." And Miriam read from II. Maccab. XIV. 37-46:

“Now information was given to Nicanor against one Razis, an elder of Jerusalem, as being a lover of his countrymen and a man of very good report, and one called Father of the Jews for his good will *toward them*. For in the former times when there was no mingling *with the Gentiles* he had been accused of *cleaving* to the Jews’ religion, and had jeopardded body and life with all earnestness for the religion of the Jews. And Nicanor, wishing to make evident the ill will that he bare unto the Jews, sent above five hundred soldiers to take him, for he thought by taking him to inflict a calamity upon them. But when the troops were on the point of taking the tower, and were forcing the door of the court, and bade bring fire and burn the doors, he being surrounded on every side fell upon his sword, choosing rather to die nobly than to fall into the hands of the wicked wretches, and suffer outrage unworthy of his own nobleness: but since he missed his stroke through the excitement of the struggle, and the crowds were now rushing within the door, he ran bravely up to the wall and cast himself down manfully among the crowds. But as they quickly gave back, a space was made, and he fell on the middle of his side. And having yet breath within him, and being inflamed with passion, he rose up, and though his blood gushed out in streams and his wounds were grievous, he ran through the crowds, and standing upon a steep rock, when as his blood

was now well nigh spent, he drew forth his bowels *through the wound*, and taking them in both his hands he shook them at the crowds; and calling upon him who is Lord of the life and the spirit to restore him these again, he thus died."

Miriam shuddered at the fearful history.

"You observe, Señorita," said the priest, "that the Sacred Scripture holds this man up as an example of faith and holiness of life. There is no hint of condemnation of the deed. The inspired writer declares that he chose to die 'nobly,' and that he 'manfully' threw himself down. Therefore it seems fully proven that the act of Razis was fully justified, and was a heroic act.

"You have heard of St. Apollonia, the virgin and martyr. The executioners had prepared and lighted the fire to burn her. The saint, fearing that before her execution she might be subjected to something contrary to Christian modesty, voluntarily leaped into the fire, and was consumed. The Acts of her martyrdom approve the deed, declaring that she acted through a greater impulse of the Holy Spirit.

"In this matter the poise of truth is very delicate, and great care is necessary to hold the true course. The eternal principle must always remain that self-slaughter is forbidden by God. The reason of God's everlasting decree is that God is the sole Lord of life, and the suicide invades

God's exclusive right. No man has a dominion over his life, or over any human life.

"The reason that it is lawful for the executive officer of society to take the life of a condemned man is that God through society delegates his power to the executioner for the preservation of society. Hence in the present tendency to abolish capital punishment, many false opinions are uttered. I also hope that all governments may abolish the death penalty; but, while desiring this change in the criminal code, I concede to society the right to take the life of a criminal, if society needs that procedure for its preservation. The abolition of the death penalty must be considered as society's free act, by which it substitutes one form of punishment for another for society's greater good.

"But I return to the weighty question you ask: it is never allowed directly to take one's life.

"You will answer that Razis and Apollonia directly took their lives, for both did an act that was incompatible with the endurance of their life. Since the formal factor that constitutes a human act is the intention or motive as apprehended and willed by the mind, let us turn our attention to Razis' mental state.

"There was no rebellion in his mind against God; no despair at his sufferings. He was marked for death because he believed in the sole true God. He was ready to die for his faith, and feared no

sufferings, which his unjust executioners might inflict.

“But he feared the effect which the fiendish men contemplated by abusing him in the sight of the people. He feared that some of his co-religionists might waver and fail in their faith at the sight of the shameful usage which he should receive; and therefore in a very extraordinary state of things, he elected to show his people a noble contempt of death, based upon his firm belief in the resurrection of the body. And therefore his death by his own hand was not directly willed; neither was it wrought to obtain for him any private advantage.

“Inasmuch as the fiends had begun to batter down the door of his dwelling, his execution could be considered as morally begun, and the man’s noble contempt of death, being shown for the noblest motive for which a man can work, made his extraordinary act justifiable.

“The act of Apollonia is easier to explain, for all moralists agree that a woman in order to protect her honor may place herself in a state of being in which death must naturally ensue. Thus a woman may hurl herself down a precipice, or into the sea, or into fire, etc.”

Miriam sat with clasped hands during the good chaplain’s discourse. It was evident that in the distracted land of Mexico there were to be found Roman martyrs.

CHAPTER IV.

The wounded soldier rapidly recovered his strength, and being impatient to go back to his accustomed way of life, he asked to be given his horse, while his arm was yet carried in a sling.

The old Indian silently prepared his horse, assisted him to mount, and gave him bread and dried meat for the journey.

Without a word of thanks or greeting, the soldier rode swiftly away.

A moment after, Lucy and her father and mother hurriedly collected the few things that they could bear with them, and quietly crept away towards the mountains.

They were all used to hardship, and traveled far into the night before they halted for a few hours' rest.

Before dawn they set out again, eating their bread as they walked on, and drinking from the streams in the way.

The quiet that everywhere reigned encouraged them, and as their journey brought them to a small railroad station, they determined to finish the journey to Z—— by rail. They boarded the train, and found but few passengers therein. In

the rear of the train were several coaches occupied by Constitutionalist officers.

This fact caused them some anxiety, but their station in life had nothing in it to move the avarice or enmity of the aforesaid officers. A mere Indian peasant might be passed by without a thought.

Benita and Lucy sat together, the girl holding tightly to her mother's arm, and trembling and tightening her grasp at every strange sound or sight.

They journeyed thus for several miles, and with the fortunate progress of their journey their sense of security increased.

Lucy even ventured to look about her. It was the first time she had ever ridden in a railroad train. She was not ignorant. Her father had sent her to the private school of the Nuns of the Sacred Heart. She was well endowed by nature, and had developed the sweetest charms of pure womanhood.

She wore but few ornaments: her beauty was nature's gift, and needed no art. The beauty of the virgin forest, of the wild rose, of the sea and the sky was hers. And withal she was but a child, just past the bound where childhood merges itself into womanhood, in that age when woman reaches the zenith of her magnetic power.

On a sudden Lucy in alarm drew herself closer to her mother. Some officers had come into the

car, and were walking down the aisle towards Lucy and her mother.

One of them had observed Lucy, and was advancing with the evident intention of accosting her.

As he approached, the girl's terror became painful: she clutched her mother convulsively, and hid her face in her mother's shawl.

The officer advanced and threw his arm around the shrinking trembling form of the girl, at the same time addressing to her endearing epithets.

Instantly he was hurled back by the powerful arm of the girl's father.

He reeled helplessly and fell into one of the empty seats.

The few women and children retreated into the extreme end of the car, and were huddled together there like so many sheep in danger.

The old Indian faced the astonished officers and said:

"Gentlemen, I am a poor man and alone; that child is dearer to me than my own life. No man can injure her while I have power to defend her. She is but a child, innocent of all wrong. In the name of Christ and His Virgin Mother spare that child."

The officer had arisen and had drawn his sword. The old Indian was unarmed. He had always led a peaceful life, and in his whole life had never committed an act of violence.

Lucy and her mother had taken advantage of the father's intervention, to rush out of their seat, and to retreat to the end of the coach, where were huddled the frightened group of peasant women and children.

Benita also drew forth from one of the bundles a short heavy knife, and concealed it in the folds of her shawl.

The officer with drawn sword rushed upon the defenseless Indian, but the latter, now aroused by noble indignation, sprang like a cat upon the up-raised arm and snatched away the sword. But the brave deed was unavailing: one of the officer's companions drew his sword and stabbed the Indian in the back. The thrust was powerful; the Indian uttered no cry, but stoically, majestically, like a mighty forest pine, fell dead at the coward's feet.

Lucy saw her father fall, and forgetful of her danger would have rushed forward, but Benita restrained her.

Two of the officers with brutal indifference raised the body of the murdered Indian and threw it out of the window of the moving train.

The brutal act suggested an idea to Benita. The old mother seemed at once to have risen above all personal fear: she feared only what might befall her daughter. She drew Lucy to her and whispered something in her ear. The girl drew herself up close to the window, and halted a mo-

ment. The officer came fiercely towards her, and leaning over Benita he seized Lucy around the waist. But he immediately relaxed his hold, and sank down with a groan upon the floor; the old mother had plunged the entire length of the knife-blade into his abdomen. His companions now rushed together to where the man lay groaning in dying agony. At their approach Lucy clambered swiftly up and threw herself headlong from the window of the train.

The officers raised the bleeding body of their companion and bore him towards their special coach: he died in their arms.

The old mother became as one bereft of sense and motion. No one gave her any more thought.

The train soon halted, and great commotion was caused by the removal of the officer's dead body.

The old woman slowly arose and alighted from the opposite side of the train. Her life had been spared, because no one had seen her strike the officer: they believed that the young girl had struck him before her plunge from the train.

Slowly, weighed down by a sorrow that kills, she went back with eyes riveted upon that side of the track whither her child had hurled herself. She walked on thus for more than two miles. Evening was approaching; she was in a desolate tract of land; nowhere was there sign of human habitation.

Suddenly she stopped and looked into the gath-

ering gloom. Lucy lay there lifeless, a crumpled mass on the earth.

A deep contusion appeared on her right temple, and her blood had freely flowed down through her tresses and stained her white waist.

The mother fell on her knees beside her and kissed the cold blood-stained lips. Again and again she pressed the dead girl to her bosom and kissed her. She smoothed out her hair, and with her handkerchief wiped the blood from the dead girl's face. She arranged the torn clothing as best she could, and then tenderly took up the dead girl and bore her away into the desert waste.

The burden of the dead body caused her to rest at short intervals. Every time that she stopped to rest, she looked wistfully back toward that point where her husband lay murdered because he dared to defend his child's innocence.

O, just God, when thou comest to judge the living and the dead, how shall they escape thy sentence of condemnation, who aided and abetted these crimes? How shall it be with those who by calumny kept back the only relief that could help the stricken land of Mexico? And how shall the rulers of this great Republic of the West appear in the Great Assize, who, while by national policy they assumed a protectorate over the new world, turned away from the cries of the innocent victims of the inhuman ghouls that laid waste that sister republic? In that day, when the secrets of hearts shall

be laid bare, how infamous will appear the treason of the man who was sent by the Chief of this Nation to ascertain the true state of things in Mexico, and who with deliberate malice perverted the truth, and delayed that action of this Government which the accumulation of horrors in Mexico is now compelling?

If men shall ever write a true history of this epoch of Mexican history, they must place that man's name in the category of Cain, Judas Iscariot, Nero, and Henry VIII. of England.

The sorrow of Benita had reached the benumbing stage. In her poor wrinkled face there was not a trace of color: her eyes had a blank stare. Her strength was failing: she tried again to raise the body, but could not. She fell forward across the body. Slowly she drew herself into such a pose that her cheek was pressed against Lucy's cold dead face. The great silence of the night came down upon them, and with it came the great silence of death.

Benita never moved again. No man buried the bodies. The wild beasts devoured them where they lay, and sad as was their fate, it was infinitely better than that of thousands in that unhappy land.

The poor Indian mother had the consolation of knowing that the dead child that she clasped in her arms in death had been saved from the lust of the impure demons. But many mothers in Mexico

were deprived of this consolation. The Catholic Church Extension Society sent its able representative, the Very Rev. F. C. Kelley, D.D., to Mexico to ascertain the true state of affairs there. He obtained reliable sworn statements which attest a condition of barbarity unequalled since the days of Nero.

The publication *Extension*, in its editorial of November, 1914, declares:

“The decent Protestants of America, our fellow-citizens, may have their prejudices; but do prejudices count in the face of outrages upon innocent nuns, and which are too vile to put in print? Protestants are as responsible as we Catholics, who, by silence, have permitted Villa and Carranza to believe that America is so Protestant that it would forget its sense of justice when priests and nuns of the Catholic Church are the only victims. But are they the only victims? A mother with an innocent girl, only a child in years, traveling on a train in Mexico, had that child torn from her and outraged in her very presence, and by an officer (God save the mark!) of the ‘liberating army.’ Boarding schools for young ladies have been entered, and no tongue could be vile enough to tell what happened. Murder stalks abroad on the streets of Mexico City, and men and women are fleeing for their lives and—what is dearer than life. Decent Protestants felt outraged by the destruction of Louvain, because a library and a uni-

versity had been burned; but in Louvain it was war, in Mexico it is not war, but the result of peace—a peace which we Americans bought. And in payment of that ‘peace,’ must we now tolerate unspeakable indecencies at our very doors, indecencies which Tiberius, at his worst, could not excel? One American officer has written: ‘Nero is born again in Mexico.’ Yes, but not one Nero—thousands of the damned breed.

“Neither has this story come to us entirely from priests nor even from Catholics. One of the most prominent and influential men in this country, who has been in Vera Cruz, and has seen the actual situation and heard the stories of the refugees, was one of the first to call attention to it, and offer the best he had to help.”

There is in the archives of the Catholic Church at Washington a document sworn to by the Prioress of the Barefooted Carmelites of Queretaro. This statement was sworn to before Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, and witnessed by Dr. Francis Kelley, of the Extension Society. The ecclesiastical notary of the diocese of Havana signed the document, and it bears the seal of the Diocese of Havana.

The Prioress is now in exile in Cuba. President Roosevelt quoted in part from this document. We produce it in full from Dr. Kelley’s authentic report:

“The sad and lamentable situation of our Mex-

ican republic compels me to state under oath the conditions which exist in Mexico as a result of the diabolical persecution of the Catholic Church.

“Our temples are closed and our churches profaned. On our altars the Holy Sacrifice is no longer offered. Our confessionals have been burned in the public squares and there is hardly one that dares to approach the Sacrament of Penance, even in the most remote corner of a home. The Immaculate Lamb no longer comes to aid our souls, and the priest who dares offer the Holy Sacrifice is sentenced to death. Homes are desolated, mothers cry over the death of their sons, husbands are torn from their families for service with the troops, while their children weep at bidding their father the last farewell. Our priests are persecuted. They wander along the road without anything to eat. Prelates have been forced to abandon us and it seems that God Himself has hidden. Church bells no longer ring. The blood of our brothers runs in the streets. Nuns are taken to the barracks and their virginity attacked.

“It appears as if hell had unchained itself and devils had taken possession of men to harm their brothers. Anarchy and revenge have seized their hearts, and the rich are left in the worst misery.

“Since Don Francisco Madero, in 1910, declared war against Don Porfirio Diaz to this date, we have not had a moment of peace, and following Madero’s example, many others have arisen in

arms to attack the Catholic Church on all sides—some worse than others—so that there is not one single state in the republic that has not been a victim of horrible outrages.

“The revolutionists have closed the temples and prohibited the Sacraments to the degree that any priest daring to hear confession or offer the Holy Sacrifice is shot. Confessionals and some of the statues of the saints have been burned in the public squares, accompanied by music and improper speeches. The churches have been so profaned that some of the revolutionists have entered them on horseback. Statues were demolished and relics trampled on. Over the floor the Holy Hosts have been scattered, and in some instances have been fed to the horses.

“In some churches the Carranzistas have impersonated priests, saying Mass, and have occupied the confessionals, hearing confessions and disclosing what has been told to them. (All of this I have seen with my own eyes.)

“The most beautiful of the temples in the republic, the Church of San Antonio, at Aguascalientes, has been converted into the Legislative Hall. The Church of San Jose, in Queretaro, is now the public library. The wonderful convent of the Discalced Carmelites, also in Queretaro, has been seized, and the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, who owned a handsome Lyceum, the approximate total value of which was over \$500,000, lost more

than \$50,000 spent in repairing it. The colleges of the Lazarist Fathers, Jesuits, and many others have perished. The property of the Church has been appropriated and many of the ecclesiastical archives have been burned. The orders of nuns have been expelled from the republic, giving them only a half hour's time to leave, and without allowing them to take the least piece of wearing apparel. Many religious have been taken to the barracks and the prison, where their chastity has been in grave danger. From the Catholic schools the furniture has been stolen. Immorality has extended to such a degree that not only virginity has been violated, but nuns have been taken away by force and are being subjected to the most horrible suffering.

“In Mexico City I have seen with the utmost regret many religious who have been victims of the unbridled passions of the soldiers. Many I found bemoaning their misfortune, being about to become mothers, some in their own homes and others in maternity hospitals. Others have allowed themselves to be carried away by their misfortune and have given up all, filled with desperation and shame. They complain against God, saying that they have been abandoned by Him.

“Religious of various orders have so dressed themselves, and so go about, as to hide the fact that they are nuns, for fear that the revolutionists may carry them away. Some priests worthy of

full credit, have told me that, in a hospital located in —, there are fifty religious that were taken away by the soldiers, out of which forty-five are about to become mothers, notwithstanding the fact that they have religious vocations and were bound by vows.

“In the —, in Mexico City, are others in this same condition and others also in the hospital of —. In Celaya and Mexico City I have seen many others that were obliged to join the Red Cross, and under this pretext were held as slaves, treated by the soldiers as though they were their own women and not giving any attention to the sick. In a great many cases young women, after having been compelled to lead this life, were thrown out into the street, some being killed as though they were animals.

“As to the clergy! What have the ministers of God not suffered? Fathers and (at present in the United States) can tell. They were under sentence of death only because they directed Catholic labor societies. Many have been shot, and those having any property have been exiled, and their property seized. In Guadalajara the clergy in its entirety was exiled, having been compelled to leave in box and cattle cars, their departure being accompanied by a band playing burlesque music amidst mockery and hooting. Eight days later the religious were compelled to leave and, thank God, women were brave

enough to arm themselves with stones to use if music was played upon their leaving.

“The clergy in Torreon and Zacatecas were offered for ransom, and after obtaining \$100,000, were compelled to pave the streets. Many were forced to enlist with the army, while others were shot. Lastly, they were exiled without being allowed to take any clothing or money.

“The clergy in Queretaro were imprisoned and exceedingly heavy fines imposed upon them, and were later exiled.

“Many Fathers have been in the penitentiary in Mexico City, while others are at present used as servants. When they are discharged they must go without clothing—many of them being obliged to dress as women in order to leave. In some towns they have been locked up together with bad women, and threatened with death if they resisted.

“I have seen used as saddle blankets and ornaments on the horses, the chasubles, stoles, maniples, girdles, pluvial capes and altar linen; while women wore the copes, and the corporals were used as handkerchiefs. The holy vases have been profaned in sundry ways. After drinking from them, the soldiers used them as night vessels, which they afterwards threw into the street. In some towns the chalice has been burned and the Hosts scattered on the floor. Soldiers have sacrilegiously eaten them and, as before said, they have also been fed to the horses. Statues were used as

targets until they fell to the floor. I have seen wagonloads of statues that were on their way to be burned; some I was fortunate enough to save, by daring to address the chief, telling him that I would rather be burned before the statue of my Holy Mother. The best sculptures have been taken away to the museums. The Del Carmen Church, in Queretaro, was to have been transformed into a dance hall, but I do not know whether the intended work has been completed. In other churches the images of Christ have also been shot at.

“On the road from — to Mexico City I found seven religious who asked to be directed to a maternity hospital, claiming not to be religious, but the fact that they were religious was very evident from their manner of speaking. They related to me how they were able to escape from the mountains where the revolutionists had held them. I tried to console them, but it was useless. They said that they were already condemned and abandoned by God, and were in such a despairing condition that they cursed the hour of their profession.

“All these horrible things have compelled me to come to — as a refugee, bringing with me seven religious, of whom I was Prioress, in order to bring them to safety and away from the personal persecution that some were subjected to. It is a fact that they were being searched for by means

of photographs, and when found would have been taken away and killed if they resisted.

“Our community, the —, was located in the city of —, where I left on July 9 for —, in the hopes of making a new home, bringing with me ten postulants and other religious, to get away from the danger which threatened them in —. I left there other religious awaiting the results of my new foundation in —, who were to join me later. Only with great difficulty was I able to keep them together and alive, as their families had lost all their property; consequently their dowries were gone and I had not even a single cent. On the 27th of July all the orders were expelled from —, including ourselves, and we were given twenty-four hours’ time to leave the country.

“Not having any means, I presented myself to the local military chief, —, begging him to intercede in our favor with Governor —, so that we might be allowed two or three months to look for funds with which to leave the country. This gentleman told me that he was a Catholic, and advised me to leave the republic as soon as possible if we did not want to suffer the same outrages that many others went through in other places. He offered me all kinds of guarantees and told me how to save my nuns from the many dangers that threatened them.

“To this gentleman I also came after having scaled the walls of the Church of — in order to

save four sculptures and other altar ornaments. In this case I was incurring a fault which was subject to the death penalty as punishment. Not only was I forgiven for this, but he gave me a safe conduct to avoid being molested by any one. I take the liberty of recommending him as a good man. I am very grateful to him.

"On the 28th of August, I returned to — to bring the other religious that remained there in order that we might leave the republic together. Our religious were badly persecuted in — and had to be divided and placed in private homes to avoid their being taken to the barracks.

"I returned to — with my nuns, and on the road I met several spies who injured us greatly. In a rented house we only had three rooms for twenty-four religious and novices, and each day I had to go out in search for bread to eat. They were deprived of hearing Mass and receiving Communion. God only knows what I suffered to liberate them from danger and obtain food.

"For twenty-two days I was scarcely able to sleep, fearing that at any moment the house would be attacked and the nuns stolen. They were obliged to sleep on the floor of one room after offering to God the sacrifices of the day.

"Some days I was obliged to change houses as often as three times, since our hiding places had been discovered, which fact the officer (my friend) would tell me. The spies denounced us again. I

was compelled to leave with seven for the —, and beg of foreign prelates that they permit me to make a new home, where I could safely place the other religious that I had under my charge, and who are at present hiding in the city of —, Mexico.

“I leave to God the fulfillment of His holy will and, in the meantime, pray Him to remedy the troubles of the Mexican Republic and preserve the President of the United States of America, so that he may stop the numerous calamities that have fallen upon the Mexican Church.”

In the archives of the State Department at Washington is the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 8, 1914.

To His Excellency, The Hon. W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State:

SIR—On July 22 last I had the honor of addressing your Excellency on the subject of the persecution of the Catholics in Mexico as practised by the revolutionary parties now in power in that country.

The Third Assistant Secretary of State, under date of July 24, acknowledged receipt of my letter.

Since then I have made the acquaintance of the Rev. R. H. Tierney, editor of the Catholic paper *America*, published in New York City, who writes me that he visited you concerning this subject, and that your Excellency wished to hear me on the same matter. I have thought it well, therefore, to

note down for your convenience the principal points, and I wish to say that I have written down nothing of which I am not fully aware and can vouch for personally. I have lived in Mexico twenty-three years, am a German by birth, by religion a Lutheran, and am sixty years of age.

I know of Catholic clergymen who, under pain of death, were forced to sweep the streets of a city and do menial work for common, illiterate soldiers.

Of a bishop, seventy years old, deported to the penal colony on the Pacific Coast.

Of several priests in the Monterey penitentiary as late as August 30 last.

Of a parish priest, eighty years old, so tortured that he lost his reason.

Of many deported to Texas, both Mexicans and foreigners.

Of priests and sisters tortured by hanging and strangling.

Of a priest in hiding who was enticed out to confess a person and instead was thrown into a dungeon.

Of forty Sisters of Charity who have been violated, of which number four are known to me, and one of these has become demented.

I have been instrumental in saving six sisters and seven girl pupils from the same fate.

Of an Englishman, who tried to save the personal effects of these thirteen women, being fined \$2,000 for the attempt.

Of all the confessionals of the Monterey district churches being piled in a public square and burned.

Of valuable paintings stolen from churches and supposedly brought to the United States by filibusters.

Of Constitutionalist soldiers, led by a man who is now Governor of a State in Mexico, doing on the altar what decency does not permit me to say.

Of doing the same at another church, into the chalice, and making the priest drink of it.

Of decrees published by those now Governors of States, prohibiting the practice of religion, and closing the churches, convents and schools.

I am respectfully your humble servant,

(Signed) MARTIN STECKER.

117 B Street S. E.

District of Columbia:

Martin Stecker, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that the foregoing is a true copy of a letter sent by him to the Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, and that the same is in all substantial particulars a true statement of facts.

(Signed) MARTIN STECKER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of October, 1914.

CHARLES M. BIRCKHEAD,
Notary Public, D. C.

For this testimony we are also indebted to Dr. Kelley.

CHAPTER V.

One morning as Miriam and Inez came out from Mass they were advised that Joseph and Harold Wilding had arrived and that Mr. Wilding sought an interview. He was at once received. He looked very grave, and spoke in slow, measured tones. The dreadful sorrow through which Inez had passed and her present defenseless state in the terrible danger that was menacing intensified his love of the beautiful girl. All his thoughts of her now converged to one point to save her, even at the expense of his life. A noble fatherly, protecting sentiment mingled with the ardent, aggressive feeling of the lover.

At his coming Inez felt a sense of protection. The old barrier of the diversity of belief still prevented that perfect trust that is necessary for true friendship; and even then, when the condition of the time made it imperative to consider so many other issues, Inez found herself mainly occupied with a concern for her friend's state of soul.

"I have not fulfilled your request, Señorita," Wilding began after the first greeting, "and I come to explain. Both in Mexico and in my own country there is a great misunderstanding of the character of the revolutionists of Mexico. The

bandit Villa cares nothing for Mexico. He is incapable of patriotism. If it served his purpose to join the Federalists, he would go to them. With him it is not a question of principle. He is with Carranza now, but in his heart he cares nothing for Carranza. The day will soon come when he will renounce his allegiance to Carranza. Villa aims only at loot and the gratification of his brutal instincts. He is an ignorant man; the documents that come forth in his name are written by the base sycophants who are attracted to him by the hope of plunder and a still greater crime. He was a poor bandit of the hills until this war brought him into prominence. He is now a millionaire. Villa has never respected the honor of woman. You remember our common friend, Isabelle de V——. She is now one of that large number of unfortunate wretches whom Villa calls his women. She sold herself into that dishonorable state to save her father from destruction."

A fierce flush of indignation lighted up the face of the sisters. And with it came a blush of shame that a Christian woman should value any consideration higher than her honor.

"We have come into decadent days, Mr. Wilding," said Miriam. "I am ashamed of the women of Mexico, even of the religious. I have heard of the fearful deeds that have been done against them; but it seems that they have not shown that strength of virtue which the honor of womanhood

demands. I can understand how a man, physically being the stronger, may destroy the life of a woman. That is nothing. If we value our mortal life too highly we disobey the teachings of Christ: 'For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it.'—Matt. XVI. 25. In the terrible centuries of persecution of the early Christians we read of many virgins who were put to death, but we read nothing of the foul history that is daily being enacted in our own country. God forbid that I should pass judgment on those who have suffered; but it seems to me that if the spirit of faith and chastity that was in the early Christians were in the womanhood of Mexico today, we might hear of more murders, but of fewer living victims of the demons who destroy our land.

"When the Saracens attacked the convent of St. Clara in Assisi, St. Clara, being too ill to walk, was carried to the door of the convent, and there holding in its receptacle the Blessed Eucharist she prayed: 'Lord, deliver not to beasts the souls who trust in Thee, and protect Thy servants whom by Thy precious blood Thou hast redeemed.' That woman's prayer routed the Saracens. The arm of the Lord is not shortened. We fail because the faith of St. Clara has disappeared from the earth."

During Miriam's earnest speech Harold Wilding intently listened, and as he listened a strange

feeling of admiration for Miriam's faith entered his soul. He had always been a man of honor and noble impulses; but all his goodness rested on a mere natural basis. He had never seriously considered the question of creed. He was practically what most men outside the Catholic Church are, an agnostic. Religion seemed to him a weak thing, necessary perhaps for children and for adults whose mentality was of low calibre; the "foolishness of the cross" was a block of stumbling to him. In the present crisis he saw the injustice that was done the Catholic Church, and his natural sense of right was moved to oppose the injustice. As an impartial observer of the course of things, he saw that the motive of the Revolutionists had not been to purify the Church or to reform the laws of Mexico.

These were mere pretenses. The Revolutionists wanted money; money for themselves, money for the expenses of the war. The Church in Mexico was not rich; the laws of Benito Juarez curtailed the liberty of the Church, and limited its activities. But the devotion of the faithful and the splendid efforts of many noble souls had accumulated some means necessary for the maintenance of churches, schools, hospitals, and asylums. The Constitution forbade general confiscation, and therefore Villareal, the Robespierre of the Mexican revolution, openly declared that they "wished to live a little while without the Constitution."

The ignorant Villa longed for the spoliation, but he needed the help of the cleverer villain, Villareal, to direct the nefarious policy.

"Ladies," resumed Harold Wilding, "I went not to plead with Villa, because I knew the futility of such act. He reminds me of those lines of the immortal poet:

" 'You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?
His Jewish heart.'

"Villa is deaf to appeals. Carranza, the wily hypocrite, dissembles and pretends to aim at a lofty policy, when in reality he is plotting the destruction of his country to satisfy his unholy ambition. He has deceived my own Country into believing that he is actuated by a desire to improve the condition of the peons and to enact just agrarian laws. The falsity of this pretense may be judged from their action in Yucatan. The leading industry of Yucatan is the growing of hemp. It is the most prosperous province in Mexico. The people were peaceful, and Yucatan was taken by the Revolutionists without fighting. The Revolutionists immediately demanded a loan

of \$8,000,000. The hemp growers complained, but to no avail. Carranza suppressed the press and exiled the priests. As your own sad history proves, the campaign of the Revolutionists is predatory. They are robbers, and will rob everyone possessed of any goods. The leaders keep their wild soldiery in their following by the hope of plunder. The decent people of Mexico are not with the Revolutionists. The ladies of Yucatan sent the following request to the Governor of Yucatan:

'To the Honorable Governor:

'We have come to intercede on behalf of those who have lived on the Yucatan soil, loving it as their own, dividing the sorrows and happiness of our land with us, with no other end than to propagate the doctrine of love, peace and mercy; with no other idea than to give consolation to the fallen, courage to the harassed, and hope to the despairing; with no other arms of defense than the image of Him who ordered us to love one another as brothers; with no other politics than planting seeds of goodness, charity and the fulfilment of our duty; and with no other defense or shelter than faith in our laws and the guarantees of the Yucatan land as a mother to all living on her soil. Those men to-day, against whom no shade of wrong can be found in Yucatan or anywhere else, in whose lives society has never found the least flaw, are cruelly expelled from this land without

any wrong-doing, but solely for political reasons to which they are entirely foreign. Our spirit cannot conciliate this with the points of liberty and democracy stated in the Constitution. Those for whom we ask justice have had no part in the battles that have stained with blood our country and filled our homes with sorrow and pain. Here in Yucatan we do not and cannot understand the danger that would compel the exiling of the priests, as from these priests that are to-day exiled we have only received lessons of piety, beneficial deeds and a public education. We desire for our children, for our brothers, and for all the sons of this Yucatan soil who want to keep their beliefs and their ideals as their richest social inheritance, the Christian education which is the most becoming for the safeguarding of dignity and nobility of life. You, Señor Governor, no doubt retain amongst your most pleasing remembrances those of your school days, and from which you have unquestionably found much consolation more than once. Therefore, Sir, we dare invoke the sweet, maternal love that, even after death, lives in your mind as a benediction from the regions of eternity, and are, therefore, sending to you our manifestation of pain and respectful supplication against the expulsion of foreign priests. We ask in the name of all Yucatan, in the name of all that live and love our land, and in the name of the blessed woman to whom you gave the sweet

title of 'mother,' and who from Heaven joins us in our request, that you do not consent to close the Yucatan soil to those priests, and that they may not receive as compensation for their labors for good and peace, the bitterness of exile. We ask that you do this for our people in the same spirit as if you were placing the case before your own father, and as if you wanted to deed a title of just pride to your son.'

'Requested in Merida on the 5th of the month of October, 1914.'

"The Revolutionists hated the Jesuits because the Jesuits taught the sons of the decent people of Mexico. The Revolutionists were not able to bring any charge against the Jesuit Fathers, yet they confiscated their college at Saltillo, took the three thousand and eighty pesos which they had, and then they sent them to beg ransom money in the streets. Priests who were sick were abused and threatened with death. Villa himself ordered them to be tortured, and ordered the soldiers to take a sick priest out to be shot. They were thrown into a freight car without food; women of abandoned life, who consorted with the officers, insulted the priests. Thus they were taken to Juarez and expelled from Mexico.

"They looted Monsignor Plancarte's library at Monterey, destroyed his most valuable manuscripts: Mexican deputies to Congress and government secretaries shared in the robbery. Arch-

bishop Plancarte was an eminent scientist, and never meddled in politics. To-day he is a beggar in exile, and the results of his life's scientific labors are destroyed. The Constitutionalist Calderon, an ex-convict, looted the fine Jesuit college at Guadalajara, and allowed the destruction of its fine scientific apparatus. The officers and the shameless women who follow them were quartered in the college.

"They sacked the Ecclesiastical Seminary, one of the finest in Mexico, and destroyed its splendid library. They threw one hundred and twenty priests at once into the Escobedo prison, although they themselves declared that there was no cause against them.

"Such are the deeds of Carranza, Villa, Villarreal, Obregon, Lucio Blanco, Rafael Buelma, Benjamin Hill and Dieguez. It is useless to ask justice of these ghouls.

"One of the saddest thoughts of my life is that my Nation has been deceived to believe that these demons are actuated by a desire to uplift the people of Mexico.

"I grow sick at heart contemplating the injustice and the falsehood which underlies this whole movement in Mexico. And I believe that there is no hope for the wretched land except in intervention. I am aware that even those who have been robbed and exiled resent the idea of intervention. So strong is the national feeling in the

Mexican, and so deep is the resentment handed down of the mighty wrongs which the United States did to Mexico in the past, that no Mexican wishes the intervention of the United States. And yet it is the only hope. That intervention should guarantee to Mexico a just government; it should punish with severity all crimes against public order, and should restore peace and preserve it by adequate force. But how can we expect my Country to come to the aid of Mexico when the man chosen by the President of the United States to investigate the affairs reports that 'the discipline and restraint shown by the victorious Constitutionalist armies and their chiefs were most creditable and encouraging.' By that statement that envoy, of whom I am ashamed, deserves to be ranked with those lying witnesses whom Annas and Caiphas brought to testify against Jesus Christ.

"I am a Protestant and a Freemason, and all the traditions of my life have been adverse to the Catholic Church. But from a careful study of the Mexican people I am persuaded that the Catholic religion is the only religious force that can deal with the Mexican. I am also persuaded that a monarchy is the form of government most suited to the genius of the Mexican nation. All weak races thrive best under a monarchy. Witness the violent changes of government since Iturbide was shot in 1824. Since that day there have been

about three hundred successful or abortive revolutions.

“The same spirit that fills Haiti with anarchy and bloodshed is in Mexico. It is more or less in every Latin-American state. The races of mixed blood are not strong enough to conduct a republic. The fact that a man of their own rank has obtained a post of power fills the others with a desire of mounting to where he has ascended. Consequently we find men honored with the name of general of armies who are mere nobodies. The man who benefited Mexico more than any other man since its independence, I mean Porfirio Diaz, was in effect a monarch. From 1876 to 1911 with one interregnum, from 1880 to 1884, he ruled Mexico as a dictator. He was a Freemason, and yet he believed in justice to the Catholic Church. In the beginning he was not so favorable to that Church, but years of experience in ruling sobered him and gave a just poise to his judgment. His strong hand put an end to the frequent revolutions, established the national credit, and laid a good foundation for establishing an industrious, intelligent middle class. When he was aiming at the best things in all his career the usurper, Francisco Madero, was able to group enough of the lawless element about him to overthrow Diaz.

“Madero did nothing good for Mexico. His overthrow was a great benefit to the land. I do not approve the manner of his death, but there is

no proof that General Huerta directly aided or abetted it. It was a great mistake not to recognize Huerta. He was not as capable a man as Diaz, but he aimed to give Mexico a just government.

“Considering how strong the idea of democracy is rooted in the New World, there is no hope of making Mexico a monarchy. Political life here is so violent and so corrupt that I know of no Mexican now living who could, without the aid of the United States, restore order and establish a just and stable government. There are some Mexicans of ability and integrity, but they are held aloof from all participation in public affairs by the thieves who now hold power.

“Ladies, believing that I can serve you and your country best by pleading your cause in my own Country, I contemplate a journey to the United States. Before beginning the journey I should like to discuss with you the important question of religion. A strange indefinable feeling has come into my soul touching the question of religion. I feel this always more intensely when I have the honor to be in your presence. I do not believe that I could ever accept the Catholic religion. It seems to me that a Catholic must renounce his own personality, and allow others to think for him. I once read a little card, given me by a Catholic acquaintance, which declared that if a man performed a certain devotion for nine con-

secutive Fridays he would be saved. It was so childish that in respect for religion I destroyed the card. It seemed to me to stand on the same footing as the prayer wheels of the Buddhist monks of Thibet. Perhaps I am speaking too frankly, but I am truthfully stating my own feelings. Now there is an unknown world in the Catholic faith, and I would know that world. I know that you are sincere, devout Catholics, and I know that your honorable nature would not approve anything that is dishonest or hypocritical. I knew your honorable father, and I have often wished to believe as he believed. And yet my efforts to get a deeper insight into the Catholic religion have been unfortunate. In my native city was a home for the aged, conducted by Roman Catholic nuns. A poor, nervous girl was admitted there together with her mother. The first thing the good nuns did was to endeavor to get a deed of the sick woman's property. They were only frustrated in this by the intervention of the bishop of the diocese. The poor girl to-day is in the State Hospital for the Insane. I was once taken to a hospital of nuns who incorporate the sweet name of charity in their corporate title. It is a common saying that all corporations are greedy, and I must declare that the aforesaid corporation deserved the reproach. I saw many individual acts of mercy done by some of the nuns, but the spirit which dominated the administration

of the institution was a desire of temporal goods for the order. A charitable priest came there and begged them to receive a charity patient, and he was refused on the ground that it was not a good *business proposition*. Ladies, is it not true that the impression prevails almost universally among devout Catholics that Roman Catholic religious corporations are unusually eager to enrich their respective orders? Is it not true that jealousy, envy and greed among them have hindered their proper labors for religion? Is it not true that the order which has the custody of the holy places in the East is far more zealous in strengthening their order with the offerings of the faithful than in building up the universal church? Does not the very spirit of monasticism narrow a man, and substitute for the love of the universal church a corporate zeal for a particular religious order?

“In the year of the Christian era, 1806, a poor orphan Indian boy was taken in charge by a charitable friar. The boy was a full-blooded Indian. His name, as you know, was Benito Juárez. He possessed natural genius, and his capable master made him a master of the law.

“In 1857 President Ignacio Comonfort established the famous separation of the Church and the State in Mexico. That separation seems to us in the United States to be the best relation of the two entities. But President Comonfort was followed in office by that Indian orphan boy,

Benito Juárez; and then a set of laws was sanctioned by him which are opposed to all equity and right. These are called the 'Laws of Reform,' one of the many misnomers of history. The laws of Juárez recognize no religious corporation.

"Ladies, as a citizen of the greatest Republic on earth, and as a Protestant, I recognize that those laws are unjust. My Country has never felt it necessary for the welfare of the state to limit the development of the proper activities of the Church. Some injustice we may have done, and may still do, but there is nothing of that despotic crushing of the rights of religion which we find here. The spirit of the laws of Juárez is that the Church should endure, but as a helpless slave of the republic, and should be deprived of that freedom which the mission of any church must demand.

"And yet the man who made those laws was a Catholic, and had received everything from a Catholic monk. How shall we explain the enigma? Shall we find some explanation in the greed of religious corporations, in that narrowness and selfishness that often characterize members of religious orders, and oftentimes bishops and secular priests? Have not wise and just legislators of other lands feared the growing power of the temporalities of the Church, and the arrogance of the power that these gave to men? Was it not the evils which grew out of the accumulation of

wealth in the Church that rent the Church asunder, and placed me where I am, with no fixed belief, and with the inherited tendencies of generations holding me back and making me distrust the only Church which has a history, and which joins our age to the age of Christ?

“O, to have lived in the days of Paul; to have heard from him, and to have seen in him that intense unworldliness:

“ ‘Howbeit what things were gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ. Yea verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may gain Christ, and be found in him, not having a righteousness of mine own, *even* that which is of the law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith: that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, becoming conformed unto his death; * * *’
—Phillipp. III. 7-11.

“As a man on the outside, I have deeply studied the Catholic Church in the United States and here. I have felt drawn to her and at the same time repelled. The absolutism of her dogma and of her code of morals would allure me, were her ministers men of high spiritual character. I may have been exceptionally unfortunate, but it has been my lot seldom to meet among the ministers of the Catholic Church men of great spiritual person-

ality. I have observed with regret the arts by which men attain to episcopal sees. There are cliques, and friends at court, and the favor of a venal press, and the cringing to those in power, and the eager grasping at popular favor which easily deceives a world that wishes to be deceived. I speak as one of a mighty multitude who are weary of the uncertainty and cold blank hopelessness of the present agnosticism of the world. We are ready for an apostle, but the message does not come to us from men who are on fire. Sermons are perfunctory, ministrations are cold. Churchmen fritter away their days in a disorder of little trifles, and give little thought to study, without which a priest cannot be effective. I am not a humble man myself; humility seems to me an impossible quality; but I believe that in virtue of his office the priest professes to be humble. Now I have not found this virtue as a rule in the priests of the Catholic Church. Humility makes envy impossible; and is not envy the besetting sin of churchmen?

“My occupation thus far in life has made me mingle much with men; and out of that experience I have conceived for men a sort of pitying cynicism. This cynicism includes myself. I feel deep in my soul that a mighty transformation must be effected in me before I be worthy to have a place in the inheritance of Christ. I have perforce dealt with a world of little, selfish, sensual, unfeel-

ing beings. I am not conscious of an open injustice done by me; but saving injustice, I adopted the code of the world, with its conventional deceptions and unfeeling selfishness. I despised myself even while I did it. And as I looked upon the ministers of your Church, seeking some help amid the universal gloom, I found that they emerged but little above the dead level of mediocrity and meanness. They are in the main 'good fellows,' pleasant companions; but the soul lost in the gloom of the night of unbelief needs a voice like the voice that cried in the wilderness of old to men to make straight the paths of the Lord.

"O, that there might arise in our day an Isaiah, a Jeremiah, a John the Baptist! These men spoke with fire, because they believed with fire. Their lives preached more powerfully than their words. When they told men to choose God instead of worldly goods and pleasures there was back of their words the personality of men who lived their message. I could go to John the Baptist, and throw myself in the desert dust, and say to him: 'I am lost; I seek the way home. Thou knowest the way, for God is with thee. Lead me as a little child; take my hand in thine.'"

A considerable period of silence ensued, then Miriam spoke:

"Señor Wilding, it seems to me that there is much truth in what you say; but I find in your statement no argument against the Catholic

Church. In that which touches the orders of women, I wish that the constitutions of all the orders of women made them the spiritual wards of the bishops. I find in my study of church history that there have been few bad bishops. Even men who have ambitioned the mitre, and who have employed base methods to obtain it, have generally ruled well. There would be no danger therefore in making the religious orders of women dependent on the bishops in everything. The religious should possess nothing, even as a corporate body. A diocesan fund might be established for all religious orders of women needed in the diocese. The administration of this might be placed in the hands of a diocesan board, and the proper means given to those engaged in all pious works, whether educational or merciful. This would eliminate that evil, too often found in orders of women, ambition to make the order powerful and rich. Few nuns sin by personal attachment to money. They project their whole being into the order. But nuns may err, and I fear often do err, in an excessive desire to advance the financial status of their orders; and too often the administration of a superior is judged purely from a financial standpoint. We women never cease to be children; and we have children's faults. We were made to be ruled by men; and, even in religion, nuns would advance far more successfully in perfection if they be under obedience to a wise and good man.

If I ever come into possession of my rightful estate, I shall found in your glorious country a fund for the maintenance of a religious order of women, who shall possess nothing, even as a corporation, but who shall be spiritual wards of the bishop."

"I believe," said Inez, "that it is rash for us to presume to treat a theme of so great importance which belongs to them to whom God has given the office of teaching in the church. Go with us, Señor, to the good chaplain of the convent. He is a learned and holy man, and I know that after a conference with him you will see your way."

"The words would have more weight if they were spoken by your angelic lips," replied Wilding with deep feeling.

Inez blushed deeply, and yet the admiration pleased her. What woman desires not to be admired by a man of noble character?

"The time is not apt for jesting, Señor; but if you desire it I shall be happy to go with you and say amen to all the chaplain shall say, and that will virtually make his words my words."

"O, Señorita," said Wilding, "have you never doubted in matters of religion? One so good must be in God's favor, and He would not let you drift into a pernicious error."

"I must protest, Señor Wilding, that you in your impulsive generosity grossly exaggerate my merits. I have done little good in this great world, and I feel now that at this moment I should

be serving my country if I could only find a way. But touching your question, I have never had the shadow of a doubt in my religion, and I would give my poor little life gladly for anything the Church believes and teaches. My faith is a delight. I am glad always when I realize that I am a child of the Church."

"O, I wish that there were some vicarious system by which your faith could suffice for you and for me. But, soft; would you make me a partaker of your gift, if such were possible?"

"Señor Wilding," answered Inez, "the longer we talk, the more absurd you become. Let us go at once to the chaplain."

CHAPTER VI.

Don Andrea was a man of broad, tender sympathy, deepened by the discipline of sorrow. In his younger days he had felt the spur of ambition, and had dared to take an unpopular stand in certain religious questions. His frank, impetuous honesty led him to utter things which were disrespectful of authority; and, although he apologized, his apology was not accepted. He soon experienced how bitter it is for a priest to be a *persona non grata* to his bishop. In his folly he believed that his talents should entitle him to advancement; and instead he was relegated to a poor, remote post where the hard conditions compelled him to become a stranger to his books which he loved.

He rebelled in thought, and in the bitterness of his soul he began to revolve in his mind the wildest projects.

It was Holy Week; and as he walked on in deep, painful musings, he came to the church of his boyhood. He entered and mechanically knelt. He tried to pray, but the rebellious spirit within him repelled prayer. The priests began to chant the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. It never seemed so sad to him before. It seemed to him

that he was associated with the enemies of Christ; that he was actually inflicting the injuries on the Saviour, and that the Saviour stood before him showing bleeding, ragged wounds in His hands, and saying: "With these was I wounded in the house of them that loved Me."

And then the chanters came to that awful scene in Gethsemane, where the Saviour, crushed under the weight of the world's iniquity, cries out: "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me; nevertheless not My will, but Thine be done." —Luke XXII. 42.

And there came into his mind those sublime words of St. Paul: "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, yea, the death of the cross."—Philipp. II. 8.

The voice of accusing conscience made itself heard within him: "How sadly thy disobedience contrasts with His obedience. He was in the form of God, equal to His Father; and He obeyed even to death. Thou art a mere atom, whom God deigned to call forth out of nothing; and thou rebellest against thy sworn obedience. Jesus did no sin, nor was evil found in Him; and thou, with thy many sins, art ambitious for place and honor."

The service ended, he went forth in search of his confessor.

The confessor was at the hospital, and he went there in search of him.

The confessor was kneeling beside a dying child, and the child was blind, deaf, and mute. The little sufferer clutched a crucifix held before her by the pious priest. Suddenly she turned her head on the pillow toward her weeping mother and in the sign language said: "Mother, I am glad that I was born deaf, and dumb, and blind; for now the first voice that I shall ever hear will be the voice of Jesus, and his face will be the first object I shall see."

The young priest reverently asked the mother what the child had said, and received the message from the mother's lips.

The little face on the pillow never turned back. The flush of burning fever gave place to the pallor of death, and the little heart ceased to beat forever.

It was a powerful object lesson to the disappointed young priest. What had this child received from the Lord? She was deprived of the two most valuable senses, and of speech. She had lived all her life in absolute darkness; no voice could come to her or go out from her to break the loneliness of that perpetual night. And she thanked God for the cross he had laid upon her, and made of it a means of loving the Redeemer with a greater love.

What had he received? Everything—talents, integrity of every sense, vigor of body; and above

all, his vocation. And here he had been grumbling and rebelling at the first trial.

There was joy in Heaven that day as the young priest knelt in confession. His shame and sorrow were so great that the great hearted old confessor must needs comfort and encourage him, that the proper glad character of repentance might have its rightful place. "Tell me, Father," he pleaded, "why did not God cast me off? I was so worthless, so wicked." The old confessor drew forth from his breviary a little card. It was hand painted, the work of some pious nun. "Preserve this," he said, giving it to his penitent, "it bears the answer to your question." The young priest read: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

It was a merciful Providence that led Harold Wilding to this sympathetic priest.

Miriam and Inez accompanied him, and after the greetings, immediately introduced the subject.

Don Andrea was kind, but very serious. He spoke slowly and with precision. "Señor Wilding, you are seeking the pearl of great price, a kingdom, an eternal kingdom, whose value transcends the power of thought. To obtain this kingdom you must do two things: you must believe and do. In the logical order faith is the first principle and foundation of all.

" 'And this is His commandment that we should believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and

love one another, even as He gave us commandment. And he that keepth His commandments abideth in Him, and He in him.' ”—I. John III. 23-24.

Don Andrea took up the New Testament and opened the book. “Señor Wilding, may I ask you to read this inspired text?”

Wilding eagerly took the book and read:

“Now faith is the assurance of *things* hoped for, the proving of things not seen. For therein the elders had witness borne to them. By faith we understand that the worlds have been framed by the word of God, so that what is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear. By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, through which he had witness borne to him that he was righteous, God bearing witness in respect of his gifts: and through it he being dead yet speaketh. By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and he was not found, because God translated him: for before his translation he hath had witness borne to him that he had been well-pleasing unto God: and without faith it is impossible to be well-pleasing *unto him*: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and *that* he is a rewarder of them that seek after him. By faith Noah, being warned of *God* concerning things not seen as yet, moved with godly fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; through which he condemned

the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is according to faith. By faith Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out unto a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he became a sojourner in the land of promise, as in a *land* not his own, dwelling in tents, with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise: for he looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God. By faith even Sarah herself received power to conceive seed when she was past age, since she counted him faithful who had promised: wherefore also there sprang of one, and him as good as dead, *so many* as the stars of heaven in multitude, and as the sand, which is by the sea shore, innumerable.

“These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar, and having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things make it manifest that they are seeking after a country of their own. And if indeed they had been mindful of that *country* from which they went out, they would have had opportunity to return. But now they desire a better *country*, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.

“By faith Abraham, being tried, offered up

Isaac: yea, he that had gladly received the promises was offering up his only begotten *son*; *even he* to whom it was said, In Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God *is* able to raise up, even from the dead; from whence he did also in a parable receive him back. By faith Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau, even concerning things to come. By faith Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed each of the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, *leaning* upon the top of his staff. By faith Joseph, when his end was nigh, made mention of the departure of the children of Israel; and gave commandment concerning his bones. By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months by his parents, because they saw he was a goodly child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment. By faith Moses, when he was grown up, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to be evil entreated with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he looked unto the recompense of reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible. By faith he kept the passover, and the sprinkling of the blood, that the destroyer of the first born should not touch them. By faith they passed through the Red sea as by dry land: which the Egyptians assaying to do were swallowed up. By faith the

walls of Jericho fell down, after they had been compassed about for seven days. By faith Rahab the harlot perished not with them that were disobedient, having received the spies with peace. And what shall I more say? for the time will fail me if I tell of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah; of David and Samuel and the prophets: who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, from weakness were made strong, waxed mighty in war, turned to flight armies of aliens. Women received their dead by a resurrection: and others were tortured, not accepting their deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection: and others had trial of mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were tempted, they were slain with the sword: they went about in sheepskins, in goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, evil entreated (of whom the world was not worthy), wandering in deserts and mountains and caves, and the holes of the earth. And these all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect.

“Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses,

lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of *our* faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that hath endured such gainsaying of sinners against themselves, that ye wax not weary, fainting in your souls. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin: and ye have forgotten the exhortation, which reasoneth with you as with sons,

My son, regard not lightly the chastening of the Lord,

Nor faint when thou art reproved of him;

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,

And scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

“It is for chastening that ye endure; God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is there whom *his* father chasteneth not? But if ye are without chastening, whereof all have been made partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we had the fathers of our flesh to chasten us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened *us* as seemed good to them; but he for *our* profit, that *we* may be partakers of his holiness. All chastening seemeth for the

present to be not joyous, but grievous: yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, *even the fruit* of righteousness. Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down, and the palsied knees; and make straight paths for your feet, that that which is lame be not turned out of the way, but rather be healed."—Heb. XI. 1-40; XII. 1-13.

Wilding read slowly. It seemed to him that a mighty spirit was speaking to him words that no man could deny. All the reasonings of worldly men seemed to him vile and despicable.

After finishing the long passage, he sat for some moments plunged in mighty thought. A new world was opening before him. There was pain in the transformation. The new life demanded so much renunciation. He felt a feeling of great loneliness which oppressed him. Then into the gloom came the thought of Inez. The thought of her at once comforted him, but there followed a dreadful thought: would God accept the offering of a soul which made the created love of woman a sort of mediator between God and itself?


The priest did not break in on the meditation; the soul of the man was struggling with that part of its destiny where it must deal directly with God. Silence is proper for that awful approach to God.

Slowly, after a long pause, Wilding raised his head. "Father," he said, "would God accept the

offering of a soul which is so held by the honorable love of a creature that it feels that it could not be faithful to God unless it possess that creature?"

Don Andrea pondered the question for some moments and then replied:

"If the soul's disposition be absolutely such that it prefer any creature to God, then God cannot accept its homage; for, in very fact, it serves an idol: an idol has supplanted God in its heart. The more detached we are from creatures the more perfect is our offering. Therefore spiritual perfection in its highest degree demands detachment from every created thing, even detachment from our mortal life. But God does not reject the soul which does not aspire to the highest degree of spiritual perfection. He invites men to the highest, but condescends to accept, for a corresponding degree of glory in Heaven, those who retain a certain hold on creatures, providing they do not transgress thereby His holy precepts. And therefore to come closer to the thought of your mind, God would not reject a man who felt his own weakness, and wishing to come to God, felt the need of the help of a companion whom God had enriched with natural and spiritual gifts. In this case the created love is not preferred before the divine love; but sensible things move us readily. We cry freely at the death of a kinsman or friend; we cannot find a tear to shed for our



sins. And yet we would not commit a grievous sin to save the life of that beloved one. Neither would you say to God: 'If I must choose between the creature which I love and you, I choose the creature and reject you.' You may be further comforted by the truth that as long as the love of the creature remains honorable, the soul will never be compelled to make such a choice. It is therefore an impossible hypothesis.

"Few realize how absolutely dependent on God the soul is in the matter of faith. The act of faith is a thing naturally impossible. 'No man can come to me unless the Father draw him,' saith the Lord. If you accept the Catholic faith you must believe that a general council of the Church, approved by the Pope, is infallible in matters of doctrine and faith. Now the Vatican Council, III. 3, decrees thus: 'Faith is a supernatural virtue by which we with the inspiration and assistance of God's grace believe those things to be true which He has revealed.'

"And again in the same decree: 'Although the assent of faith is in no sense blind, yet no one can assent to the Gospel teaching in the way necessary for salvation without the illumination of the Holy Spirit, who bestows on all a sweetness in believing and consenting to the truth.'

"Wherefore, if you believe that your reason alone, or that Señorita Inez here, or that I can furnish you faith, you err greatly. Faith is a

gift of God 'coming down from the Father of Light.'

"Therefore, the first thing is to dispose your soul so that God may implant in your soul divine faith. The operations of God are mysterious; we know not the law of the distribution of His grace; but we know with absolute certitude from revelation that God never fails a man who does his best. But in order to dispose your soul for God's action you must put away everything that might stand between God and you. Temporal interests, social position, ties of blood, pride,—everything must be swept away, and the soul must stand before God as though God and it were the only two beings in the universe.

"In this matter a man may be helped by an illustration from the life of Samuel, the prophet. When the voice of God came to him as a little boy, he knew not who it was that called him in the vision of the night. He consulted Heli, the high priest, and at Heli's advice, when the voice came again, he cried: 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'—I. Sam. III. 10.

"Samuel knew not what the Lord would command. He offered himself without reserve.

"Every man should have a religion, a definite, practical religion. The innate instinct of humanity moves men to recognize the Divinity, and all races of men have adored a God. Some of them have erred in determining the nature and

attributes of the Supreme Being, but the universal belief of humanity in the existence of a Supreme Being is a criterion of truth.

“Now religion is not a thing of man’s invention. Man is sent into this world with the image of God stamped on his soul; and there results therefrom a hunger and thirst after the living God. Never did human heart find perfect peace until it found God.

“Some have considered religion as the synthesis of man’s attempts to discover the nature of God and the destiny of man. Matthew Arnold considered religion as the noblest and most important of those efforts by which humanity has striven to perfect itself.

“This seems to invert the order. A beneficent Creator has not sent His creature into this world to grope in the dark and catch at uncertainties, but has sent from Heaven a message which makes known to man his relations to his Creator. Religion therefore is the acceptance of that message.

“In the genesis and maintenance of religion there are two agencies, one external, the other internal. The external agency is the presentation of the divine truth by created instruments and the ministration of outward rites which in themselves operate divine effects. The internal agency is the inward working of the Holy Spirit of God in our souls, without which all created power is of no effect.

“Now that inward working of the Holy Spirit is not a contingent effect, which may or may not take place; it is certain to have its effect in every soul which does not exclude it by a voluntary act. It uses external media only as an ordinary adjunct, but is not dependent on them, since it may have its true efficacy in the savage far removed from Christian civilization.

“But faith is a quality of the soul which is demanded by God as a condition of eternal life; so the revelation of the message has not been made so fully by God that it would exclude faith. As St. Paul says, ‘We see now in a mirror, in a riddle; we know only in part;’ the full vision awaiteth us in the fulness of life for which this larval state is only a preparation. This dimness of our present vision, directly ordained by God to develop the soul’s proper trust in God, is taken by the unbeliever as an evidence of the failure of religion. The unbeliever is like a shortsighted man who declares objects not to exist which are beyond the range of his vision.

“It results from the very nature of religion that it must be one. There is one God, one Christ, one Holy Spirit, one message. As St. Paul expresses it: ‘One faith, one Lord and one baptism.’

“It would be as reasonable to believe that there be two multiplication tables as to believe that there be two essentially different forms of belief.

The oneness of God compels the oneness of the true religion.

“Hence all forms of belief must be tried by that criterion; they must have a common point of unity in essentials, or they are thereby proven spurious. The Indians in the centuries that rolled on before Columbus came to these shores may have had the same religion as St. Paul, provided the Indian followed the law of nature and the dictates of his conscience; for religion is the acceptance of the message of God as revealed to us, and the doing of the will of God as made known to us.

“Of course, it is required that a man use the means in his power to know God.

“Here many fail. Here many business men fail. The untutored Indian was excusable for his lack of knowledge; no clearer presentation of the truth had been made to him. But in this busy age truth cries out in the market places, and men will not heed; because they are absorbed in the preoccupation of worldly things.

“The spiritual character of man’s destiny has become what the manna became to the Hebrews of the Exodus, it has lost its savor to those who long for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

“A very popular error is to believe that if a man live justly and do some deeds of philanthropy, God will do the rest. Nowhere in the world does this error more prevail than in your country. It

is a sort of 'new worldliness,' which sets up a religion that is not spiritual.

"If the New Testament be true, then this unspiritual way of life is false.

"We read in the Acts of the Apostles, Tenth Chapter, that in the days of the Apostles a man lived at Caesarea, Cornelius by name, a Roman centurion. The Holy Scriptures declare of him that he was 'a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, and gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway.'

"A man might ask: What more can God ask of a man in the name of religion?

"And yet God does ask more, and employs a series of miracles to bring Cornelius into the organized church. God by a miraculous vision advises St. Peter to go and baptize Cornelius. God also by a direct message directs Cornelius to summon St. Peter, and St. Peter baptized Cornelius and all his house.

"Consider yourself alone in the universe with God; say with Samuel, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth;' pray with perseverance and God will lead you to truth and life.

"This absolute docility of the heart must be your preamble if you would receive the action of God in your soul. Many fail at this point; they do not offer a total surrender of the soul to God. It involves the dismantling of that mighty

fortress, pride, which self and the devil have built up in human souls.

"Again, since faith is a gift of God, and God wishes us to ask for His gifts, 'Ask and you shall receive,' you must pray. If you presently know no form of prayer, use your own words. If you ask me how often one should pray, revealed truth compels me to answer: Always. It is not possible always to compose one's self to a set form of prayer, but the soul should ever be lifted up to God, and this is prayer. In the morning and again at evening some time should be exclusively devoted to prayer, and then it is wise to employ that model of all prayer which Christ Himself taught us, and other prayers which have the approval of God through the Church.

"And now, my children, I must tell you that I feel a certain premonition that I shall be with you but a short time. I am ready to seal my faith with my blood, if God's grace be given me. But we must act quickly in this matter. Tell me what is the greatest difficulty you have in accepting the Church."

"He has told them all to us, Father," interposed Inez. "Permit me to relieve Señor Wilding's embarrassment by relating them as he delivered them to us."

Carefully and with great earnestness Inez related the discourse of Harold Wilding. When

she had finished, the priest asked him: "Have you anything more to add to this discourse?"

Wilding answered:

"My mind is in great unrest and confusion. There is a mass of difficulties and doubts lying confused therein; but perhaps it would be easier to bring forth my objections against the different tenets as you expound them in the course of your instruction, if you believe that I am worth the while. But, Father, I shall be honest with you; and therefore I must tell you that I am not a converted man. Were it not for the fair Señorita Inez, I believe that I should not have now engaged in this search for a religion. And I cannot allow you to undertake the arduous task of presenting the Catholic doctrine to me, in the belief that I have accepted it. You have only gained one point: I believe that you are an honest man, and I shall be willing to listen to you with an honest purpose. I shall try to pray as you advise; but it will be an awkward process at first. Yet I am drawn to your Church by the very fact that you make such a necessity of private prayer. I am disgusted with the histrionic prayers of the other denominations. Perhaps I am drawing nearer to God, but the way will be hard, and the dangers many.

"Among the fearful obstacles which stand in my way is the thought that the Catholic religion will separate me from all tender ties. I must

abandon the hope of the salvation of my parents, who sleep in the grave; of my brothers and sisters and all kindred, whom it is innate in us to love; and of many other good men, whom I have known. The exclusive character of your religion demands a fearful renunciation."

"Even were the case as you conceive it," answered the priest, "it would not be an argument against the Catholic Church. It would only prove what a mighty evil heresy is. Many of the martyrs of the early Christian Church were delivered to the executioners by their parents or other kindred. The religion of Christ demands virtually an absolute renunciation:

"'If any man cometh unto me, and hateth not his own father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple. Whosoever doth not bear his own cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple.'—Luke XIV. 26-27.

"The word hate here means to love less. Therefore the condition of discipleship demands that a man be prepared to give up everything, his own mortal life included, for the service of God; and that he actually give it up, if the occasion require it.

"In your case, you must be so minded that if God should require of you the absolute renunciation, you would make it."

“O, why could not the way to Heaven have been made easier?” murmured Wilding.

“He who asks this renunciation has gone before us in the way. ‘Being in the form of God, and equal to his Father, he emptied Himself, taking the form of a slave.’ ‘Who in the days of His flesh, having offered up prayers and supplication with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and having been heard for His godly fear, though He was a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered; and having been made perfect, He became unto all them that obey Him, the author of eternal salvation, named of God a high priest after the order of Melchizedek.’—Heb. V. 7–10.

“Our leader is not ‘a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but one that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.’—Heb. IV. 15.

“The reason that we find renunciation so hard is that our faith is so weak. Our faith is not strong enough to make of the glory that awaits us a reality. The Master Himself becomes a mere cold, far-away fact of history, instead of an abiding friend, in whose presence we live. If we could believe as St. Paul believed, renunciation would become a delight; because it would unite us more closely with Jesus Christ, who renounced all for us.”

“‘He was despised, and rejected of men; a man

of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and as one from whom men hide their face he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

“ ‘Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

“ ‘He was oppressed, yet he humbled himself and opened not his mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb; yea, he opened not his mouth.’—Isaiah LIII. 3-7.

“Now touching your love of your kindred, I fear that you have not the right idea of the Catholic doctrine. The Catholic Church is exclusive, because truth is exclusive. Truth is one. However broad you may make truth, it must have an essential unity.

“All the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, and he who says that they be more or less is in error.

“But you may say that no man knows God or the things that are beyond man’s reason; and that God has left us to our own efforts to strive after Him, accepting all our efforts which proceed from


an honest purpose; so that religion becomes 'a stream of tendency that makes for righteousness,' a sort of complex of all the efforts which humanity has made to perfect itself.

"In this view there would be no fixed doctrine: the only gauge of a man's righteousness would be the honesty of purpose by which a man follows after what he apprehends to be good.

"Outside the Catholic Church, I believe that this view is growing, and gradually absorbing the sects; so that their churches are no longer centers of doctrinal teaching, but social centers.

"In the first place, this view is repugnant to the wisdom and mercy of God. We take it for granted here that you believe in an infinite Being, Creator of all things. All nature proclaims this truth. 'For the invisible things of Him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, His everlasting power and Divinity; so that they may be without excuse; because that, knowing God, they glorified Him not as God, neither gave thanks; but became vain in their reasonings, and their senseless heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.'—Rom. I. 20-22.

"The world is becoming *repaganized*, and the state described by St. Paul is the state of many today, with a slight change in the thing that is substituted for God.



“Now if we accept the one true God as the first cause of all things, it is incompatible with His nature to cut man off with no guide of belief or conduct: to allow him to drift into all the horrible rites of human sacrifice, and the unclean worship of Min, Astarte, Priapus, and the Phallic rites, in his blind groping after a Supreme Being. Could a father he pardoned who would exclude himself and all other means of education from his child; and would send the child out into a desert with other children, equally unprovided, to grow up with no guide but their natural inclinations and inventions? And, accepting the existence of an active principle of evil, to complete the simile, we must make that father let loose into that desert the ablest and wickedest men to destroy all that is good in the boy.

“We know from history that great intellectual endowments prevented not the ancient philosophers from falling into the foulest crimes. Cicero declares thus of them: ‘Who among the philosophers is found to be of such integrity of mind and morals as reason demands? Who of them considers his system of philosophy not the ostentation of his learning, but a law of his life? Who obeys the precepts of conduct which he enunciates? We observe some of them so vain and boastful that it were better for them that they had never learned; others are avaricious of money; others eager for glory; many are slaves of carnal lust;

so that there is an amazing contrast between their teachings and their lives; this seems to me most shameful.'—Quest. Tusc. Lib. I. 4.

"Such men could not teach the world. Most men must be taught by others; for their circumstances render them incapable of drawing from nature its message of God. Hence the axiom: '*Deus hominibus consulere vult per homines.*' Compare the ridiculous theories and doubts of the pagan philosophers with the sublime message of the Hebrew prophets, and say who are the more worthy to convey a message of truth to man.

"The knowledge of God perceivable by the reason from nature is not that definite, complete and easy cognition which is necessary for the actual state of humanity. It is rather a vague, rudimentary, mysterious reproof of the man who seeks not the Author of the harmonious universe. It is sufficient to start the man in good faith to seek further and use the multifarious means which God employs to teach man. It will never permit a man to become an atheist or a worshipper of false gods; but for its complement it looks to the other modes of teaching which God has given us.

"Moreover, nature's witness to the one true God is a corroboration to those who use the other means given us by God; and to them nature speaks far more clearly than to those who receive not the revelation of God to man.

"Now these proofs evince the necessity of a

revelation; and there is a revelation of such a character and with such a history that nothing can reasonably explain its existence save the admission that it came from God. Its intrinsic sublimity, its surpassing wisdom, the beauty of its moral code, and its well authenticated miracles attest that it is the message of the infinite God.

“Therefore our innate sense of the fitness of things responds to Paul’s declaration: ‘God having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in His Son, whom He appointed heir of all things, through whom also He made the worlds.’—Heb. I. 1-2.

“A belief in God and revelation compels a belief in Jesus Christ, and a belief in Him in His true character as the coequal Son of God, true God and true man. Jesus Christ has impressed His personality on history so indelibly that no reasonable man denies His existence, and His beneficent character. There is, however, a recrudescence in our day of the old Arian heresy which denied the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

“That movement of the sixteenth century, called the ‘Reformation,’ was really a revolt against the supernatural. It was the act of the ‘*natural* man who receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.’ Men being scandalized by the improper lives of those set apart to minister holy

things, turned away from the supernatural order. The breach then made has grown wider with time. The Real Presence was too supernatural; it was dropped out of belief. Mass was too supernatural; it also was dropped. And thus one belief after another lapsed from worldly men, until now few outside the Catholic Church believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

“Inasmuch as they have substituted a sort of pleasant humanitarianism for doctrinal religion, they try to appease man’s innate longing after religion by things that contemplate the betterment of humanity’s worldly estate. The spirit of the great heresy of the sixteenth century is to wash the outside of the cup, and give no thought to the corruption in the cup. The humanitarianism which goes down with St. Vincent of Paul to the galley slave, and teaches him the way of repentance and reconciliation to God is not the vogue of the world to-day: naturalism has supplanted supernaturalism.

“This tendency is world-wide. In England a man named Bowman left the bulk of his large fortune to a corporation called The Secular Society, ‘to promote in such ways as may from time to time be determined the principle that human conduct should be based upon natural knowledge and not upon supernatural belief, and that human welfare in this world is the proper end of all thought and action.’

“This is clearly an attempt to subvert Christianity. The case was carried to the Court of Appeals. The Lord Justices conceded that formerly the common law had condemned all attempts to subvert Christianity. But the common law of former times had changed to suit the times, and today, the Justices declared that the foundations of Christianity might be subverted, so long as decent language is employed for the purpose.

“Strict, uncompromising orthodoxy is not popular among a large part of those who are divinely commissioned to deliver the message of God to men. The man who stands for the exclusive right of the Catholic Church to teach and govern men will be set down as a bigot, as a man of narrow sympathies. On the contrary, the man who extends the glad hand to Marcion, Cerinthus, and their ilk will be proclaimed a man of large sympathies,—one of the best of the race.

“The spirit of the world, which has always hated Christ, has no stronger ally than the secular press. The press makes and unmakes men. Tacitly it makes its conditions to the heroes which it creates. When it finds among the Lord’s anointed one who adopts the humanitarian fads, which take the place of religion in Protestantism, it makes a lion of him. It watches his movements and his utterances. The tendency of Protestantism is towards Arianism; and the press is glad

when the leader of God's people throws a little doubt upon the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ. If he believes in a low degree of inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, he is lauded as a man who has outgrown superstition. He is invited to join clubs where the term Catholic is never spoken. Protestant reviews, which regard Catholicity as a hard-lived superstition, open their pages to him.

"He, in turn, is very careful that no Catholic doctrine is therein promulgated in his writings. He practically has made a doctrinal surrender for social prestige.

"The spirit of our institutions favors this liberalism, and I fear that it has a stronger foothold among the ministers of Christ than we are willing to admit.

"On the plane of citizenship, on the plane of civil society, men meet as brothers; differences of creed should not enter into those relations; but on the plane of religious belief there is but one faith, which the infallible Catholic Church believes and teaches.

"The man who sets out to seek after God must recognize that the spirit of the world is his enemy. Other sins offend God, but still leave in the soul belief in God's place in the universe: the spirit of the world tends to dethrone God Himself.

"Supposing now that you humble yourself to recognize the need of God's message and His

grace, this process of reasoning compels your assent.

“God spoke to the world through the prophets of old. Now the New Testament evolves itself out of the Old Testament by logical necessity. The central figure of the New Testament is Jesus Christ. The Old Testament looks to Him as its complement; and the New Testament is a record of His words and deeds.

“If Jesus Christ be true, then the Catholic Church with all its claims is true, and is the sole authorized teacher of humanity in faith and morals.

“Whatever theory we adopt to explain Jesus Christ, without accepting the Catholic Church, leads to an absurdity. Faith is not perfect until it leads a man to rest with full security in the bosom of the infallible Church.

“Touching the state of those who are outside the Church. One of the clearest declarations on that subject was given us by Pius IX. Before him the Lateran Council had decreed in the chapter ‘Firmiter’: ‘There is one universal Church of all the faithful; outside of which no one is saved.’

“This decree is based upon the words of Christ. ‘Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned.’—Mark XVI. 15–16.

“ ‘And I say unto thee that thou art Peter (Greek “the Rock”), and upon this rock I will build My church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven.’—Matt. XVI. 18–19.

“The nature of things demands that this be an everlasting commission, investing the indefectible Church with the powers given Peter, which were to admit to Heaven only those who pertain to the Church, which holds the keys of Heaven.

“At first, this tenet of faith may seem cruel, but a right understanding of it shows that it is just and merciful. Pius IX. condemned the opinion of Bajus, which was thus enunciated: ‘Merely negative unbelief is a sin in those to whom Christ is not preached.’

“The Vatican Council, approved by Pius IX., defined thus the status of the Church: ‘It is a dogma of faith that outside of the Church no one can be saved. But they who are invincibly ignorant of Christ and His Church are not on account of this ignorance damned; since they are not culpable of this ignorance in the eyes of the Lord, who wishes all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth; and to the man who does what in him lies, the Lord does not deny grace, that the man may obtain justification and eternal

life: but this eternal life no man shall obtain who, through his own fault, departs this life separated from the unity of faith and communion of the Church. If any one is not in this ark, he will perish in the deluge.'—Cap. 7.

“The words of Pius IX. are still clearer in his encyclical, ‘Quanto Conficiamur,’ August 19, 1863: ‘It is known to all that they who are invincibly ignorant of our holy religion; if they faithfully obey the commandments of the natural law written in the hearts of all men, and if they lead a just and good life, being always in their hearts disposed to obey God, may by the power of God’s illumination and grace obtain eternal life; since God, who scrutinizes and knows the minds, affections, thoughts and tendencies of all, in His goodness and mercy will not suffer any one to be damned in hell who is not guilty of a wilful, mortal sin. And the Catholic doctrine is equally well known, that outside the Church no man can be saved.’

“You see, therefore, that it is a question of good faith. But this good faith is not to be too readily supposed. It demands that a man be ready to obey God whatever He commands, and that a man seek the truth with diligence and with an honest, teachable mind.

“Pius IX. in his golden allocution, December 9, 1854, speaks thus: ‘Far be it, venerable brothers, that we should dare to set bounds to the infinite mercy of God; far be it that we should wish to

penetrate the secret counsels and judgments of God, which are an infinite abyss, impervious to human thought. * * * We must hold it to be of faith that outside the Apostolic Roman Church no one can be saved. * * * but it is to be held as equally true that they who are held in invincible ignorance of the true religion are not held accountable for this ignorance in the judgment of God. But who is so arrogant as to dare fix the limits of this ignorance, which is influenced by an infinite variety of things among different peoples, regions, and temperaments? When, freed from these mortal coils, we shall see God as He is, we shall surely know how perfectly and beautifully divine mercy and divine justice are combined. But while we remain upon this earth, weighed down by our mortal bodies, which clog our minds, let us firmly cling to the Catholic doctrine, that there is one God, one faith, one baptism: as it is not given to us to penetrate the mystery more deeply.' "

As the priest finished this long quotation, he trembled with emotion. "Behold," he said, "a document that is worthy of the head of the infallible Church. How nobly it contrasts with the babel of the discordant sects and of the miserable sycophants who fawn on them in order to have the favor of the world!

"It would be a fatal mistake to make the state of a man in good faith outside the Church equal

to the state of a faithful member of the Church. In the first place we have no positive proof that such men actually exist among the members of the Christian sects. All the data given to us by the infallible Church contemplate merely a hypothetical case, and deny to man the right to assign any concrete example. Now if any such man exist, he suffers an immense loss in being deprived of the Sacraments of the Church, and the manifold spiritual graces that come to members of the Church in virtue of their vital union with the divine Head of the Church, Jesus Christ. We must suppose that Christ, who founded the Church to save all men, draws men to it by His grace. Given this action of Christ, it seems impossible that a man living in the full light of the Gospel, and having such easy access to the teachings of the Church, should fail to find the true faith, if he have the qualities demanded as a condition *sine qua non* of good faith.

“Hence, while we accept the hypothetical possibility of salvation for those outside the Church, it seems to me that the limits within which this is verified are very narrow.

“The merciful view set forth in the great Pontiff’s declaration is far removed from that popular error, indifferentism, which rejects dogma, and allows every man to make his own religion. The old heresies at least made some pretense to a logical foundation of their systems:

the great error of the sixteenth century, which has more adherents than any of the former heresies, has no logic. It is an appeal to the worldly propensities of men. To the lame beggar at the gate, called Beautiful, Peter said: 'Silver and gold have I none, but what I have, that give I to thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk.'—Acts III. 6. The true religion of Christ relies not on wealth to fulfill its mission, but on spiritual power.

"On the contrary, Protestantism derives its life from wealth and social caste. It makes much of its Y. M. C. A. with its 650,000 members and its millions of invested capital. It is able to offer great worldly advantages to the heathens, if they will accept the fashion of Protestantism. By its wealth it floods the world with Bibles and tracts; it founds and richly endows universities, colleges, hospitals, asylums, libraries, and 'shows great signs and wonders; so as to lead astray, if possible, even the elect.'

"Even some of those who are appointed to lead the people in the Church of Christ cringe and fawn and compromise on vital points of doctrine in order to be recognized by the immense worldly power of Protestantism. Protestantism is quick to make heroes of these sycophants. A venal press is always ready to take them up and eulogize them.

"The apostle of love, St. John, declares: 'If

any one cometh unto you, and bringeth not this teaching (the true Gospel of Christ), receive him not into your house, and give him no greeting: for he that giveth greeting partaketh in his evil works.'—II. John 10. St. Paul gives commandment to Titus: 'A man that is heretical after a first and second admonition avoid; knowing that such a one is perverted, and sinneth, being self-condemned.'—Titus III. 10.

"The early Christians were filled with the spirit of these admonitions. Polycarp, one of the noblest of the martyrs, refused to salute Marcion, the heretic, declaring him to be the first born of Satan. Athanasius would never salute a Manichean or Arian, save to admonish them of their error.

"But in our day the spirit of the world has so far prevailed that the heretics themselves are confirmed in their errors by the compromises of Catholics."


Harold Wilding arose and extended his hand to the priest. "Good, Father," he said slowly, "your words have brought to me but little encouragement. Perhaps it is temptation, but it seems to me that there is no joy in your conception of a man's duty. Your supernaturalism is to me unnatural. I am willing to acknowledge that logical reasoning compels a man to choose between Roman Catholicism and agnosticism. If we accept the Scriptures as a definite message from the

Infinite Being, we must accept the Catholic Church. But is it not possible that out of the aspirations and the efforts of noble souls through the ages there should have come into being a record of thoughts, words and deeds, a purely human document, but bearing the deep impress of the goodness of the men who created it, meriting the name divine by the inherent goodness of its precepts and counsels? This would give to religion a sufficient unity from the fact that the object for which men aspire and strive is always the same, the Infinite Good. It would allow men to differ in the manner of attaining to that Supreme End; but this very liberty appeals to me—seems to me necessary to develop a man's personality. •

“God surely wishes the service of freemen, and not of mere puppets. This has always seemed to me the chief power of Freemasonry: they believe in God, and allow one to form his own conception of the way in which he shall worship that God.”

Wilding stopped abruptly, as though in fear lest he had offended the gentle priest. But the priest took his hand calmly, and said:

“If the issue of religion depended on whether your mind or mine were the profounder and keener, you should easily win. Your words are weighty, terrible; they frighten me, and compel me to throw myself in utter helplessness into the



arms of God. Without the help of God you can never have faith, and I should lose my own faith. I have full faith that God will direct my poor words to draw you out of that error which your words have expressed. I must recall to you my words spoken on this very subject in the earlier part of our conference. You have not thought of these words before in all your life, and therefore they seem strange and contrary to your natural tendency. There is in your words an echo of that old cry of rebellion by which the angels fell. You allow the parent to impress upon the mind of the child the law of right by definite, clear principles of conduct; and you would say that the parent were derelict who should neglect such provision for his child; but God is inhibited from giving any message to his most necessitous creature; and the creature is to be left to mere chance to find the path to the highest good.

“Now answer this: Where is there proof in history that man, unaided by God’s revelation, has evolved and practised a system of moral truth which you would be willing to accept? You may answer that the imperfections of the past were due to the times, and to the rude stage of progress to which humanity had arrived. But this confirms the argument for revealed religion; for true progress only came with the acceptance of God’s message; and where it has not been promulgated, man is still brutal and sensual. It is the power

of that very revelation which you now decry, which has given to you that culture and love of high and noble ideals which you possess. All truth must be exclusive, for truth is one. The conception that you have of the Supreme Being is an inheritance which came to you from His revelation. All that is good in pagan philosophy or religion can be traced back to God's message to man: the abominable degradation of pagan Rome is a proof of what man's unrestrained reason and passions may arrive at. To tell a man with authority what is true, especially in the order of being to which his reason cannot mount, can in no way rob him of the dignity of a free man. The assent to any truth takes from the reason the liberty of assenting to the opposite at the same time. The assent is free, and the liberty of will is preserved in virtue of the freedom of the assent. The penalty established in the divine plan for not assenting is only effective when assent is withheld through a wilful fault. Even your agnosticism might save you, if it be the best that you can arrive at in knowing and serving God.

"We must ever bear in mind that we belong to God; that by right of creation He has an absolute dominion over us. It is therefore inconceivable that the Infinite Being, who created us out of infinite love, should have cut us off with no guidance to grope in the dark in a world, which even the clearest teaching of God has not saved from be-

coming an abode of sin and suffering. To ennobled man God allows him to choose his service: God places before man life and death; but to those who choose to accept His message God speaks clear by His deposit of revelation and by His Church.

“And now, assuring you of a remembrance in all my Masses and prayers, I shall bid you God speed until your own feelings prompt you to seek my poor aid again. Think much of this truth, that if you dispose your soul by honest effort for the action of God, nothing can keep you from Him, for he wishes all men to come to a knowledge of the truth and thereby to life eternal. Do not measure the infinite perfection of God’s revelation by my poor presentation of it. God often chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. In seeking religious truth prayer is worth more than argument. Pray, Señor, and we shall pray much for you. I cannot foretell future events; but whatever force may be in my presentiments is very favorable to you. You may pass through fire; but I seem to feel that out of the purifying crucible of suffering you shall mount to the realm of life with God.”

Harold Wilding went forth from the priest’s presence so plunged in deep thought that he was but slightly conscious of his surroundings. Even the presence of the fair girl by his side was scarcely realized.

Inez was much pleased by this. She was filled with a great hope that this soul, naturally so noble, would follow the great Light, which is the Life of Men. Even though she had respected him in former times, there was always mingled in her thought of him a vague fear. That fear was now vanishing, and a sense of perfect trust and delightful companionship replaced it. The silence in no way marred this companionship: their souls seemed to be thinking and hoping in unison. The dim foreboding of evil in the priest's parting words drew them closer together by that common impulse which unites men in the face of a common danger.

As Wilding took his leave from Inez his voice was low and full of deep emotion; sobs choked her own utterance.

That night Miriam and Inez, clasped in each other's arms, held a long conference. They kept no secrets from each other. The final decision of their deliberations was that they should devote their lives at present to their country's needs by nursing the wounded soldiers in the improvised hospitals. The great suffering which had come upon them had rendered them most unworldly. Even Inez's love of Harold Wilding was sublimed into a spiritual sentiment.

On the following morning they prepared themselves for their arduous task by receiving Holy Communion.

When Wilding called, they made known to him their heroic purpose. He was graver than usual. It was plain that he contemplated days of great trial for all. As a citizen of the United States he could have withdrawn from the danger, but he felt no inclination to do so. His love of Inez dominated every other thought. His love was a pure, noble sentiment. Her heroic undertaking raised her still higher in his worshipful admiration. He foresaw danger for her, but still he was glad that she was so brave. He resolved to remain as near her as possible and to protect her with his life.

CHAPTER VII.

We must now return to Leon and Joseph.

They had waited some days after their arrival at Z—, anxiously awaiting the coming of their parents and Lucy. When these came not, fear invaded the souls of Leon and Joseph, and they resolved to set out for their former home. They avoided observation as much as possible, traveling much by night, following the railroad over which they believed that they would come.

The condition of the country was frightful.

On all sides were misery and ruin. The arts of peace were neglected, the populace were like the frightened remnants of a flock of sheep which wolves had devastated. Pale, wan, almost naked children were everywhere. Gaunt, ragged, wild-eyed women went about like spectres, thrusting out their fleshless hands to seize anything that they might find that could be eaten. A sullen, dead, hopeless spirit possessed all. They had lost the taste of fear: their misery was so great that death would have been a glad release.

Whenever Leon and Joseph judged that they had nothing to fear they approached the railroad and sought tidings of their kindred.

They traveled thus for two days, Leon was

mounted on Black Bess; Joseph rode Miriam's horse.

At nightfall they halted at a spring at the edge of a forest of considerable size. They rested while the horses grazed nearby. They had provided themselves with bread, cheese, dried meat, and dried fruits, of which they ate, and drank of the spring. Few words were spoken.

As they sat silent in the stillness of the night, a strange apparition appeared. At a distance of about a hundred rods strange beings were moving along by the side of the railroad track. There seemed to be about eight of these beings; and that which was especially wonderful in their appearance was the fact that the heads of six of the eight seemed to be intermittently luminous; while the same luminous phenomenon appeared on the ankles of the other two.

The light flashing from these strange beings was sufficient to reveal that the six with luminous heads were Indian girls; the two with luminous ankles were Indian young men.

This strange phenomenon did not seem to surprise our two travelers. Both gazed intently at the moving figures, and then Joseph suddenly laid his hand on Leon's shoulder and went rapidly toward the advancing forms.

Leon followed him.

When the luminous forms saw the two men advancing they stopped suddenly in great fear, and

peered at the approaching men. Fear soon gave way to gladness: they recognized Leon and Joseph as friends.

The two Indian young men and the six maidens were well known to both Leon and Joseph and much esteemed by them. Every Indian girl had four *Elater* fireflies in her hair under a thin gauze veil. The young men had bound an equal number to their ankles.

The *Elater* firefly is a large beetle of greenish black color about an inch long. The luminous secretion is contained in two round transparent nodules about as large as a pinhead, situated behind the eyes. Four of them will throw a light by which the pages of a newspaper may be read.

All the Indians were of the peon class, but their features and general bearing gave evidence that they were of the best of their race.

Leon and Joseph learned from them the tragedy that had obliterated their kindred.

These Indian girls had been passengers on the ill-fated train, whose history we have related. They had witnessed the entire scene. When Benita had alighted from the train, they also had left it, and had fled in terror to their homes. For two days they had not dared to come out of their seclusion; but on the third day they had formed the little group of comrades with two of their brothers as protection, and had gone in search of the body of Lucy. They had found but little of

the remains, and near these the bones and a few fragments of the body of the mother. The wild beasts had eaten most of both bodies.

They reverently collected the scattered remains and buried them in a common grave with no other ritual service save the simple prayers of the Indian young men and maidens. But angels took part in that simple service, and bore away those souls thus washed in Christ's blood to the Kingdom of the living God.

After the burial of Lucy and her mother the band of Indians had journeyed farther up along the railroad and had found the scattered, gnawed bones of the father. They had buried him in similar manner in the place where he lay. Their journey to-night was to plant two artistically wrought wooden crosses at the graves.

Silently, with tears Leon and Joseph followed them, leading their horses.

They soon came to the first grave. At the sight of the little mound covered with the withered wild flowers, Joseph uttered a low moan and crouched down upon the earth beside the grave.

All knelt in silence and prayed.

After an earnest prayer the Indians arose and planted the cross, and placed some wild flowers on the grave.

One of the Indian girls handed to her brother a small parcel, which had been wrapped with great care.

He opened it and found there a number of religious articles which had been worn by Lucy and Benita. There were crosses, rosaries and medals, so that he could give to every one of the company a token of remembrance.

Joseph had never moved since his arrival at the grave. His tears were few; his lips were tightly set; his eyes reflected an agony which human nature could not long endure.

At length Leon tried to speak to him; but his mighty frame shook, and sobs choked his utterance.

Slowly, in broken accents, he said: "Lucy and our mother Benita are in Heaven; many noble souls have longed and prayed for the honor which has come to them. Let us visit our father's grave, and then prepare for the tasks that the time imposes on us."

The boy was consoled. He uttered no word, but kissing the earth of the grave, he arose and went with Leon and the company.

In less than an hour they found the father's grave.

Here again it required all the power of their faith to temper their mighty grief.

The memory of that last interview, as before related, came vividly into Leon's soul. He reflected on the self-denying nobility of that good man. How much he owed him! and yet he had

been unable to do anything for him, or in any way protect him from his unjust aggressors.

And with these sad reflections came equally sad thoughts of his distracted, unhappy country. It seemed that something must be possible to remedy its evils; and yet it was hard to conceive a plan of relief.

It is only faith that saves us from "the sorrow of them who have no hope."

There kneeling in the silent night by the grave of the man beloved by all, a great peace came into the souls of all. They felt that higher patriotism which is based on that inspired truth that "our citizenship is in Heaven." They knew that the man whom they mourned had believed with a simple faith; had served God with all his soul; and had died for a principle which, before God, is above mortal life. Peace came with that realization, and their state of soul could be likened to that of a group of martyrs who, in the days of the Roman persecution, had laid the remains of a blessed martyr in the Catacombs.

Few were the words that were spoken as Leon and Joseph took leave of their good friends. All the veneer and deceit of our complex, superficial social code were absent in that group. In their place there was a deep, simple sincerity: those souls knew each other, and loved each other as the blessed love each other in Heaven.

As there was no motive to continue the journey

farther, Leon and Joseph turned back to Z—— to report the sad tidings to Miriam and Inez.

Joseph had always greatly loved Leon. But now the loss of all his kindred drew him still closer to his noble foster brother. On the return journey, whenever they lay down to rest, Joseph's head lay close to Leon's manly shoulder and his hand clutched Leon's hand as a frightened child clings to its mother.

They reached Z——, and found the whole city in a state of wildest terror. The Constitutionalists were marching rapidly to attack it, and the reports of their deeds on the way were fearful.

At Villa de Guadalupe the Constitutionalists had entered the parish school, which had been improvised as a hospital by Valeriano Medina, the pious parish priest. They trampled some of the wounded to death with their horses' hoofs and shot others of them. The priest escaped.

They shot the parish priest of Cabra, Rev. Father Alba.

The beautiful church of St. Francis of Monterey was destroyed, and many of the daughters of the most respected families were violated.

At Coahuila they shot the pastor of St. Peter's Church.

At Zamora they shot a priest, and left his body to be devoured by wild beasts.

The citizens of Z—— knew that the town could

offer but a feeble resistance, and despair was in every soul.

The chaplain showed no signs of fear. He had made the great renunciation even unto death, and he calmly and resolutely prepared to follow his Master in the way of the cross.

He summoned Harold Wilding at once, and declared that whatever was to be done in the way of instruction by him must be done at once.

Harold was anxious for another conference: the good seed was taking root in his soul, and he felt a strange attraction to the Catholic Church.

At his request Miriam and Inez accompanied him.

"Señor Wilding," began the priest, "you must know that membership in the Catholic Church compels you to sever your connection with Freemasonry. In order that you may know the justice of the Catholic Church's attitude, I shall succinctly review the principles of Freemasonry which conflict with the Church. I believe that many men are members of this secret society without knowing the real nature of the society. I have made a careful study of the documentary history of the society, and shall relate only authentic facts.

"The name Freemason is traced by some as far back as A. D. 1155. Other scholars believe that it occurs first in 1375.

"Most probably it meant a skilled artisan, emancipated from the restrictions and control of

local guilds in order that he might be able to travel and render service wherever any great building was being built.

“The Freemasons formed a universal craft for themselves, with a system of secret signs and passwords by which a craftsman could be recognized. Evidence of competent skill was a requisite for admission to the craft. They rose and fell with the rise and fall of Gothic architecture.

“In English law the term *Freemason* is first mentioned in 1495.

“Since the year 1750 the term *Freemason* has acquired an entirely different signification. According to the official rituals of the craft in the various nations Freemasonry means ‘a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.’ The *Allgemeines Handbuch der Freimaurerei*, Leipzig, defines Freemasonry to be ‘the activity of closely united men who, employing symbolical forms borrowed principally from the mason’s trade and from architecture, work for the welfare of mankind, striving morally to ennoble themselves and others and thereby to bring about a universal league of mankind, which they aspire to exhibit now on a small scale.’

“Much that is fabulous has been written and believed of Freemasonry. One of its foremost writers, Mackey, declares: ‘The historical portion of old records as written by Anderson, Preston, Smith, Calcott and other writers of that gen-

eration was little more than a collection of fables so absurd as to excite the smile of every reader.'

"This appears in the *Freemason's Chronicle*, published in London in the year 1890: 'All that series of fables which projects the origin of Freemasonry back into the remote age of the Tower of Babylon, Solomon's Temple, the Pyramids, etc., must be discarded as unworthy of any consideration.' Mackey rightly declares 'that it is the opprobrium of Freemasonry that its history has never yet been written in a spirit of critical truth; that credulity has been the foundation on which all Masonic historical research has been built. * * * that the missing links of a chain of evidence have been frequently supplied by gratuitous invention, and that statements of vast importance have been carelessly sustained by the testimony of documents whose authenticity has not been proved.'

"Again he says (*Chr.*, 1890, II. 145): 'The historical portion of old records, as written by Anderson, Preston, Smith, Calcott and other writers of that generation, was little more than a collection of fables, so absurd as to excite the smile of every reader.'

"Most of the foolish theories of the antiquity of Freemasonry are drawn from Anderson's '*The Constitutions of Free Masons*,' published in 1723 and again in 1738.

"Led on by that universal desire to ennoble the origin of institutions to which men are attached,

Freemasons have made Almighty God the first founder of Freemasonry. They have given to it the building of Noah's ark, the Tower of Babel, the Pyramids and Solomon's Temple. Some of them are fond of associating it with the foul rites of the Egyptian polytheism, and of the Mithra, and the Druids.

"That these silly beliefs enter into the substance of Freemasonry is proven from the fact that in the 'charge' given the candidate after initiation, it is declared: 'Ancient it is, having subsisted from time immemorial. In every age monarchs have been promoters of the art, have not thought it derogatory to their dignity to exchange the sceptre for the trowel, have participated in our mysteries, and joined in our assemblies.'—English Ritual, 1908.

"In virtue of these absurd traditions, Hiram, King of Tyre, who aided Solomon in building the Temple, is one of the greatest patriarchs of the Freemasonry.

"The ancient guild of Masons, which was in union with the Catholic Church, goes back many centuries in the Christian era, but speculative Freemasonry of the constitution now adopted by the society originated in the year A. D. 1717, and was completed and the 'Book of Constitutions' was adopted in 1722.

"The new Freemasonry adopted certain features of the old Christian guild, but its spirit was

essentially opposed to the old guild. In the old guild of practical Masonry the initiated was *charged* to be 'true to God and Holy Church, and to use no error or heresy' (Gould, Concise History).

"On the contrary the prime characteristic of speculative Freemasonry is its revolt against dogmatic form of belief.

"In the revised text of the 'Book of Constitutions,' as first published, Article I. contains the Freemason's rule concerning *God and Religion*: 'A Mason is obliged by his tenure to obey the moral law; and if he rightly understands the art, he will never be a stupid *Atheist* nor an irreligious *Libertine*. But though in ancient times Masons were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country or nation, whatever it was, yet 'tis now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that religion in which all men agree, leaving their particular opinions to themselves; that is, to be *good men and true* or men of honor and honesty, by whatever denominations or persuasions they may be distinguished; whereby Masonry becomes the *Centre of Union* and the means of conciliating true friendship among persons that must have remained at a perpetual distance.'

"Article VI.—'In order to preserve peace and harmony no private piques or quarrels must be brought within the door of the Lodge; far less any quarrels about religion or nations or state policy,

we being only, as Masons, of the Catholic religion above mentioned, we are also of all nations, tongues, kindreds, and languages, and are resolved against all politics, as what never yet conduced to the welfare of the Lodge nor ever will. This charge has been always strictly enjoined and observed; but especially ever since the Reformation in Britain, or the dissent and secession of these nations from the Communion of Rome.'

"Slight changes in these articles were made in the text of 1738. In the later text the first article is modified as follows: 'Concerning God and Religion.—A Mason is obliged by his tenure to observe the moral law as a true *Noahida* (son of Noah), and if he rightly understands the craft, he will never be a stupid atheist, or an irreligious libertine, nor act against conscience. In ancient times the Christian Masons were charged to comply with the Christian usages of each country where they traveled or worked; but Masonry being found in all nations, even of diverse religions, they are now generally charged to adhere to that religion, in which all men agree, leaving each brother to his own particular opinion, that is, to be good men and true, men of honor and honesty, by whatever names, religions or persuasions they may be distinguished; for they all agree in the three great articles of Noah, enough to preserve the cement of the Lodge. Thus Masonry is the center of their union and the happy means of con-

ciliating true friendship among persons who otherwise must have remained at a perpetual distance.'

"Article VI.—'No private piques nor quarrels about nations, families, religions or politics must by any means, or under any color or pretence whatsoever, be brought within the doors of the Lodge; for as Masons we are of the ancient Catholic religion, above mentioned, and of all nations upon the square, level and plumb; and like our predecessors in all ages, we are resolved against political disputes, as contrary to the peace and welfare of the Lodge.'

"We see here an open repudiation of dogmatic religion, and a substitution therefor of what they call the *religion of humanity*. The Church of Christ applies the word *Catholic* or universal to itself, inasmuch as it exists forever, teaches all nations, and maintains all truth. The Freemasons abuse this term to indicate a pure naturalism in which all men are supposed to agree.

"This is acknowledged by all intelligent Freemasons. Thus Hughan (*The Freemason's Chronicle*, 1876) declares: 'The Christian character of the society under the operative régime of former centuries was exchanged for the unsectarian regulations, which were to include under its wing the votaries of all sects, without respect to their differences of color or clime, provided the simple

conditions were observed of morality, mature age, and an approved ballot.'

"The Freemasonic conception of Christ is that He was a *mere* man; His Divinity is not admitted. In fact we find in the laws of the German Grand Lodges the open declaration that Christ is only the wise and virtuous *mere* man (*homo purus*).

"The Swedish system declares that Christ taught two kinds of doctrine, the *exoteric* for the dull mass of the people, the *Vulgus*, and an *esoteric* doctrine for the initiated. In His esoteric doctrine they believe that He disclaimed to be the Son of God. Freemasonry has fallen heir to His esoteric doctrine. (Findel, *Die Schule der Hierarchie*, etc., 1870, 15 seqq.)

"It is evident that Freemasonry is not a Christian institution, but on the contrary is opposed to Christianity, for Christianity demands belief in Christ as God as the absolute condition of salvation. 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned.'—Mark XVI. 16.

"Masonry is full of ambiguity. The purpose of this ambiguity is to hold in membership men who still believe in a definite, revealed religion, while by cunningly devised statements they furnish sufficient latitude for the positivist and the atheist.

"The Grand Orient of France (1877) expunged the paragraph which declared that the existence

of God and the immortality of the soul are the basis of Freemasonry. The following year it expunged from its ritual and lodge proceedings all allusions to God, the revealed religion and the Bible. Many lodges of England, Germany and the United States refused to fraternize with the Grand Orient of France on account of this action; but with the course of years there has been a *rapprochement*, due to the fact that the logical outcome of Freemasonry is the action of the Grand Orient of France.

“Freemasons endeavor to save themselves from the charge of atheism by asserting their belief in a Great Architect of the universe. How vague this belief is may be gleaned from the statement of Zabriskie, American Grand Orator (13 Nov., 1889), that ‘Masons may believe in many gods if their conscience and judgment so dictate.’ In 1909, 44, *The Rivista*, the official organ of Freemasonry in Italy, declared as follows: ‘The formula of the Grand Architect, which is reproached to Masonry as ambiguous and absurd, is the most large-minded and righteous affirmation of the immense principle of existence, and may represent as well the God of Mazzini as the Satan of Giosue Carducci; God as the fountain of love, not of hatred; Satan as the genius of good, not of the bad.’

“Liberty of conscience is the inherent right of a man to seek truth without restraint or fear of

any kind. But this right does not entitle a man or a system to pervert the objective truths which the Supreme Being has in divers ways delivered to man. No man and no system has the right to say to men that it is indifferent what they believe. All the prophets from Abel to John the Baptist, and all the teachers of the New Testament proclaimed to men the falsity of all cults save the one definite, exclusive belief in the Living God and in His Son the Messiah. In condemning religious error and teaching positive dogmatic truth they did not invade man's liberty of conscience, no more than the teacher violates the pupil's liberty of mind in teaching that two and two are four, and never can be anything else but four.

“Freemasonry, skilfully making use of that false conception of liberty which pervaded all the peoples of Europe in the eighteenth century, has drawn men into its ranks in great numbers by this absurd cant about liberty of conscience.

“Freemasonry many a time and oft declares that it is opposed to all dogmatic religion. To follow this principle we must reject that sublime message of God to the world, ‘Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one God: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might’ (Deut. VI. 4), because it is a dogmatic declaration of the unity of God. We must reject the declaration of Christ,

'I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he die, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die' (John XI. 25, 26), because it is a dogmatic declaration of the character of Christ.

'The original plan of Freemasonry was not to admit to membership the masses. The 'Keystone,' of Philadelphia, declares: 'Freemasonry has no right to be popular. It is a secret society. It is for the few, not for the many; for the select, not for the masses.'

'The Freemason's Chronicle (London) deplores the tendency of the times. 'Numbers are being admitted * * * whose sole object is to make their membership a means for advancing their pecuniary interest' (1881, I., 66). 'There are a goodly number again who value Freemasonry solely for the convivial meetings attached to it.' 'Again I hear men say openly that they have joined to gain introduction to a certain class of individuals as a trading matter, and that they were forced to do so because every one did so. Then there is the great class who join it out of curiosity, or perhaps because somebody in a position above them is a Mason.' 'Near akin to this is that class of individuals who wish for congenial society' (1884, II., 196). 'In Masonry they find the means of ready access to society, which is denied to them by social conventionalities. They have wealth, but neither by birth nor education are they

eligible for polite and fine intercourse.' 'The shop is never absent from their words and deeds.' 'The Masonic body includes a large number of publicans' (1885, I. 259). If we add the desire for political power we shall have a grouping of the main objects for which men enter the Masonic order. It is a base piece of deception, therefore, to pretend that Masonry is a great force for the moral uplifting of men. Every object as set forth by their own leading mouthpiece is miserably selfish.

"Masonry professes as its golden rule brotherly love, relief and truth. The first two of these principles, understood as assistance in all the affairs of life, seem to be the main cause of joining the Masonic lodge. This assistance is formulated in five points of fellowship and the 'grand hailing sign of distress.'

"By his oath the Master Mason is bound to uphold the five points of fellowship in act as well as in words, and to recognize always the sign of distress. The Royal Arch Mason swears: 'I will assist a companion Royal Arch Mason when I see him engaged in any difficulty, and will espouse his cause so as to extricate him from the same, whether he be right or wrong' (American Ritual, 229). Experience attests that wherever Freemasonry is powerful, non-Masons suffer. The systematic preferment which Masons extend to each other in the affairs of life is detrimental to

the course of justice, to civic equality, to patriotism, and all public interests. Masonic authors of high repute recommend and praise unlawful and treacherous acts performed to render the 'assistance' demanded by the oath. This principle of Freemasonry is so well known that we need not adduce testimonials to prove it. In a recent Freemason publication, entitled 'Low Twelve,' the author relates with warm approval incidents wherein help was given to Confederate Freemasons by Union Freemasons, which acts were clearly treasonable. In fact, in the statutes of Freemasonry treason and rebellion against civil authority are declared to be only political crimes, which in nowise affect the good standing of a brother, and furnish no ground for a Masonic trial.

"Though there have been many dissensions between Freemason bodies and systems throughout the world, there remains a solidarity of Freemasonry in the world, so that the same general spirit pervades all Freemasonry.

"One of the greatest deceptions ever practised on humanity is Masonic symbolism, and yet Pike declares that 'the symbolism of Freemasonry is the very soul of Masonry' (*Ars Quattuor Coronatorum*, XVI. 28). This statement of Pike is most true. It is remarkable that men are deceived by this baseless nonsense. By involving the whole universe in this mysterious web they are able to conceal the real purposes of Masonry, and allure

the aspiring candidate to expect always a fuller view of Masonic light.

“The American Freemason has published a long article on Masonic symbols which only a man under the influence of a malign spirit can accept. Freemasonry would make the Great Architect the first Freemason. They are not particular whether we recognize Baal, Shemesh, Zeus, Jove, Ammon, Min, Osiris, or Priapus as that Supreme Architect. Even the hideous Phallic worship is looked upon with favor. The aforementioned Pike declares: ‘Masonry propagates no creed except its own most simple and sublime one, taught by nature and reason. There has never been a false religion in the world’ (Ibid. (4) I. 271).

“Hence, according to Freemasons there is no religion revealed except what is revealed by nature and comprehended by human reason. It is indifferent whether a man worships Christ or Osiris, and a Phallic emblem has the same honor as the cross. Therefore St. Paul was a bigot when he called upon men to turn away from dumb idols to serve the Living God.

“What a fearful hypocrisy it is for Protestant clergymen to pretend that they believe in the one true God and redemption through Jesus Christ, and at the same time affiliate themselves with the Freemason lodge! Freemasonry has the marks and characteristics of the fearful Antichrist mentioned by St. John.

“In their symbolism Royalty is the first assassin of Hiram, striking with its iron rule at the throat of Hiram and making freedom of speech treason. The second assassin is the Papacy aiming the square of steel at the heart of the victim. Hence the avowed object of Masonry is to overthrow the throne and the altar.

“The vast majority of Freemasons are uninitiated, and those of the higher degrees who are supposed to have *guessed* the great secret of Masonry look down with disdain on the lower degrees. ‘The Masonry of the higher degrees teaches the great truths of intellectual science; but as to these, even as to the rudiments and first principles, Blue Masonry is absolutely dumb.’ ‘The pretended possession of mysterious secrets has enabled Blue Masonry to number its initiates by tens of thousands.’ ‘Never were any pretences to the possession of mysterious knowledge so baseless and so absurd as those of the Blue and Royal Arch Chapter degrees’ (Pike, *ibid.* I, 311; IV. 388). ‘The aping Christianity of Blue Masonry made it simply an emasculated and impotent society, with large and sounding pretences and slender performances. And yet its multitudes adhere to it, because initiation is a necessity for the human soul; and because it (human soul) instinctively longs for a union of the many under the control of a single will, in things spiritual as well as in

things temporal, for a Hierarchy and a Monarch' (ibid. IV. 389).

“ ‘Brethren high in rank and office are often unacquainted with the elementary principles of the science’ (Oliver, Theocratic Philosophy, 355). ‘Masons may be fifty years Masters of the Chair and yet not learn the secret of the Brotherhood. This secret is, in its own nature, invulnerable; for the Mason, to whom it has become known, can only have guessed it, and certainly not have received it from any one; he has discovered it because he has been in the lodge, marked, learned and inwardly digested. When he arrives at the discovery, he unquestionably keeps it to himself, not communicating it to his most intimate brother, because, should this person not have capability to discover it of himself, he would likewise be wanting in the capability to use it, if he received it verbally. For this reason it will forever remain a secret’ (Oliver, Hist. Landmarks, I. 11, 21).

“ ‘When thieves fall out, good men come into possession of their own. What Pike, Oliver and others say of the deceit and chicanery of the lower degrees of Masonry surely is applicable to the whole system. This cabalistic effort to defend the secret knowledge acquired by *guessing* in the higher degrees is more absurd than anything the Talmudists ever wrote.

“ ‘Notwithstanding the inanity and absurd pretences admitted by the first exponents of Masonry

to exist in the lower degrees of Masonry, the oath taken in these degrees is most solemn and fearful. The oath of the first degree is as follows: 'I, in the presence of the Great Architect of the universe * * * do hereby and hereon solemnly and sincerely swear that I will always hide, conceal and never reveal any part or parts, any point or points of the secrets or mysteries of or belonging to Free and Accepted Masons in Freemasonry which may heretofore have been known by, shall now, or may at any future time, be communicated to me, etc.' 'These several points I solemnly swear to observe under no less penalty than to have my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the root, and my body buried in the sands of the sea,' 'or the more efficient punishment of being branded as a wilfully perjured individual, void of all moral worth' (Ritual). The oaths in the more advanced degrees are similar, but have severer penalties. There is a direct allusion to Freemasonry's hatred of the authority of the Catholic Church in the oath of the Thirtieth Degree, in which the initiated swears 'never to submit to or tolerate any intellectual despotism that may pretend to chain or fetter free thought.'

"With strange inconsistency this same initiated Mason swears 'to obey without hesitation any order, whatever it may be, of my regular superiors in the order' (Pike, *ibid.* IV. 470, 479, 488, 520).

“The supreme ideal of the Freemason is to become a Knight Kadosh (holy knight) ; all Knights Kadosh are bound to help each other at the sign of distress in whatsoever peril.

“Freemasons in the Latin countries are mainly absorbed in political activity. In England, Germany and America they pretend to be philanthropic, but this philanthropy consists in assisting their brethren in the craft, to the prejudice of more worthy non-Masonic citizens. Selfishness, not the love of humanity, inspires Freemasonry. Members of the higher classes of society enter it for political and social power; the mercantile class enter it to sell their wares; the mechanics enter it for industrial preferment.

“The display of American Freemasonry moves to disgust Masonic writers. ‘The Masonry of this continent (America) has gone mad after high *degreeism* and grand *titleism*. We tell the brethren that if they do not pay more attention to the pure, simple, beautiful symbolism of the lodge, and less to the tinsel, furbelow, fuss and feathers of Scotch *Riteism* and Templarism, the craft will yet be shaken to its very foundations.’ ‘Let the tocsin be sounded’ (Freemason’s Chronicle, London, 1880, II. 179).

“ ‘Many Masons have passed through the ceremony without any inspiration; but in public parades of the lodges they may generally be found in the front rank, and at the Masonic banquets

they can neither be equalled nor excelled' (ibid., 1892, I. 246).

"Freemasonry is dishonest in declaring that it does not directly and actively interfere in party politics. In the French Revolution (1789) and the revolutionary movements in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Central and South America, and the Philippine Islands Freemasonry took an active part. This is acknowledged by prominent Freemason authors and impartial historians (Gruber, Masonry).

"In the eighteenth century Freemasonry in France, as an ally of infidelity, prepared the French Revolution. When Voltaire (7 Feb., 1778) was solemnly initiated in the Freemasons his principles were also received.

"Mazzini, Garibaldi and many other prominent leaders of the Italian Revolution were Freemasons.

"Freemasons instigated and promoted the Kulturkampf in Germany and in Switzerland. Grand Master Bluntschli was the foremost agitator of the Kulturkampf in both these countries (Gruber, Masonry).

"The Grand Orient of France is the dominating force in the anti-clerical combat in France. In no country in the world does Freemasonry rule the counsels of state as in France, and surely few countries are worse governed. The decrees against the Catholic Church in France are first

formulated and decided in the Freemason lodges, and then passed in the French Parliament. The Freemasons boast of this.

“In 1903 the Freemason deputy, Massé, declared thus: ‘I said in the assembly of 1898 that it is the supreme duty of Freemasonry to interfere each day more and more in political and profane struggles.’ ‘Success is in a large measure due to Freemasonry; for it is its spirit, its program, its methods that have triumphed.’ ‘If the *Bloc* has been established, this is owing to Freemasonry and to the discipline learned in the lodges. The measures we have now to urge are the separation of Church and State and a law concerning instruction. Let us put our trust in the word of our Bro. Combes.’ ‘For a long time Freemasonry has been simply the Republic in disguise.’ ‘We are the conscience of the country;’ ‘we are each year the funeral bell announcing the death of a cabinet that has not done its duty, but has betrayed the Republic; or we are its support, encouraging it by saying in a solemn hour: I present you the word of the country.’ ‘We need vigilance, and above all mutual confidence, if we are to accomplish our work, as yet unfinished. This work, you know * * * the anti-clerical combat, is going on. The Republic must rid itself of the religious congregations, sweeping them off by a vigorous stroke. The system of half-measures is everywhere dangerous; the ad-

versary must be crushed by a single blow' (Compte-rendu, Grand Orient, 1903, Nourisson, "Les Jacobins," 266-271, Gruber, Masonry). These recommendations have been literally carried out.

"Here we see the hypocrisy and falsity of Masonry. By its basic constitution it claims to be a society for the freedom and uplift of humanity, leaving to men absolute freedom in religion and politics; and here we see the real Freemason exercising an anti-clerical despotism on the nation, and persecuting and despoiling Catholics, who certainly are Catholics by persuasion of conscience.

"Freemasonry also is false in declaring that it opposes no religious belief. On the 20th of September, 1902, Senator Delpech, President of the Grand Orient, declared as follows: 'The triumph of the Galilean has lasted twenty centuries. But now He dies in His turn. The mysterious voice announcing the death of Pan, today announces the death of the imposter God, who promised an era of justice and peace to those who believe in Him. The illusion has lasted a long time. The mendacious God is now disappearing in His turn; He passes away to join in the dust of ages the other divinities of India, Egypt, Greece and Rome, who saw so many deceived creatures prostrate before their altars. Brother Masons, we rejoice to state that we are not without our share in this overthrow of the false prophets. The Romish Church,

founded on the Galilean myth, began to decay rapidly from the very day on which the Masonic Association was established' (Compte-rendu, Grand Orient of France, 1902, 381).

"This fearful blasphemy is not an accident of Freemasonry; it is the spirit of Freemasonry, which, according to circumstances and conditions, will manifest itself. The low moral tone in private and public life, the disunion among the Catholics, the political blunders of the clerical party, the weakening of faith, apathy, the desire to share in the offices of the government have made it possible for the Freemason minority to exercise this despotism upon the non-Masonic majority, and falsely boast that they are the 'conscience' of the nation of France.

"The Grand Orient of Italy has similar principles and similar aims. It openly declares an insidious war upon the Papacy, represented as the exponent of 'spiritual darkness and bondage.'

"In the year 1889, July 16, 17, there was held at Paris an international Masonic congress. The Grand Lodges of France, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Hungary, Portugal, Greece, Brazil and Massachusetts were represented. The object of the congress was to strengthen the solidarity of Masonry and to apply to universal society the principles of the French Revolution.

"Freemasonry boasts that it is unsectarian; but in reality it is an anti-Catholic, anti-Christian,

atheistic (cunningly atheistic, not *stupidly* so), positivistic, sectarian naturalism. There is no society in the world so intolerant of Catholicity.

“England has thus far refused to fraternize with the French Freemasonry, more perhaps on account of a difference of political view than from any religious principle. In 1907, through its registrar, the Grand Lodge of England declared: ‘We feel that we in England are better apart from such people. Indeed, Freemasonry is in such bad odor on the continent of Europe, by reason of its being exploited by Socialists and Anarchists, that we may have to break off relations with more of the Grand Bodies who have forsaken our landmarks’ (‘The New Age,’ New York, 1909, I. 177, Gruber, Masonry).

“Some of the American lodges have followed the example of England, but the lodges of other countries quite generally accept the principles of the Grand Orient. The lodges of the Latin countries surpass those of France in their hatred of their church. In the lodges of the United States we find a growing tendency to adopt the principles of the Grand Orient of France. The lodges of Iowa have adopted without scruple the views of the French Lodge. ‘The American Freemason,’ as we shall see later on, pleads for the French Lodge.

“The American, J. D. Buck, a 33d degree Mason, advocates in his book, ‘The Genius of

Freemasonry' (1906), an active persecution of the Church. His book passed through several editions and is endorsed by leading Masonic journals.

"In 1886 A. Pike, of Charleston, South Carolina, a 33d degree Mason, Grand Commander of the Mother Supreme Council of the World, wrote to the Grand Commander, T. Riboli, the ally of Garibaldi, to do all in his power to unite Freemasonry against the Papacy. 'The Papacy,' he writes, ' * * * has been for a thousand years the torturer and curse of humanity, the most shameless imposture, in its pretence to spiritual power of all ages. With its robes wet and reeking with the blood of half a million of human beings, with the grateful odor of roasted human flesh always in its nostrils, it is exulting over the prospect of renewed dominion. It has sent all over the world its anathemas against constitutional government and the right of men to freedom of thought and conscience.' 'In presence of this spiritual "Cobra di capello" (hooded cobra), this deadly, treacherous, murderous, enemy, the most formidable power in the world, the unity of Italian Freemasonry is of absolute and supreme necessity; and to this paramount and omnipotent necessity all minor considerations ought to yield; dissensions and disunion, in presence of this enemy of the human race, are criminal.' 'The Freemasonry of the world will rejoice to see ac-

complished and consummated the unity of the Italian Freemasonry' (Official Bulletin, Sept., 1887, 173; Gruber, Freemasonry).

"Leading American Freemason journals (American Tyler-Keystone, Freemason's Chronicle, American Freemason) endorse the principles of the Grand Orient of France. Those also who glory in the unity of the craft in all lands implicitly endorse French ideals. 'The absolute oneness of the craft is a glorious thought.' 'Neither boundaries of states, nor vast oceans separate the Masonic Fraternity. Everywhere it is one.' 'There is no universal church, no universal body politic; but there is a universal Fraternity, that of Freemasonry; and every brother who is a worthy member may feel proud of it' (Freemason's Chronicle, 1906, II. 132, Gruber, Freemasonry).

"We see in this statement deceit and shameless lying. At the very time that the Grand Master Clifford P. McCalla, of Pennsylvania, was writing this, England was repudiating the whole Continental Masonry.

"Freemasonry surely has the cunning of the serpent. It employs all its power to entice into its membership intellectual leaders, and then it boasts that Freemasonry gave these men their inspiration. Thus the German lodges boast that Fichte, Herder, Wieland, Lessing, Goethe were Masons.

“That these men were deceived by Masonry appears clearly from their writings. Goethe characterized them as ‘fools and rogues.’ ‘I bear a deadly hatred to all secret societies, and as a result of my experience, both within their innermost circles and outside, I wish them all to the devil. For persistent domineering intrigues and the spirit of cabal creep beneath the cover’ (Herder to Bro. Heyne, Jan., 1786; Gruber, Masonry).

“According to the ‘Cyclopedia of Fraternities,’ p. V., there are in the United States over 600 secret societies, so that every third adult male is a member of one or more of these societies. Freemasonry is the mother society; the others are more or less fashioned after its symbolism and greatly influenced by it. ‘Few who are well informed on the subject will deny that the Masonic Fraternity is directly or indirectly the parent organization of all modern secret societies, good, bad and indifferent’ (ibid., p. XV.).

“Freemasonry, like all false systems, abounds in inconsistencies. The exponents of Freemasonry often declare that there is nothing in Freemasonry that conflicts with any religious creed. ‘There is nothing in the nature of the society (Freemasonry) that necessitates the renunciation of a single sentence of any creed, the discontinuance of any religious customs, or the obliteration of a dogma of belief. No one is asked to deny the Bible, to change his church relations, or to

be less attentive to the teaching of his spiritual instructors and counselors' (Freemason's Chronicle, 1887, II. 49). 'Masonry indeed contains the pith of Christianity' (ibid., 1875, I. 113). 'It is a great mistake to suppose it (Freemasonry) an enemy of the Church.' 'It does not offer itself as a substitute of that divinely ordained institution.' 'It offers itself as an adjunct, as an ally, as a helper in the great work of the regeneration of the race, of the uplifting of man' (ibid., 1890, II. 101). These protestations cannot be sincere. The nature of the Catholic Church is and forever must be essentially opposed to Masonry. Of course, if the Catholic Church abandoned her constitution, given her by her Divine Founder, and became Freemason, the opposition would cease. The Church delivers to man a message from Heaven, 'One God, one faith, one baptism.' The Church teaches with authority because she was founded so to teach by Him 'who taught with authority and not as the Scribes and Pharisees.'

"Now Freemasonry is directly opposed to the essential dogmatism of the Church and to her authority. When Freemasons rightly informed speak honestly they admit this essential opposition and openly attack the Church. Thus J. C. Parkinson, an illustrious English Mason: 'The two systems of Romanism and Freemasonry are not only incompatible, but they are radically opposed to each other' (Freemason's Chronicle,

1884, II. 17). 'We won't make a man a Freemason until we know that he isn't a Catholic' (ibid., 1890, II. 347).

"Freemasons sometimes pretend that they have the true Catholic religion, in which all men agree, with the priesthood, the Papacy, and dogmas left out. The sheer folly of this pretension renders its refutation unnecessary.

"To render clear the opposition between the Catholic Church and Freemasonry, we have collected a few data of recent publication.

"In the issue of March, 1915, *THE AMERICAN FREEMASON* clearly and vigorously approves of the acts of injustice and violence which the Constitutionalists have wrought in Mexico. On page 210 it declares that the maintenance of Catholicism in Mexico is 'against the wishes of a majority of the people.'

"Now it is evident that the vast majority of the Mexican people wish the Catholic Church to be restored to her full rights, and to be allowed to exercise fully all her activities. The miscreants who are in power are only a small percentage of the people. Freemasonry thrives because the world wishes to be deceived.

"When the French Grand Lodge expunged from their ritual all reference to God and Christian religion, the English Grand Lodge refused to recognize the Grand Orient of France, and some American lodges followed the example of England.

But the atheistic action of France, being logically in accord with the spirit of Freemasonry, is drawing the lodges to approve and follow it:

“ ‘The English-speaking craft has reached its present high place without opposition worth speaking of; it has been free to move along such lines as promised best results. The same may be said, at least for a considerable period, for the institution in Germany. But in France, Italy, Belgium, Spain and Portugal, Freemasonry has from the first been put upon the defensive, and has, from the very nature of its surroundings, become an aggressive fighting force. It has been necessary for brothers in these countries—as also in South America—to face a determined and irreconcilable foe. Every step gained has come of sharp conflict. The mild moralities and routine exercises held sufficient for Anglo-Saxon Masonry were not adequate to prove the quality of craftsmen in France and Italy, to mention no other countries. Those have acquired the sterner virtues, and there is far more to their lodges than ritualistic mouthings and banquetings. They are not engaged in pushing ignorant candidates from point to point in a series of degrees, with nothing at the end but a number and a bizarre ornament. They have found it necessary to ally themselves with the national and international forces struggling for progress and enlightenment. That they have been loyal allies is certainly

to their credit, rather than matter of reproach. Nor is it to be wondered at that these found it needful that the lines of distinction between themselves and the forces of reaction should be sharply drawn. They could not afford to carry useless weight to the fighting line, nor wear uniform or insignia that might prejudice or confuse their allies. Thus is to be explained the action of the Grand Orient of France in making change in its constitution, eliminating any religious or dogmatic formula. And the immediate English and American cry of "atheism" was no more than a contemptible echo of the howl set up by bitterest enemies of the entire craft. The removal of dogmatic expression from the basic document of French Masonry cannot be rightly construed as a denial of the G. A. O. T. U. However, the opponents of Freemasonry knew the characteristics of the English-speaking peoples; knew with what calm assurance they took to themselves any intimation of being better than their neighbors; knew, too, their proneness to follow upon catch-words rather than to consider a situation logically.

"On the other hand the French craft is a more carefully selected body of men; not chosen because of social standing, but for proven ability. In consequence French Freemasonry outranks that of almost all other countries for intelligence, information and insistence upon making the fra-

ternity of value among the agencies for progress. The various Masonic periodicals of France admit to their pages subjects that would seem strange to brothers of England and America. Sociology, history and economics are dealt with, and are debated on a high plane and with true fraternal courtesy. Thus, in part at least, is to be explained how a comparatively few men can exert such influence in the affairs of the nation' (American Freemason, Dec., 1914).

"Freemasonry boasts of its hostility to the Catholic Church:

" 'This magazine has never swerved from the position that between the Masonic fraternity and the Catholic Church there is an antagonism inherent to the very nature of the organizations; the one seeking the broadest liberty of thought and the utmost freedom of the individual conscience, and the other striving to stifle any revolt against the self-constituted authority that would hold mind and soul in thralldom. We have declared that there can be no peace, nor even truce, between Freemasonry and the official Roman Church' (American Freemason).

" 'I have mentioned Freemasonry as it has existence in the countries of Continental Europe. There is no doubt that the organization is hostile to the Church, and that it has, on more than one occasion, proven its strength by thwarting the

plans of its enemies' (American Freemason, Jan., 1914).

“ ‘If we must oppose Catholicism let it be, as I have often said, upon its principles, showing these to be antagonistic not only to Freemasonry, but to the very spirit of the age, and retarding the progress upon which men are bent’ (American Freemason, Dec., 1914).

“ ‘A few weeks ago I wrote a thoroughly-informed brother at Rome, asking for information as to Masonic conditions in Italy, and especially in the Eternal City. His reply is to hand, promising an article along the lines suggested. In the letter he says: “I must ask, however, that my name shall not be used. The Jesuit organization has its emissaries everywhere, and they are growing in power and audacity here. It would at once be known if I revealed the true conditions in Rome. And not only would I be subjected to annoyance, but also injured in business and otherwise.” Thus is shown the perfection of the organization by which Freemasonry is antagonized throughout the world. The system of espionage reaches into all lands, and wherever a stealthy revenge can be inflicted upon those who thwart the dark purposes of international Jesuitry, scruples of any sort will not be permitted to stand in the way. Yet we lift pious hands in horror because our brothers of Europe, being sore beset, have

learned to fight the devil with fire' (American Freemason, Nov., 1913).

“ ‘Our Roman Catholic friends, discredited now and for long among Masons because of the vain ambitions of the hierarchy, need go back only to the hidden mysteries of their Mass to find that there is the great, world-serving idea, from the which in its essence no man will or can dissent. I am accounted skeptic, and worse, where orthodoxy is concerned, but I can and will bow in real reverence when the Great Sacrifice is lifted, for this is of the very essence and meaning that finds other expression in the tragedy of Freemasonry. Therefore am I convinced that Templar Masonry, if so be that its true meaning and purpose can be brought to the consciousness of brothers in the symbolic degrees, will give an impulse and an aspiration for good that can be nowhere else supplied. In the hotch-potch of philosophies, neither digested nor understood, as offered by other rites, there is altogether lacking the abiding and coherent and satisfying ideals to be found in the Templar degrees’ (ibid.).

“The true nature of Freemasonry is here revealed. It despises all dogmatic belief, and all religious rites save its own.

“Freemasonry approves of the fearful crimes and conditions of Portugal, as the following communication, printed and endorsed by THE AMERICAN FREEMASON, proves:

“ ‘From R. W. Brother Andrade, Grand Secretary General of the Grand Orient of Lusitania (Portugal), I have received a most interesting letter, from which the following is extracted:

“ ‘ ‘ ‘We are certainly a small nation, but we have been among the pioneers of civilization, nevertheless. Our people have always fought on the side of freedom, from the very birth of our nationality until the present time. Since the time of Viriato, struggling against the strength of the Roman Empire, our people have cherished the sentiments of freedom and independence, and have always been willing to fight to retain their rights. Our navigators won undying honor by the discovery of new continents and oceans, and our flag was the first that flew from the Tagus to the Ganges. We therefore ought to be first among the first now, as in time past. But our patrimony was wasted away and destroyed by the execrated castes of kings and priests. It is true that ours is but a small country. But we believe that we have a real future among the nations; that we have a mission to fulfill for the good of future times, and that we will yet take the place to which we are entitled in the concert of the peoples. Our enemies are the same as of the past—always the black crowd of Loyola. We know they will do their utmost to injure the fair name of our republic. But be certain, my dear brother, that we do not fear these. We know of what they are

this excerpt from *THE AMERICAN FREEMASON* (April, 1915):

“ ‘I am willing to advise the real inquirer that Freemasonry does not pry into the affairs of his soul; does not set up a definition of the Unknowable and ask that he subscribe thereto; has no system of theology for the which endorsement is asked. If the entrant into the ancient craft believes in Mumbo Jumbo or in Jehovah it is all one; for words are nothing, the central fact is all. Whatever names the races have given to the sun, the orb of the day has remained unchanged. So if my brother holds to the full tale of dogmatic definition, as for him the best and truest expression of God, it is none of my affair. Or if, rejecting formula, he shall seek on secret stairways of the soul to climb into the very effulgence of the Deity, surely I may not say his steps are vain. Nor, again, if with colder reasonings he will argue the philosophical, or even the mathematical necessity for an overruling Power, without attributes as these are understood of humanity, unmoral and unswerving, still I am without cause of complaint. Nor shall he be denied fellowship of mine if to his mind the full sweep of universal life is needed to make the sum and substance of his God. I think, sometimes, that as blind men taking stock of a strange animal, we each put out faltering hand here or there, and from such impressions declare that the Beyond and the Unknown is as

the trivial detail appears to our imperfect sense. And, despite some of my more orthodox friends and brothers, I do not conceive that Freemasonry concerns itself, in little or in great, with such definitions. The real atheist never yet existed, and our fraternity bars only the atheist.'

" 'Another institution also claims to be builded upon a rock, and boasts that "not even the gates of hell shall prevail against it." Whether or not it has sustained such supreme test we are not informed. But we do know that as a foundation, it has not always been safe and sure. It has suffered much from the attrition of the ages, and has been daubed at and plastered upon, and otherwise protected and strengthened until not even the alleged founder of the institution would be able to recognize the site, much less the rock itself. And in times of stress and storm it has proven, after all, a rather wobbly foundation. One may notice, also, if observant, that those who discourse most volubly on Truth, whether as being of the foundation or the superstructure of any institution, are the very persons whose conception of Truth is derived from what they have been told, rather than from any knowledge searched out for themselves. They rely on tradition, or alleged revelation, or the authority of some man, dead or alive, as the chief support of their assurance. The diligent seeker after Truth, as this may be expressed in the great universe of God,

walks humbly. He is aware that the many shortcomings and imperfect vision of humanity will allow no more than partial and woefully distorted glimpses of the great good he seeks. To accept, on any authority, a definition of Absolute Truth, or even to allow that this can be defined, is to stultify one's self. Such acceptance is weakening in the extreme, in that it deprives the mind of the exertion essential for development. Nor should it be forgotten that Truth, as it comes within the perception and understanding of men, is a merely relative term. Being matter of necessarily imperfect definition, it is subject to change; indeed, must constantly change to keep pace with our increasing knowledge of the universe. And this, whether we are concerned with morals, or spirituality, or with things material. It is, therefore, safe to dismiss, as idle rhetoric or loose talk, all these flourishes as to "immutable foundations of Truth" (The American Freemason, April, 1916).

"If the dogmas of faith, which the Catholic Church promulgates as 'absolute truth,' were merely conclusions from human reasoning, there might be some reason in what this Freemason writes. But it is surely stupid to say that the omniscient God cannot deliver an infallible message to His creature. By just such sophistry as this, which appeals to human pride, Freemasonry holds its power.

“In its issue of July, 1913, The American Freemason quotes at length from the apostate Baroness von Zedwitz’s book, ‘The Double Doctrine of the Church of Rome.’

“That you may know that Freemasonry is directly opposed to Catholicity, I beg to quote the following passage from The American Freemason, August, 1913: ‘Some years ago this writer made attempt to give a clear and complete statement as to the hostility of the Roman Catholic Church against the Masonic fraternity. The method adopted, to minimize any chance of prejudice, was to seek out the documents promulgated by the Papacy, condemnatory of the organization. For the proper understanding of these, the background of history was supplied, upon which was sketched the activities both of church and fraternity, and the relation of these to the larger affairs of the world. The effort was honestly made, and perhaps with some success, to give a fairly exhaustive account of the strife promoted by the Holy See, to crush out an institution recognized from its earliest years as being inherently and irrepressibly antagonistic to the claims and influence of Catholicism.’

“This statement has, at least, the merit of being honest in declaring the animus of Freemasonry.

“In the year 1913 the Hungarian deputy, Karl

Huszar, published a series of articles touching on Freemasonic activities in Hungary.

“ ‘These revelations show that the lodges are working with all their strength for the overthrow of the monarchy and of the Christian Church. A Masonic daily paper has been founded, actually with a government subsidy. It is known as *Bilag*—the World. The lodges have formed a political society, which they call a club, and in which are gathered the Masonic deputies, the Monist writers and journalists, and from this emanate such suggestions as that recently put forward for the secularization of the property of the Church. The machinations of these men have already obtained the resignation of Baron Bartoczy from the direction of that section of the Ministry of Public Worship office which deals with the middle schools. The baron is the protector of the Marist Congregations in Hungary, and has often proved his noble Catholic spirit. The Reform Club has endeavored to obtain the banishment of the Marist brothers from the schools, but the vigilance of the Catholic deputies in the Diet has defeated this object. All the trouble which is continually arising in this stormy kingdom may be traced to the Masons. Their latest cry under the Republican banner is “Down with Clericalism, Feudalism and Militarism,” which they call the cancers of progress. They desire to cure the nation by banishing the religious orders from the schools and col-

leges, and the bishops and prelates from the houses of the aristocracy. They desire that priests may be excluded from taking office as deputies, or contributing to newspapers as journalists. The conclusion drawn by the Deputy Huszar from present conditions is that Hungary is on the verge of a new Kulturkampf. It will begin with the schools, and the fight will be a big one, since there are in Hungary only 3,000 interconfessional state schools as against 12,075 confessional schools. Of these latter 7,000 are Catholic, 3,000 belong to the Protestants, 430 to Jews, and 1,457 are Orthodox Greek. The Masons plead to have all these schools "mixed," of which there are 1,000 only at present. Such a decision would naturally eventually destroy the religious character of all schools, and that is just what is wanted. Already the Catholics are arranging to fight this design, and organizations of parents are being formed in the various districts affected.'

"The substitution of humanitarianism for supernatural faith is clearly avowed as the essence of Freemasonry in an article by Paul Carus in the Open Court (Chicago) for June, 1914:

" 'In striking contrast to the Masonic conceptions and aspirations stand those who regard the humanitarian ideal as a gross error, maintaining that human nature does not possess any moral aptitude, that man can be saved only by an indiscriminating submission under a definite doctrinal system of sin and destruction. With this hostile

opinion is often united the conviction that those of another faith—infidels and heretics who do not recognize a definite doctrinal system—are morally of little value, that the spread of their teaching ought not to be permitted, and that believers should be separated from them as rigorously as possible and that the contrast be sharply emphasized. Advocates of these views, representatives of intolerance and exclusion who work in opposition to freedom of spirit, to humanitarian fraternization and the independent development of national morality, have fought against Freemasonry from the beginning with the sharpest weapons, and have purposely brought it into the repute of the most destructive devil worship in the minds of many of their followers, a tendency which has produced the most ridiculous fictions.’

“In 1906 a general congress of Latin-American Freemasonry was held at Buenos Ayres. The following platform was approved:

“ ‘5. Latin-American Masonry shall combat by every means in its power the clerical propaganda and the establishment and development of religious congregations, combining efforts to secure their expulsion from these countries. To effect this: (a) Freemasons shall not have their children educated in colleges managed by religious bodies. (b) Freemasons shall use their influence to dissuade their wives and prohibit their chil-

dren from going to confession to a priest. (c) Freemasons shall not contribute in any way to the support of the religious bodies and their chapels.

“ ‘6. Freemasons shall strive to enlist members of political parties who may defend their ideals and undertake to vote for the separation of Church and State, the expulsion of the religious congregations, civil inquiry, civil marriage and divorce, purely secular education, lay nurses in the hospitals, the suppression of the military chaplains, and other clerical laws.

“ ‘7. Every Mason shall be bound to act in the profane world in accordance with the principles of Freemasonry; those who violate this code of honor being liable to the most severe penalties of the Masonic law.

“ ‘10. Freemasonry shall strive to secure the withdrawal from the Vatican of the representatives of governments, these not acknowledging the Papacy as an international power.’

“Lest one might think that this was a local political strife confined to those countries, let us see how THE AMERICAN FREEMASON views the movement:

“ ‘Accepting the foregoing program of South American Masons as being correct, and bearing in mind the proven facts of church activities and influence in the countries concerned, one is not disposed to severely criticise the brothers who have thus openly challenged ecclesiasticism. Surely

the church men are not so fatuous as to believe they can for generations constantly attack and persecute men of any institution without a show of hostility on part of those assailed. In the South American countries, wherever the priests have had power Freemasonry has been proscribed, and its membership subjected to political and social disabilities, even where more active persecution was not possible. The program given contains nothing that might not be endorsed by any set of brothers put on the fighting line, and forced to struggle for existence' (American Freemason, Jan., 1915).

"Beginning in the January number of the year 1915, R. J. Lemert, an accredited lecturer, published in the American Freemason an article under the heading, 'Causes of the Crusade.' In this article he runs amuck, and while admitting that he speaks contrary to 'almost every historian,' he pours upon the Papacy and all the institutions of the Church a flood of coarse, venomous abuse, which dishonors the pages of any publication. He even accuses the immortal Hildebrand of simony and immorality.

"It is not worth our time to refute these baseless calumnies: we adduce them here to show the spirit of Freemasonry.

"Freemasonry was first condemned by the Catholic Church in the constitution of Clement XII., 'In Eminenti,' promulgated April 28, 1738.

“The sect was subsequently condemned by Benedict XIV. (May 18, 1751), Pius VII. (Sept. 13, 1821), Leo XII. (March 13, 1825), Pius VIII. (May 21, 1829), Greg. XVI. (Aug. 15, 1832), Pius IX. (Nov. 9, 1846; April 20, 1849; Dec. 8, 1864; Sept. 25, 1865; Oct. 12, 1869; Nov. 21, 1873), Leo XIII. (April 20, 1884; June 20, 1894; March 18, 1902; Feb. 15, 1882; Oct. 15, 1890).

“These repeated condemnations are in perfect accord, and serve to keep vividly in the minds of Catholics the nature of Freemasonry and its varied activities.

“The reasons set forth by Clement XII. for the condemnation of Freemasonry are: (1) The peculiar ‘unsectarian’ character of the society, which is in reality a naturalistic character which undermines Catholic faith and creates in society indifferentism and contempt for orthodoxy and religious authority. (2) The inscrutable secrecy of the society by which it is able to propagate its errors. (3) The oath of secrecy and fidelity to Masonry which cannot be justified for any ritualistic or doctrinal reason; for these are mere trifles or no longer exist. Hence, the oath must contemplate some religious or political plot. The oath therefore is for a wicked purpose, or vain, and therefore unnecessary and sacrilegious. This oath imposes no obligation in conscience. (4) There is always immanent in such societies a dangerous tendency to subvert the tranquility of the

state and to corrupt the spiritual life of the souls of men.

“In all this review of Masonry we see two main characteristics which bring it into opposition to the Catholic Church. Freemasonry substitutes for revealed religion positivistic naturalism, and consequently indifferentism, and conspires against lawful governments which are not organized on Freemason principles.

“Leo XIII. (1884) declares: ‘There are various sects which, although differing in name, rite, form and origin, are nevertheless so united by community of purposes and by similarity of their main principles as to be really one with the Masonic sect, which is a kind of center, whence all proceed and whither they all return.’ The ultimate purpose of Freemasonry is ‘the overthrow of the whole religious, political and social order, based on Christian institutions, and the establishment of a new state of things according to their own ideas, and based in its principles and laws on pure naturalism.’ This explains why the Odd Fellows, Good Templars and Knights of Pythias are under the ban of the Catholic Church.

“Since 1738 Catholics may not belong to the Freemasons under pain of excommunication *ipso facto* reserved to the Pope.

“The attitude of the Catholic Church towards Freemasonry contemplates the essential character of the sect, its principles, methods and aims. It

does not declare that every Freemason has these evil characteristics; but on account of the evil nature of the organization, the Church opposes it and warns men against its dangers.

“One of the deceptions of Freemasonry is the pretension that its secrecy guards something of importance. Except where some lodge or lodges are plotting against Church or State, their secrets are mere trifles. Even their secret method of recognition has been divulged by publication. It is remarkable, therefore, that they have been able to preserve in the minds of men the belief that there is some deep, important secret in Masonry. Some of the methods that they have employed to protect their secrets are far from commendable, as the following incident will show:

“In 1821 William Morgan, a brewer of York, Upper Canada, came to Rochester, N. Y., and was there employed as a stonemason. He had credentials from the Masonic Lodge in Canada, and on the strength of these he was made a Royal Arch Mason at Le Roy, N. Y., May 31, 1823. Becoming offended at some act of the lodge, he entered into a scheme with David C. Miller, editor of the *Republican Advocate* of Batavia, N. Y., to publish the secrets of Freemasonry.

“It is generally believed that Miller was a low degree Mason.

“The Masons were thoroughly aroused by the threatened publication. They made various rep-

resentations to Morgan to abandon his scheme. They failed.

“Miller’s office was set on fire in September, 1823, but the fire was extinguished before much damage was done. The incendiary was not apprehended.

“Soon after Morgan was lodged in jail in Canandaigua for a debt on which he had confessed judgment.

“It seems that Morgan’s debt was paid by some unknown person, and Morgan was released from jail. As he left the jail he was seized by Loton Lawson, a Freemason, and another man. Morgan shouted ‘murder,’ but no one came to his assistance. Fear of the Freemasons or complicity in the crime held men back.

“Among those who were spectators of the act of violence were Nicholas G. Cheseboro and Edward Sawyer, Masons.

“Morgan was placed in a carriage and driven towards Rochester. The carriage containing Morgan and his abductors reached Rochester at daybreak. Fearing publicity, the principals in the plot drove three miles west of Rochester and there dismissed the carriage.

“At this point a deep veil of mystery shrouds the event. Some claim that Morgan accepted a bribe and left the country, but this is now quite generally rejected.

“Morgan’s wife was greatly distressed by the

abduction. It soon became known, and a wave of popular indignation swept over the country. The Governor, De Witt Clinton, though a prominent Mason, was compelled to issue a proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the abductors.

“Whether or not the Governor were sincere in this proclamation cannot be known by mortal man.

“The investigation revealed that when Morgan’s abductors left the carriage three miles out of Rochester they entered another vehicle, and journeyed westward to Fort Niagara. In a portion of the journey Sheriff Bruce accompanied them. The conspirators reached the vicinity of the fort on the morning following their departure from Rochester. They dismissed the carriage, and made their way to the fort on foot. Beyond that point no trace of William Morgan has ever been discovered. Edward S. Ellis, A. M., Past Master of Trenton (N. J.) Lodge No. 5, relates it as the expressed belief of his father, who knew Morgan and his abductors, that Morgan was flung over Niagara Falls.

“In a letter published September 9, 1882, Thurlow Weed, the famous politician of Albany, N. Y., declared that John Whitney confessed to him at his house in 1831 that he (Whitney) and four others, whom Whitney named, visited Morgan, who was confined in Fort Niagara. They told him that he was to be supplied with money and sent

to Canada, where his family would be sent to join him. Morgan consented and entered a boat with them, which was rowed out into the river. A rope was bound about Morgan's body, and to both ends of this rope sinkers were attached. Morgan was then cast overboard.

"Weed felt bound in conscience to keep this secret.

"In 1860 Weed was a member of the National Republican Convention in Chicago. There Whitney, probably burdened by the consciousness of blood-guiltiness, called on Weed and asked him to take Whitney's deposition touching Morgan's death, have it witnessed, and keep it to be published after Whitney's death.

"In the excitement attending that memorable convention, Weed neglected to fulfill Whitney's request. Weed went to London, and from there endeavored to have Whitney, through Alexander B. Williams, make his statement, but it was never done. Whitney died in 1869.

"There is a statement, which it is claimed Whitney made, which, by his request, was not published until after his death. In this statement Whitney admits that he, Sheriff Bruce and Colonel William King abducted Morgan and sent him into Canada. This document is evidently a Masonic forgery, devised to calm the indignation excited by the terrible crime. Inasmuch as Whitney was dead, there was no way to detect the forgery. It is in

direct contradiction to Weed's statement. Weed at that time had no motive to invent such a stupendous falsehood; the Freemasons had a mighty motive: the anti-Masonic party were becoming very powerful under such leaders as William H. Seward, Millard Fillmore, William Wirt, John Quincy Adams and Thurlow Weed.

"The spurious statement, purporting to be of John Whitney, bears on it a request that it be not published until after Whitney's death, and not then unless an attack be made on Masonry. This would indicate that the welfare of Masonry was contemplated by Whitney. Therefore why should he defer till after his death the publication which cleared his craft of the foul crime of murder, and set forth the event in its most favorable possible point of view? On the contrary, there was a strong reason on the part of the Freemasons for delaying the forgery, that Whitney, being dead, might not expose the imposture. If Morgan and his family were deported to Canada, as it is alleged, it is scarcely possible that in the nationwide agitation which ensued he should not have been traced. The Freemason Ellis, before cited, when he deals with this argument in 'Low Twelve,' virtually admits the murder of Morgan. 'In truth,' he says, 'he was and had been dead for a good while.'

"There is something Satanic in the principles, methods, spirit and success of Freemasonry. It

is the incarnation of the 'spirit of the world,' which has always hated Christ and His Cause."

As the chaplain concluded his long conference, he looked with great earnestness into Wilding's eyes, and said: "I feel a premonition that I am soon to die. I have been as accurate as circumstances permit in giving you this summary of Freemasonry. Though you are a member of its body, I feel that you have never been a member of its spirit. I have addressed you as one not informed of the real nature of Freemasonry. Whatever weight my words may have, they surely are my soul's conviction, as I stand in the shadow of death. If they are accepted by you, I should feel happier in dying if I could know that through you they might be transmitted to others. The historical data which I have adduced I shall gladly deliver to you, if you will accept them; for I feel that my course is run."

"I seem to have lived years during your remarkable discourse," answered Wilding. "I am a changed man. What shall I do?"

"I can only answer in the words of St. Peter: 'Repent, and be baptized.' "

"I am ready," answered Wilding, "but in a thing of such supreme importance, I should like to prepare myself a little better; I should like to make more intimately mine the vital truths which you have delivered to me. As far as I can be sure of my mental attitude, it seems that I believe with

a firm faith in the saving truths delivered by God through the Catholic Church. I renounce Masonry, and all its kindred sects, and I repent with all my soul of the sins that I have committed. And now, Father, in what state am I in case death should overtake me before my baptism?"

"Accepting as I do that your profession of faith is genuine, you are a catechumen, and as such you are in the way of salvation, but the obligation of baptism is binding, and should be fulfilled as soon as possible."

"Shall we say, after three days?" said Wilding. "I shall spend that time in preparation, and in transmitting to posterity your explanation of Freemasonry."

"Let us set the day you name for your baptism, and be assured of my prayers."

"I could be happy now," said Wilding, "were it not for your presentiment of impending evil."

"God's will be done," answered the chaplain.

He blessed them, and they departed.

Miriam and Inez walked arm in arm; Wilding followed a couple of paces behind them.

An interval of silence ensued as they departed from the chaplain.

Wilding was the first to break this silence. "Señorita Inez," he said, "I forgot to ask the reverend chaplain a question that is much in my mind. Do you believe that you could answer it?"

"It would be great presumption in me," an-

swered Inez, "to assume the role of a theologian. I am sure the question must be very deep to baffle your noble mind."

"Every word you utter, every moment of your presence, every thought of you makes me more anxious to know the answer of my question. It is this: Do the nobler forms of love, such as the love of kindred, the love of friends, the pure love of lovers endure beyond the grave and induce a special relation in Heaven?"

"Señor," answered Inez, "the question you ask involves a truth on which, as far as I know, there is no clear revelation. We must therefore be content with the certitude of the conclusions which we may logically draw from other certain truths.

"God allows a certain veil of mystery to shroud the nature of our life in Heaven. If our trust be what it ought to be we shall be content with His promise that we shall be perfectly happy; and we shall leave to God to establish the nature of our life with Him. Without doubt, it is to develop this perfect faith in Him that God gives us only the dim view of the great beyond here. In childhood, when our dear parents promised us some present, and left us with the assurance that it should be something which should please us, without stating the exact nature of the gift, we were happy in the anticipation, and the uncertainty of the nature of the coming gift heightened the pleasure. We did not want to know more; we

trusted the love of our parents; we wished a joyful surprise. Shall we show less trust in Almighty God? He has promised us complete happiness, happiness of soul and happiness of glorified body. He has promised to make us like Himself, to make our bodies like the glorified body of Christ; He has told us that the finite mind of man cannot conceive an idea of the surpassing happiness of Heaven. Therefore everything requisite for our happiness must be present in Heaven. The passing into Heaven does not wreck our nature, but perfects it.

“Now we must also know that every one in Heaven loves every one else in Heaven with a love that surpasses knowledge. No human love, the purest and greatest that ever existed on earth, can be compared to that universal love among all the citizens of Heaven. Therefore if you have ever loved a being whose name is written in the Book of Life; and if, as we believe and hope, you also shall be of Christ’s elect, you shall love that being for all eternity, and be loved in turn by that being in a degree far surpassing human comprehension.

“But whether that universal love in Heaven obliterates those special relationships which existed in mortal life; or, rather, whether it sublimates them into that universal act of love by which all the elect of God are loved with ecstatic love, is open to discussion. This discussion may be likened to those pleasing guesses which we in-

dulged in in our childhood, endeavoring to guess what the present our parents promised us should be.

“If that human relationship which God ordained and blessed in mortal life be in any way conducive to our happiness in Heaven, it shall be there, being purified and perfected in the process by which our whole natures are made like to Christ. I see nothing incongruous in the thought that by the effect of the Divinity upon our glorified natures our love should become so like to God’s love in its universality that we should love all the citizens of Heaven with a love surpassingly intense for all, but graded according to the degree of merit and corresponding glory of the saints.”

The company had stopped during this earnest conversation at the point close by the gate of the convent where the maidens were lodged. The hour for closing the convent gates was at hand. Harold Wilding advanced a step, and trembling with great emotion, said: “Señorita Inez, as I stand in the presence of the Living God, I love you, and I wish you to be mine here and in Heaven. I could not conceive of a state of happiness without your presence. Through you I have found the truth; you are more necessary to my life than the air I breathe; I cannot think without you; I cannot live without you; O, can you understand my love? Did not hope fill my soul, my love of you would kill me. Sometimes reflecting upon

my unworthiness, I have pictured myself deprived of you. Gasping, I turned from the thought lest I should go mad. I could bear the separation if God should take you to Heaven, provided that before you went you gave me your love. Evil days are fallen on this land; we know not what awaits us; say that word. There is nothing of the earthly character in my love: for me you are an angel; every thought of you inspires in me noble purposes; with you I shall defy all things created to separate me from the service of Christ. O, Señorita, I have removed the great barrier; I believe with an intense faith. In His mysterious providence God has filled my soul with faith; I am indifferent to the goods of this world; with you I wish to dedicate my life to God."

A moment of silence followed. Inez was weeping. She clung to Miriam and pressed her tear-stained face against Miriam's cheek. She was torn by conflicting emotions. She had loved Wilding without realizing how great was her love. His passionate pleading, the unworldliness of his love brought her to a realization of the intensity of her own love. And yet it seemed that this love invaded that sacred relation that bound her to Miriam. The thought of being separated from Miriam, or of loving her less, poured a flood of grief into her soul.

Miriam had always understood Inez; she understood her now. Kissing away her tears,

Miriam drew her still closer to herself and said: "Inez, nothing can ever come between us; you shall ever be what you have been to me, my other self. That which is offered you now is not a rival to my love of you; my great love of you welcomes the protection offered you by this noble man; what is the answer which your soul truly dictates to his pleading?"

For answer Inez, still clinging to Miriam with her left hand, extended her right hand to Wilding and turned her tender eyes upon him.

Instantly he fell on his knees and bowed his head, reverently kissing the extended hand, which he held gently but firmly. Then raising his eyes to Heaven, he cried: "Now, O God, take from me everything else; Thou hast made me rich; take from me my life, but do not take from me the love of Thy angel; I will serve Thee better with her; let us live before Thee hand in hand, whether in mortal life or in Thy kingdom; if sufferings must come, let them fall on me, but spare her; O God, help me to be worthy of the fairest of Thy creatures."

Wilding arose still holding the fair girl's hand and gazing enraptured into her beautiful eyes, he seemed to have reached the supreme degree of happiness possible to mortal man.

The convent bell sounded; Wilding gazed with rapture on the beautiful Inez, and then with a most respectful salute left them.

CHAPTER VIII.

Consternation reigned everywhere. Villa's troops, co-operating with the Carranzistas, were rapidly overcoming all resistance. Deserters from the Federalists were continually going over to the Revolutionists. Traitors were betraying the Federalists to the leaders of the revolution, and pointing out the hiding places of innocent non-combatants who had fled from the lawless fury of Villa's hordes.

During that night sleep was impossible to Harold Wilding. He spent some of the night in arranging to transmit to a friend in the United States a synopsis of the chaplain's conference. Many times during the night he went back to the convent to be assured that Inez and Miriam were in safety. He had no thought of personal danger. If he could have secured the safety of the maidens by the sacrifice of his life, such sacrifice would have been the happiest moment of his life.

It was not yet clear dawn of the morning of June 3, 1914, when Wilding, anxiously patrolling the vicinity of the convent, discovered the dim outlines of two horsemen standing motionless at a little distance from the convent's main gate. It

was for him a moment of great terror. He stood for a moment breathless, benumbed.

His was not the fear of a coward, but the self-denying solicitude for the defenseless women and for the noble priest.

Cautiously he crept towards the mounted figures to ascertain more of their identity and purpose.

As he drew nearer and the morning light grew brighter he could scarcely restrain a cry of joy. The horsemen were Leon and Joseph. The state of things was even worse than Wilding had believed. The Revolutionists would take Z—— before the close of the day that was dawning. The fearful deeds that they had committed in other villages and cities they would perpetrate in Z——. At Tamaulipas five priests were killed and three held for ransom; nuns were outraged and their convent burned. Even in the government house drunken orgies and revelings with lewd women were of frequent occurrence. And at this very time John Lind, the special envoy of President Wilson, was receiving ovations from the leaders of this fearful revolution; he was preparing for his chief a defense of the Constitutionalists. John Lind was parleying with the Zapatistas—Zapata, that ghoul in human flesh; Zapata, the black-skinned, bestial Indian, who embodies in himself miser's greed and the cruelty and bestial lust of Nero. From his fortified home at Villa Ayala, he has terrorized Mexico for more than five years. Even

the iron hand of Diaz was unable to put him down.

This monster has the negro's lust for white women. One of his victims declares that during the three months of her captivity eleven of the ruined girls, whom he held in his villa, killed themselves. Here in this hell some of the most respectable maidens of the land were exposed nude upon an auctioneer's table and sold to the highest bidder.

Other deeds have been done by this bandit that are unprintable.

In the diary of Mrs. Edith O'Shaughnessy, wife of our former diplomat in Mexico, we find this entry: "We hear that Mr. Lind is having parleyings with the Zapatistas! If he is going to dream this dream and pass it on to his friends in Washington, they will all have the most awful nightmare ever visited on dreamers. Zapata has been the terror of every President—Diaz, de la Barra, Madero and Huerta—for nearly five years. His crimes and depredations are committed under the banner of 'Land for the People,' and there has been a certain consistency about his proceedings, always 'agin the government'; but that he has, after those years of bloodshed, rapine and loot, rendered conditions more tolerable for any except the rapers and looters, is most debatable. I once saw some LIVING remains brought to the Red Cross after one of his acts at Tres Marias, about fifty kilometres from here. The train was at-

tacked, looted, oil was poured on the passengers, and the train was set on fire. The doctors who went to the station to get the remains out of the train say the sight was unforgettable."

Many of Carranza's officials are friends of Zapata, and share in his loot. Both chieftains hold their power by the same deception, proclaiming to advocate "the land for the people."

Wilding hastened to his friends, and the three brave men entered into an earnest consultation. It was decided to send the two maidens under the escort of Joseph to a place of hiding in the mountains. The Indian boy knew secret paths by which it was hoped he might elude the besieging Revolutionists. In the mountains dwelt a lone hermit. He was an Indian, who traced his pedigree back to Jean Diego. He never mingled in human society, save to minister to the poor in their sickness and need. He could not be said to have a fixed abode: he was familiar with many caves in the mountains, and made his temporary resting place in one or the other of these. He was often seen in the churches, and was revered by all men. Inasmuch as he possessed nothing, he had nothing to excite the cupidity of the Revolutionists, and he passed unharmed among the warring factions whenever his pious pilgrimages or his errands of mercy compelled him to go among them. The hermit had often rested in Leon and Joseph's home, and they knew that

Miriam and Inez would be safe with him to the full extent of what his protection could effect.

Members of the religious life arise early. Although it was not yet clear day, the nuns were at prayer and meditation.

It was not a time for ceremonious formalities. The men calmly made known to the Mother of the convent the danger and the plan to rescue the maidens. The Mother was a woman of noble soul. She grasped the situation at once, and summoned both Miriam and Inez, who were with the nuns at prayer. There was no hysterical crying or shrieking; with Spartan courage, inspired by faith, Miriam and Inez prepared for the journey and mounted the horses on which Leon and Joseph had ridden thither. Inez was given the honor of mounting Black Bess.

As the convent Mother consigned to both maidens some small parcels which she had prepared for their journey, she whispered: "We shall meet in Heaven." A quiet tear trickled down her noble face as she bade them a loving farewell.

Joseph and the maidens departed, but Leon and Wilding remained to offer their services in the defense of their friends.

It could be seen at a glance that there was no hope of saving the town by resisting. Leon and Wilding spent the day in providing as well as possible for the safety of the nuns; they made no

effort to save the priests; not that they revered the priests less; but the priests had only their lives to lose; the nuns were in danger of a fate worse than death. As far as the writer is able to ascertain, the nuns of Z—— escaped outrage. On the priests fell the full force of the bestialized robbers.

The city fell into the hands of the Revolutionists at sundown of June 3, 1914. Immediately they arrested the chaplain and demanded a heavy ransom. A serene smile lit up the chaplain's noble face as he replied: "Gentlemen, I have neither money nor lands nor temporal goods of any kind, save my poor clothing and my books. My clothing will not serve you; neither will my books. I beg not for my life, but I do ask that you spare my books. They represent much of the best effort of my life. There is no sedition in them, nothing against the love of our country and its independence. If you love Mexico, know that I love it in no less degree. I have committed no crime against society, private person, or the state. If Mexico needs my life as a sin-offering, I offer it gladly. I would gladly undergo the most fearful torments ever inflicted on a Christian martyr if, by such suffering, I could in any measure save my beloved country from her present unhappy state. You charge me with political activity. I answer that no citizen can discharge his duty as a citizen without taking an active interest in pub-

lic life. I have done no act of violence. My ministrations have been given to all parties with equal love.

"I believed in the rule of Porfirio Diaz; I tried by peaceable means to prolong that rule.

"I never approved of the rule of Francisco Madero; no true Mexican believed in Madero's government. You boast of advocating liberty of conscience and liberty of speech. While Madero was in power I obeyed the laws; I incited to no violence; I merely advocated that by a lawful election another president might be chosen.

"When Madero fell, I deplored the manner of his taking off. By speech and writing I condemned it, and foretold that it would lead to more bloodshed.

"I accepted Huerta as a necessity. His complicity in the death of Madero has never been proven. Huerta was a strong man. Mexico needs a man of iron. I am not sponsor for all his acts, but I believe that the man has been calumniated by those who have heaped calumnies upon the Catholic Church in Mexico.

"Were it not for the interference of the United States, I believe that Huerta would have brought Mexico out of its chaos.

"When the Chief of the United States put an embargo on arms and munitions of war for Huerta, while allowing the Revolutionists to have both, Huerta could not stand. Those guns with

which you have slain many of the best citizens of Mexico; those guns with which you will slay me are there by the act of the President of the United States.

“You say that you hate the United States, and in that I cannot blame you. Mexico has never yet received justice or kindness from the United States. In her unjust war against us she robbed us; her Yankee hypocrisy disgusts even the lowest dregs of our social order; her capitalists have exploited our natural resources; her missionaries and her Freemasons have corrupted the souls of our people and taken from them their faith.

“The one act of Victoriano Huerta, which I admire most, was his refusal to apologize by saluting a foreign flag for a trivial incident in which, without loss of life, Mexicans had fired upon a small boat flying the flag of the United States.

“During Huerta’s government no churches were looted, desecrated or destroyed; no nuns and innocent women were violated with impunity; no unjust confiscation or destruction of property was accomplished. What inspires your hatred of the Catholic Church? You cannot blame her for the agrarian laws which you say are unjust. She did not make these laws; all temporal power has been taken from her by your ‘Laws of Reform.’ Have those boasted laws made Mexico better or happier? For fifty years Mexico has been the prey of freethinkers, Freemasons and bandits.

The Church could do little. Where she could call men to hear her counsels and obey her mandates, she made them worthy citizens. In foreign lands the Church in Mexico is sometimes blamed for the character of the Mexican. This is a most unjust falsehood. It is a remarkable evidence of the divine power of the Church that there is any civilization in our land. What are ye Mexicans? Indians, by nature weak in character; Mestizos combining the worst traits of Spanish adventurers and your aborigines; and European adventurers. There is no soberness in your life. The life of the camp, with its hope of plunder, appeals to you more than the patient life of Christian service. I include not all the people of Mexico in this category. I am willing to admit that only a small percentage of the people are lawless; but if the mass of the people of Mexico were a strong, sober people, the usurper Madero would never have prevailed. The vultures, whom ye call chiefs, would have long ago been driven from the soil if the people had the moral stamina of the Jews of old who fought under Judas Maccabeus and his dynasty. That wave of skepticism, which has swept over the world, has so weakened our faith that we are cowards. Our faith does not possess us; doubt lurks in our souls even while we say *credo*. Our souls are so full of the mean things of earth that there is little room for spiritual things. The world has grown mighty, proud, arrogant. The

humble character of the religion of the cross is looked on with pity or contempt. The world has made a counterfeit religion, leaving out of it the spiritual element. It appeals to the proud, worldly spirit of the men of our times. By God's grace I look upon your guns with indifference; but the great default of my country fills me with a supreme sorrow. I have often longed for a leader who would form a party on principles of truth and justice and save Mexico; but in these later days I am persuaded that the people would desert him and betray him. Gentlemen, if you seek my life I am ready, but in the name of the Living God I charge you, harm none of those innocent virgins who, in this holy abode, do the work of Christ. They have no wealth for your coffers; and as I offer my life freely as an expiation, I trust that God will save them from that which is worse than death. I have done."

The Mexican loves to hear a stirring speech. Like the Athenians of old, the Mexican loves novelty, excitement, gaudy pageantry, pleasures and eloquence. Though the priest spoke fearlessly, and spared no one, they heard him to the end. Then the leader advanced, and told him that the priests of Z—— had at first been condemned to pay a fine of \$1,000,000. This had been reduced to \$100,000, and that amount they were supposed to collect by begging it from the people. The chaplain was expected to contribute his part.

There were about twenty-five priests in Z——.

Calmly the chaplain replied: "I have stated truthfully that I am without temporal goods. Your actions reveal the hypocrisy of the profession of the Revolutionists. If your purpose be to improve the condition of the people, why am I arrested ? I am of the people ; I have never sought the favor of the rich ; I have none of the wealth which you declare that you will restore to the people. You ask me to go out and beg my ransom from the people. In the perspective of history this deed will be reviewed, and what think you will be the verdict of posterity ?

"You also have claimed that you were to free the educational system of Mexico from the reactionary influence of the Catholic Church. How your deeds belie your professions ! You looted the valuable library of Archbishop Plancarte of Monterey, one of the first scholars of Mexico. The great archbishop had spent forty years in historical and archaeological study. His books and manuscripts were priceless. You stole his books, you threw away as useless his manuscripts, and delivered the contents of his museum to the rabble. The venerable scholar, an international glory of your nation, is in exile in borrowed clothes in the United States. You destroyed the fine Jesuit college at Guadalajara, you threw the books out of the windows, sold them for 10 cents the volume, smashed the finest scientific apparatus in Mexico.

Your Colonel Calderon, an ex-convict, had sworn to protect the library and scientific apparatus. He broke his pledge, after enjoying the hospitality of the Jesuit Fathers for fifteen days. The professors were banished, the college confiscated, and all that it contained scattered.

“You did the same with the college of the Nuns of the Sacred Heart. What crime had these angels of mercy and purity committed? Even as the lying witnesses, testifying against Christ before Annas and Caiphas, could not make out a case against Christ, so you fail to find any charge to bring against these. The nuns of Mexico have taught your children, nursed your sick, and cared for your orphans; and in return you murder them, outrage them and drive them into exile. In their pillaged colleges you lodged your prostitutes and dressed them in the stolen garments of the nuns.

“What was the crime of the priests at Saltillo, whom you tortured and whose college you destroyed? This was their crime, they taught better than the government schools. This is ‘your hour and the power of the world’; but there will come another day in which these foul deeds shall be examined in the great Assize; and do ye fear the judgment.”

Major Villareal: “You will be shot if you give not the money.”

Chaplain: “I have said before that I have no money.”

Colonel Beytia: "Go out and beg it from door to door."

Chaplain: "I cannot do that, as I deem it contrary to my honor as a man. I have no right to accept the offerings of the people to deliver them to those who are destroying the religion and civilization of my country."

Major Alvarez: "The other priests will beg the money: why will not you?"

Chaplain: "In this terrible hour I am not of a mind to censure what my afflicted brothers may do. I say for myself that I have not money for ransom, and that I shall not beg any from any one. I say further that if I were possessed of money, I would not give it to you. I have not any of the virtues of St. Lawrence, but in my weak way I am happy to imitate his example when he refused to deliver the money entrusted to his care to the satellites of the Roman Emperor."

Major Villareal: "You refuse to obtain the money?"

Chaplain: "I refuse."

Major Villareal: "Search him."

A band of brutal soldiers seized the unresisting priest and robbed him of everything of any value.

The chaplain seemed to lose interest in all that was transpiring. He seemed to live in another world. His lips moved in inaudible prayer; his eyes were turned heavenward.

At this point a messenger brought to the officer

in charge of the affair an announcement that an American gentleman wished to see him. With an insolent nod of the head the officer expressed his consent to see the American.

In a moment Harold Wilding entered. One could see at a glance that he was suffering agony. He approached the officer, and addressed him thus: "Señor, I come to plead for this man's life. I am informed that a ransom is demanded of him. May I know the amount demanded, and if possible I shall use all my power to deliver it to you."

The officer's eyes blazed. He was half drunk. Turning to Wilding with a sneer, he replied: "You Americans are not wanted in Mexico. We despise you and your vulgar millionaires. What is the American's conception of life? merely to accumulate dollars. What brought you to Mexico? to exploit us, to carry away our riches to add to your accursed hoard. You are never satisfied. You measure all things by the dollar. The man with a million wants many millions. The man who has more than plenty reaches out with frenzied, restless, pitiless greed. Your rich have no home life, no lofty conception of life. Their dollars are stained with the blood and the tears of those by whose labor they have piled up their hoard. You 'burn dollars' in seeking sensual gratification which corrupts your domestic ties until you have become a nation of divorcés. Our

Mexican mothers glory in their large families; but your unnatural monsters shirk the burden of motherhood and expend on cats and dogs the irresistible force of the pent-up maternal instinct. Do not measure Mexican civilization by us. We are soldiers of fortune. We shall break down the semi-feudal system that holds back the amelioration of our people. The priests have been protected and favored by the rich. They must share their fate. As the Commune in France found it necessary to include the clergy with the nobility, so we soldiers of the Revolution in Mexico are mere pitiless executioners to rid this land of all privilege.

“You in the United States study the number of movements of the arm of a workman, devising by scientific methods to increase his output in order to increase your dividends. He is a mere machine. As you mark off a percentage in your inventory for the depreciation of your machinery, so the workman’s age marks his depreciation. When age has reduced those movements of his arm you cast him out on the junk heap of humanity.

“You are full of boasting; there is no rest, no soberness in your life. You are the most superficial people in the world. There is no place in the world where nobodies so often attain the positions of honor and power. Your colossal associations of commerce, industries, railroads and

mines form the most dangerous oligarchy that the world has ever suffered. Your courts of law are a mere hypocritical pretense when they deal with regulating these gigantic groups. The trusts reign in your land. Ye claim to love liberty, and to be brave to uphold the honor of the United States. But in reality ye are cowards. England has openly insulted you, violated your international rights, restricted your commerce, seized your mails, unjustly searched your ships, refused a landing to your peaceable citizens, and despised your diplomacy; and ye have borne it like the galley slave suffers the lash. Your venal press, subsidized by English money, has industriously circulated the officious lies by which England seeks to conceal her disgrace and her defeats. That subsidized press has created a public opinion inimical to the Teutonic nations. Your administration was harsh with Germany and her brave ally, who today among the belligerent nations of Europe are the only nations wherein truth and justice reign. Your harsh measures with the Teutonic allies were unjust and cowardly. You knew that, hemmed in by foes, she could not resist your injustice. Ye laugh at our revolutions. They are unfortunate, but they are but little worse than your boss system, the most corrupt in the world.

“What is the record of the municipal government of your cities? Has it a parallel in cor-

ruption in the history of the world. Your Yankee bigotry kept out of your confederation the present Dominion of Canada, and the Canadian today, who wishes annexation to you, is a degenerate. If ye enjoy any esteem among the nations of the world today, it is your dollars and not your character that compels it. Had it not been for the mighty natural wealth of your land, your republic would have failed by its own corruption. The basis of society, the home, is not sacred with you. In a large percentage of your homes, she, whom God ordained to hold the sacred relation of mother, is a mere instrument for the gratification of lust. And over it all is a monstrous pretense of high standards, a washing of the outside of the cup. Ye fools, ye set up as national heroes hypocrites and frauds. Ye cry, 'Remember the Maine,' when ye should beg that there be blotted out from the memory of men the crowning shame of your own crime. Ye charged to a friendly nation the act of your own incompetent, drunken officers. Your weak tool, McKinley, to whom ye build statues, refused the offer of the Queen of Spain, who asked him to be sole arbiter of the cause of Cuba, and to dictate the terms of the status which the United States wished for the island. Do I speak untruthfully? Read the published correspondence of your own Woodward, Minister to Spain.

"The driveling sycophant, McKinley, sup-

pressed the noble petition of the Queen of Spain and let loose the dogs of war upon a weak nation to please a corrupt army clique, a yellow press and a band of Protestant missionaries.

“Ye have seventy millions of pagans in your own land, and yet ye send your carpet-bagging missionaries here to preach to us your Puritanism and your Phariseism. The poor peon, who is bribed by your ‘missionary’ gold, despises your hirelings. We despise you. Get out. We do not want your upstarts to impress your ideas and methods on us. Your millionaires, by means of their millions, may force their will upon your government, but they cannot make us their slaves. You are more powerful than us, but you cannot subjugate Mexico until the last Mexican patriot is hunted to death in our mountains.

“We have vices; we have not yet reached our ideal. Many of the excesses of our soldiers would not have been permitted if we could pay our troops. Mexico must suffer and bleed before we can realize our national ideal. This man is a traitor to the cause of the Revolution and he must die, and no American intervention can save him.”

Wilding saw that it was useless to parley with the infuriated chief. He felt his helplessness to save the man for whom he would readily have given his life. With shame he was also inwardly forced to admit that there was much truth in the Mexican's censure of the United States. In a

debate with a reasonable man, under different circumstances, he would have sustained a defense of his country's grand constitution, of her love of justice, of her humane spirit, of her love of brotherhood, her defense of the sacred rights of life and property. He would have set forth her splendid institutions, her philanthropy, her religious toleration. Scenes came into his memory of the peace and happiness reigning at home, of the gentleness and kindness of his countrymen. He saw the Freemason at home doff his hat and grasp the hand of the Catholic priest in genuine friendship. He knew that the best spirits of his land stood for the equality of all men in their common right to pursue happiness. His native land had some defects, mighty defects, but it had also mighty virtues. With its inherent love of what was just and good, he hoped that it would gradually purge itself of its maladies. There was no country in the world where men had a deeper sense of justice and mercy than in his own beloved land.

How he wished that the good priest, and Inez, and Miriam, Leon and Joseph were in the United States! The civilization of his land was excessively materialistic; but it left men radically just and merciful.

Surely God loved his native land, so blessed by nature, so happy and peaceable. And his country would in time recognize her defects, and turn to

the better things. Her mighty power would be a world force making for justice and truth. Fair-mindedness was a leading characteristic of his country, and that virtue would dispose the souls of his countrymen to develop in themselves other virtues which now might be lacking.

The discourse of the Mexican, therefore, made him love his country more, and strengthened his belief in her glorious destiny.

Turning again to the Mexican chief, Wilding spoke: "Señor, I have no thought to criticize the institutions of your country, or to oppose in any way your political aspirations. It is not a vice in a man to believe his country the best of all. I do not believe that you demand that I renounce my love of my Country. I have never taken sides with the political parties in Mexico, believing that, as a stranger within your gates, I had no right to mingle in your internal affairs. But there are certain rights which are not circumscribed by any territorial or political limits. They belong to humanity considered as a unit. Such is the right of brotherhood, the innocent man's right to life. Even were this worthy priest a total stranger to me, I should feel the duty of pleading for his life. That man is as dear to me as my own parents. There is nothing that I possess, even my life, that I would not give to save him. He has committed no crime. He has had no trial. You believe in the principles of Juarez. His motto was: 'Re-

spect for the rights of others is peace.' This man has the right to life until he has been tried and found guilty of a crime punishable by death. I am not speaking as an American, but as a man to my fellow men for the rights of our fellow man."

It was plain that the Mexican wished to terminate the interview. He answered: "I can give you no definite answer. The man must remain in our custody, and you may know tomorrow what shall be decreed."

Wilding was escorted from the Mexican's presence. His soul was full of sorrow and misgivings. How can men be so unjust and cruel? There seemed to be nothing else that he could do. It would be useless to appeal to the American consul, for the administration at Washington paid no heed to the crimes against humanity that were perpetrated in the Republic of Mexico. The demagogue of the White House had declared that it did not concern the United States what Mexico did within her borders. That principle in its application to the present crisis is false. It is only true when applied to the domestic affairs of a country, provided the high principles of the laws that bind humanity be not violated. I may not enter my neighbor's house and tell him how he should feed or clothe his children, how he should till his soil, or manage his household. He is the lord of his home, and of his property; but if I

see my neighbor attempting to kill his wife or child or any other innocent person, or attempting violence to a child or woman, or attempting to rob and plunder, I have a right and a duty to restrain him, and I am a coward if I fail to restrain him according to my power. Those platitudes of the misplaced schoolmaster of the White House are miserable political drivel. With the cries of outraged nuns and respectable women and the death groans of murdered innocent persons ringing in his ears from Mexico, he goes before an American audience and tells them that the supreme American ideal should be to sell goods:

“What do we desire when this great struggle is over? Permanent peace. Lift your eyes to the horizon of business. Let your thoughts run abroad throughout the world and with thought that you are Americans and stand for the liberties and rights of mankind, go out and sell your goods and in so doing attempt to convert them to the principles of America.” (Speech of President Wilson at Detroit, July 10, 1916.)

If the principles of America were his principles, then God forbid that the nations should be converted to them.

He virtually drove from Mexico a man whom he, perhaps unjustly, suspected of complicity in one murder; and yet he defends and upholds with the power of the United States a man whose hands

are red with many murders perpetrated by his unrestrained Constitutionalist troops.

That men may know we are not misrepresenting conditions in Mexico, let us receive from President Wilson's own secretary an authentic description of Carranza's government:

"For three years the Mexican republic has been torn with civil strife; the lives of Americans and other aliens have been sacrificed; vast properties developed by American capital and enterprise have been destroyed or rendered non-productive; bandits have been permitted to roam at will through the territory contiguous to the United States, and to seize, without punishment or without effective attempt at punishment, the property of Americans, while the lives of citizens of the United States, who ventured to remain in Mexican territory or to return there to protect their interests, have been taken, in some cases barbarously taken, and the murderers have neither been apprehended nor brought to justice. * * * It would be tedious to recount instance after instance, outrage after outrage, atrocity after atrocity, to illustrate the true nature and extent of the widespread conditions of lawlessness and violence which have prevailed." (Extract from Secretary Lansing's note of June 20, 1916.)

With bitter truth Hon. Charles E. Hughes points out the ignominy of the present administration's Mexican policy: "The Santa Ysabel

massacre, the raid at Columbus, the bloodshed at Carrizal, are fresh in your minds. After the Columbus raid we started a 'punitive expedition.' We sent a thin line of troops hundreds of miles into Mexico, between two lines of railway, neither of which we were allowed to use, and which we did not feel at liberty to seize. We were refused permission to enter the towns. Though thus restricted, the enterprise was still regarded by the Mexicans as a menace. Our troops faced hostile forces, and it is not remarkable that our men fell at Carrizal. What other result could be expected? We were virtually ordered to withdraw, and without accomplishing our purpose we have been withdrawing, and we are now endeavoring to safeguard our own territory. The entire National Guard has been ordered out, and many thousands of our citizens have been taken from their peaceful employment and hurried to the Mexican border. The administration was to seize and punish Villa for his outrage on our soil. It has not punished any one; we went in only to retire, and future movements are apparently to be determined by a joint commission." (Extract from letter of acceptance, July 31, 1916.)

An impartial review of our dealing with Mexico reveals the following facts: While professing not to wish to interfere in Mexico, we have interfered to the extent of creating in the Mexicans a distrust of our motives, and then to our great loss

we have halted with indecision, thereby encouraging the bandits, who are now in power in that land, to inflame their wild following to acts of violence.

Twice we have invaded Mexico and retired without accomplishing our object. The invasion provoked resentment; the withdrawal created contempt. We have pursued a policy of hypocrisy and cowardice. We refused to recognize Huerta, whom the other nations of the world recognized; and yet we would have recognized Villa, whose trade is robbery and murder, if he had made himself the master of the warring elements.

Our administration disclaimed the intention of meddling in Mexican affairs; and at the same time with shallow hypocrisy it forbade Huerta to be a candidate at the polls.

The mission of John Lind to Mexico in 1913 as the administration's personal representative was the most fatal mistake. The character of the man was not fitted for any such mission. He did not know Mexico, and did not endeavor to ascertain its true condition. He was content to enjoy the favor of the very men who were ruining the country, and supplemented their perverse report by plagiarizing biased statements from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. No such man can convince the decent Mexican people that the United States unselfishly wishes to serve humanity.

We destroyed the stable government of Huerta, and we have let loose upon Mexico the minions of

Carranza, Villa, Zapata and others of like character. The lack of sincerity of our motives is well known to Mexico. They know that the demand for a salute of our flag was a mere pretext: the real motive was "that Huerta must go."

Huerta declared with bitter truth that he was driven from Mexico by the "Puritan" who sits at Washington.

Our soldiers, who fell at Vera Cruz, were sacrificed for the blunders of our narrow-minded, self-opinionated chief.

Touching our administration's blunders in regard to the embargo on the export of arms to Mexico, the following extract is apposite: "Destroying the government of Huerta, we left Mexico to the ravage of revolution. I shall not attempt to narrate the sickening story of the barbarities committed, of the carnival of murder and lust. We were then told that Mexico was entitled to spill as much blood as she pleased to settle her affairs. The administration vacillated with respect to the embargo on the export of arms and munitions to Mexico. Under the resolution of 1912, President Taft had laid such an embargo. In August, 1913, President Wilson stated that he deemed it his duty to see that neither side to the struggle in Mexico should receive any assistance from this side of the border, and that the export of all arms and munitions to Mexico would be forbidden. But in February, 1914, the embargo was

lifted. In April, 1914, the embargo was restored. In May, 1914, it was explained that the embargo did not apply to American shipments through Mexican ports, and ammunition for Carranza was subsequently landed at Tampico. In September, 1914, the embargo was lifted on exports across the border; thereupon military supplies reached both Villa and Carranza. In October, 1915, an embargo was declared on all exports of arms except to the adherents of Carranza. There was an utter absence of consistent policy.

"For a time we bestowed friendship on Villa. Ultimately we recognized Carranza, not on the ground that he had a constitutional government, but that it was a *de facto* government." (Speech of Hon. Charles E. Hughes, July 31, 1916.)

Our national shame and disgrace is heightened by the reflection that without destroying the independence of Mexico, without seizing any of her land, without meddling in her proper domestic affairs, we could have safeguarded the lives, honor and property of Mexico's own citizens; we could have done the same for our own citizens, and could have established in Mexico a just and stable government.

Madero's reign was an unmitigated evil to Mexico. General Huerta was successfully rescuing the land from the anarchy of the Madero rule when he was hindered by the United States. The Mexican people were glad to be rid of Madero.

The Mexican people accepted General Huerta as the lawful chief of the nation. Twenty-five of the twenty-seven states accepted him. Nearly all the rebel chiefs had submitted; Carranza was the only rebel of importance who refused to yield.

All the diplomats at the Mexican capital recommended the recognition of Huerta. The following outline of their joint opinion, sent in 1913 to their respective governments, attests this:

“That the diplomatic representatives of these governments near the Washington government should be at once given instructions to state to the United States government that its failure to recognize the (Huerta) Provisional government of Mexico was evidently tending toward and contributing to a wider extension and prolongation of the rebellion against this government; that, unless the United States accords recognition, that government should be called upon to recognize its responsibilities by such action and effective measures as would guarantee the property and the lives of foreigners residing in this republic, and terminate a war which has now cost a toll of over 100,000 lives.”

The administration, after its refusal to recognize Huerta, adopted a policy of procrastination. President Wilson was misled by Lind, Hale and Pedro Lascurain. The rebels were encouraged by the attitude of the United States; Huerta was

eliminated, and anarchy, robbery, rape and murder have since reigned.

On February 26, 1913, the American Ambassador sent the following to Secretary Knox: "That although the new government resulted from an armed revolution and at certain critical stages events occurred, the responsibility for which has not yet been definitely fixed and which must be deplored by the civilized opinion of the world, it nevertheless assumed office according to the usual constitutional precedents; and, therefore, it is in my opinion clothed with the form of a representative provisional government.

"That evidently the new administration is approved and accepted by Mexican public opinion, especially by the more respectable portion thereof; that the new government is equally accepted and approved by the foreign elements in Mexico; that in its policy the cabinet is united, active and moderate, acting in full concord with the President, with the army and with prevailing public opinion."

President Taft delayed to recognize Huerta for the purpose of compelling the Mexican government to pay a certain indemnity for American lives and property destroyed in Mexico. While this bargaining was in progress, the Wilson regime came in, and the recognition of Huerta was made an impossibility.

Our chief executive professes to be a man of broad national and international view; in reality

he is a provincial, who mistakes headstrong blundering for firmness of purpose.

When Villa raided Columbus, N. M., and killed our peaceful citizens, the cry of the nation was, "Villa dead or alive." Our soldiers marched bravely to accomplish this just and proper purpose. Then when they had entered Mexico, as they were commanded to do, they suffered privations because Carranza, bandit No. 2, would not allow them the use of the railroads. More than that, they were shot down by machine guns because they marched to accomplish an object which the administration itself appointed for them. And then the villain Carranza tells them to leave Mexico. And our cowardly administration at Washington bows to Carranza and accepts the conditions of withdrawal which he lays down. Meanwhile Villa, grown insolent by the weakness of his former pal, and the still greater weakness of the United States, has collected a large army, and may at any moment overthrow Carranza.

During Wilding's plea for the chaplain's life, the Mexicans prevented the chaplain from communicating with his convert.

There was one thought that relieved Wilding's sorrow. He knew that Heaven awaited the holy priest, and as the mode of death would probably be shooting, his sufferings would be brief. A strange presentiment possessed Wilding that he should soon follow the chaplain. He was prac-

tically certain that the Mexican chieftain would show no mercy to his victim, and he consoled himself with that sentence of Holy Writ: "Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of the just."

CHAPTER IX.

Wilding now went in search of Leon. He knew that the Constitutionals would shoot Leon at sight. He visited the convent and found it deserted and in wild disorder. He conjectured at once that Leon had assisted the nuns to a place of refuge.

A lonely feeling came into Wilding's soul. He longed for the peace of his native land, but in that thought he never disassociated himself from his friends.

The thought now came to him that he was not baptized. There was no priest left to minister to him. Those who had not sought safety in flight were prisoners. The streets were filled with the undisciplined Revolutionary troops and their women. Wild disorder prevailed everywhere.

Seeking the least frequented ways, he withdrew to the outskirts of the city. Into his loneliness came visions of Inez. Had he been worthy of her? Had he shown the bravery of a man in his defense of the chaplain? He could truthfully say that further pleading for him would only exasperate his Mexican captors and hasten the priest's death. He was alone and could not resist an army.

In Wilding's mighty sorrow came the memory that Inez loved him. It was like the angel's consolation in Gethsemane.

He had not slept for forty-eight hours and had taken but little food. As he reached the uninhabited tract at some distance from the city, as darkness settled down upon the land, he sank exhausted beneath a tree and slept.

Our capacity to suffer is finite; we find after the first shock of any sorrow, no matter how great, is realized, we adjust ourselves to the new conditions, and in a measure grow to regard our altered lot as our normal state. Perhaps this power of adjustment to less favorable conditions is a part of that act of Divine Providence by which God tempers the breeze to the shorn lamb.

Harold Wilding's sleep was broken and disturbed, but still it refreshed him.

As the first faint rays of the dawn shot over the earth, Wilding arose and knelt there in the stillness of the early morn and prayed. It was no perfunctory routine prayer, but a cry of the soul. He seemed to be near to God, like unto Eliah, standing at the mouth of the cave in Horeb.

He prayed long, and as he prayed he was spiritually strengthened. Worldly things became more and more vulgar and worthless in his sight. His love for Inez was sublimed so that he loved her as Valerian, after his conversion, loved St. Cecilia.

He ate some fresh fruit from a tree, drank of a

rivulet, and then walked in an aimless manner in a direction skirting the city. His plan was to ascertain tidings of the chaplain and to find Leon.

He had not proceeded far before a sight presented itself to his vision which made him halt in dismay. A band of soldiers were escorting a priest and two Christian brothers toward a hill outside the city. It was evident that the priest and brothers were to be executed.

Screening himself from observation, Wilding followed the soldiers at some distance. It would be vain to interfere in the carrying out of a military sentence.

Arrived at the hill, the priest was halted at a short distance from the firing squad. He was not bound, and seemed to betray no fear.

At word of command a volley of rifles broke the stillness of the morn; the priest fell forward, riddled with bullets. The two unresisting Christian brothers were placed side by side and shot together.

There was no outcry, no struggle. With calm, silent courage these martyrs faced the firing squad, and prayed for their murderers and for their suffering land with their last breath.

Some of the soldiers threw a little earth on the bodies, and then they withdrew.

The brutality of the deed made Wilding sick at heart. A great surge of pity filled his soul. He thought of his beloved instructor, to whom he

owed his life; a sickening sense of sorrow and fear overcame him. He sank down on the earth and moaned in helpless grief.

He racked his brain to find some way to render help. Nothing could be hoped from the Federalists. They were disorganized, without resources, munitions of war, and many of them were ready to go over to the Constitutionalists. His country alone could have Mexico; but the leader of his country was deaf to the voice of humanity. Formerly, when in a foreign land, he had always been proud to declare that he was an American. But he could not be proud of his country's course in Mexico.

He arose and continued his search for the chaplain. He turned back toward the city. He walked slowly, plunged in thought.

His meditations were suddenly broken by a woman's cry. Looking in the direction of the cry of distress, he saw a fair young Spanish girl in flight, pursued by a half-breed soldier. The soldier was rapidly gaining ground, and in a few moments must seize his prey.

Instantly Wilding sprang forward and planted himself in front of the soldier.

As Wilding reached the terror-stricken girl, he shouted to her: "Fly, don't stop or look back."

The words seemed to give her new strength. She dashed forward as Wilding sprang upon the Mexican.

The soldier was armed, but Wilding's action was so quick that the soldier was unable to bring his weapons into play.

The men clinched in a death struggle. The inspiration of the justice of his cause brought out in Wilding the full powers of his splendid manhood. His life had been a model from a natural standpoint. No vices had weakened his powers. The soldier was a larger man, and the struggle was long and fierce. One man was animated by the noblest possible motive: "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend."

In engaging the armed soldier in combat Wilding had no thought that he would overcome him. His one thought was that the honor of a woman, an unknown woman, demanded his life, and freely he gave it.

Wilding was at a disadvantage. He would not kill the man, if he could save the woman without such an act of violence. He would not kill his antagonist to save his own life. He was accomplishing his purpose by holding the Mexican from pursuing the woman. There was no hate in his soul; but his antagonist with clenched teeth and bloodshot eyes hissed curses of deadly hate as he strove to inflict a deadly wound.

The antagonists had fallen on the earth and were writhing in a fierce struggle, which now advantaged one and again the other.

The extreme exertion of the combat had some-

what exhausted the strength of both, when Wilding by a quick motion brought his fist to press squarely upon his adversary's thyroid cartilage. The effect was instantaneous. The Mexican's eyes protruded from their sockets, his tongue was thrust forth from his mouth, his muscles relaxed, and he was at the mercy of his enemy. Now could Wilding have drawn the soldier's knife from its sheath, and have despatched him, or he could have shot him with the pistol that hung in his belt; but he did neither: to kill was not in his soul. He withdrew his hand from the man's throat, arose, and suffered his vanquished foe to arise.

The Mexican staggered to his feet, but a vertigo seized him, and he fell back heavily, writhing and gasping.

A great fear fell upon Wilding: had he perhaps unwillingly killed the man? Seizing a cup from the soldier's belt, he ran and fetched water and gave him a drink. He bathed his hot temples with the cool water, and poured some of it over his heart. Slowly the Mexican's strength came back. He opened his eyes and gazed wonderingly into the merciful, pure eyes of the kneeling man.

The hatred had gone out of the Mexican's eyes; admiration and love had taken its place.

He sat up a moment, and then accepting the offer of Wilding's hand, he arose on his feet, and stood for a moment in silence. Then he turned to Wild-

ing and said: "Why did you spare my life, Señor? I sought to kill you."

Wilding answered calmly: "The Lord God, whom you and I acknowledge, has said: 'Thou shalt not kill.' A few days ago I received the Catholic faith, which teaches that it is the Master's counsel to forgive the man who seeks my life; which teaches me to do deeds of mercy to my deadliest foe. You received that faith as a little child; it is bound up with every beautiful thought, every beautiful memory of childhood. And yet you throw it away. You desecrate, rob and destroy the churches of the Living God; you outrage, rob and murder the innocent. Had I plunged that knife into your heart, how should you have been found in the judgment of God?"

The soldier was greatly moved. "Señor," he said, "from my boyhood I have been used to the rough ways of the camp. I did as my comrades did. I became one of them. I am a stranger to everything that is good. For twenty years my lips have not opened in prayer, nor has a thought of God entered my soul. I am hardened in crime. You saved one woman from me, but many there have been whom no one arose to save. I have robbed and murdered men, women and children. My cup is full; I am not a man, I am a demon; my place is with the demons. When my strength failed me under your might a moment ago, I seemed to see accusing forms of women with dis-

heveled hair beckoning to demons to seize me. I cannot think of God. I am afraid of Him. There is no forgiveness for me. I despair; I will kill myself."

The man was on the very verge of madness. Wilding must act quickly. Seizing his shoulder, he cried out: "No, you shall not kill yourself; you shall not despair; you shall repent; and the blood of Jesus Christ shall save you, even as it saved the repentant thief on the cross."

The man seemed bewildered. Fearful memories came into his soul. The hope that Wilding held out to him was battling with the demon despair, and the combat was fearful. He gazed into the deep, sympathetic eyes of Wilding, and cried with a voice hoarse with painful emotion: "You do not know what I have been or what I have done. I have committed awful crimes. I belong to hell."

Wilding required his full strength to restrain the man. Holding him in a firm, but kind grasp, he said: "I am also a sinner, and only God knows our relative standing in His sight. A messenger of the Most High God brought me to God and taught me of the mystery of God's love and forgiveness. He told me of the sinful woman in the Gospel to whom much was forgiven because she loved much."

At the mention of the chaplain the soldier shuddered; he seized Wilding in frenzy, crying out: "I saw him shot; I took no part, but I was there.

He stood with eyes turned to Heaven, and prayed for those who shot him and for Mexico. Demon as I am, I could not shoot that man. I would have rescued him if I could. My worst crimes have been committed when I have been crazed by drink. So it is with us all. O, if you knew it all, all my fearful deeds, you would not talk to me of pardon; you would kill me as a viper that endangers the lives of men."

"I am not a confessor," answered Wilding; "the confession of your sins to me would be useless. But tell me this: Do you believe in God and the truths which the Catholic Church believes and teaches?"

"I cannot doubt those truths; but I have simply set them aside and have not thought of them. Sin blinded my soul, it possessed me, absorbed my thoughts, and controlled my deeds. O, how can I endure the pains of hell, if I must ever think of that fearful life of crime?"

"I never was touched with pity for my victims before, but now their faces come before me, and I feel as though something were gripping my heart and pressing my temples. I shall go mad, and go into hell a madman. O, I dare not speak the name of God. He will hurl me into hell. O, mercy, I am already in hell."

Wilding seized both hands of the terrified man, and gazing into his eyes, said: "When you speak words of despair, you speak the words of Cain.

The hope of your pardon rests upon the message of God Himself, who speaks thus to the sinner by the mouth of His prophet Ezechiel (XVIII. 21-23): 'But if the wicked turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all My statutes, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die. None of his transgressions that he hath committed shall be remembered against him: in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live. Have I any pleasure in the death of the wicked? saith the Lord God: and not rather that he should return from his way, and live?'

"There is no limitation here; and lest a man should believe that there be a degree of evil which the mercy of God could not reach, another prophet of God tells us that even though a man's sins be as scarlet, and in number as the sands of the sea-shore, repentance and the mercy of God destroy them.

"We may believe that there are saints in Heaven who have sinned as deeply as you.

"I do not wish to lessen the realization of the weight of your sins, nor of my own. But an infinite price was paid to redeem us, and in infinite mercy that redemption is offered us. There is but one uncertainty facing us: can you repent with deep, sincere sorrow of all your sins?"

"Señor, my rude soul knows not its own feelings. I am filled with awful fear and remorse. My deeds stand out from the background of mem-

ory like angry spectres. Were it not for the fear of hell, death would be a relief."

"Direct your distressed thoughts more directly to my question. Can you repent?"

"I do not know my own thoughts; I can not answer: it seems impossible. I have gone too far."

"The sincere acknowledgment of your sins may be a preamble to repentance. I shall help you. If you could undo the past, would you undo it?"

"Do not mock me, Señor; no one can undo the past. I realize now the force of that sentence which I heard from the priest in my boyhood—'their deeds shall follow them.' My deeds have followed me. They will hurl me from the face of God into hell forever, forever."

"You surely wish that you had not done them; you would not again commit them?"

"This is a maddening thought. I have committed them; I spared no one. God might pardon a man; but I am not a man: I am a monster. O God, forgotten, outraged God, cease Thy anger for one moment, that I may tell Thee that I hate these crimes which I have done! Before Thou dost cast me into hell, let me at least tell Thee that I hate these crimes; that now I know how good Thou art. Let me love Thee, even though I may never see Thy face."

The Mexican turned suddenly and seized Wilding's hand in a fierce grip. "Señor," he gasped,

"in my boyhood I once knelt before the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. I was then innocent, and I loved to talk to our Patron, the Mother of God. I had been taught a prayer which contained a request to be filled out by the worshipper. I asked her never to give me up; to follow me if I should be led into evil ways; and to call to me and help me in my soul's danger.

"But, alas! I have listened to evil counsel instead of harkening to her voice; I stifled every good impulse; I fed upon ashes. And now my hell has begun. I shall never know a moment of peace. The worm is gnawing at my soul; O, if it could ever end! I would gladly be condemned to remove Orizaba's huge bulk and level it as the plains that surround it; I would gladly sustain in my body the extreme of human suffering for a million years, if God would at the end turn one look of pity on me, and tell me that I could hope.

"Señor, I never ceased to believe in God and the truths which He has delivered to humanity. Even the evil that I did I hated. I feared my thoughts, and the reproof of conscience; and I avoided to be alone. I lived amid wild disorder, which deafened the inner voice of my conscience.

"Señor, once we looted a house wherein lay a mother with a new-born babe. All the inmates fled, leaving her alone. I restrained the violence of my companions, and took mother and child in my arms on my horse and brought her to a place

of safety, and I brought the child to baptism. One of the few happy memories of my life is that woman's blessing. O, if I had spent my life in such deeds instead of in the commission of foul crimes!"

"I am only a catechumen, not yet baptized," answered Wilding, "but my instruction in the Catholic faith assures me that you are even now repentant, and that some divine power is leading you to salvation. You must not lessen the detestation of your sins, but you must add hope to your sorrow, and God will take back his prodigal son. You know that the power of God defeats the effect of sin. When true repentance reconstructs a man's soul, there are no evil effects of his sins that the power of God may not repair. Sin is evil, mysteriously evil, the only evil in the universe. You have not begun to realize the malice of sin; but sin cannot defeat the omnipotence of God by inflicting an injury on an innocent person which God cannot repair. You have robbed: God can give back in a better way what you deprived others of. You have murdered the righteous: God took them into a higher order of life, and infinitely compensated them for the loss he allowed you to inflict. You have outraged the innocent: God saved their souls from taint.

"When the Pagan Prefect Paschasius threatened to send St. Lucy to the Lupanar, the saint answered: 'If you command me to be violated

against my will, my chastity will be doubly crowned.'

"Listen; do you remember the prayer called the Act of Contrition?"

"Alas! Señor, I have forgotten all prayers: I have not made the sign of the cross in more than ten years."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, Señor, the Christian Brothers taught me to read, and, O merciful God! I have shot some of these noble men. I am worse than you know. Do you still bid me hope?"

"God bids you hope. St. Paul was guilty of the blood of St. Stephen, and David was guilty of adultery and murder. You look only backward: look forward; the omnipotence of God is greater than your sins; and that omnipotence awaits only the free act of your soul to blot out your iniquity and to create a right spirit within you."

The Mexican fell prone on his face in the dust, and cried: "O God, I am not worthy to speak Thy name. I dare not ask the forgiveness Thou granted to others. If Thou wilt only stay Thy hand and not hurl me into hell now, I will give all the years Thou givest me of life to deeds of penance.

"But, O God, repair the injury that I did to those innocent ones. If I can know that they have been saved, even if Thou castest me from

Thee, I shall suffer less for that I know that they are safe."

The man paused suddenly. Some powerful impulse seized him. With eyes wildly staring up to Heaven, he raised himself to a kneeling posture, and stretched out his hands in pleading.

"It is true!" he cried, "I can be saved! I hear Thy voice within me. Thou wilt pardon, O God, all, all; Thou wilt take me back; Thou hast saved them; they are safe; O Father in Heaven, I am again Thy child; O my Father, what can I do to please Thee? I give all, I am a poor, wretched man. Can I serve Thee; O, now that Thou hast saved them whom I wronged, blot out my sins, destroy them, I will love Thee and only Thee. O, let me do something to show my love of Thee. My God, I can nevermore think of anything but Thee. O God, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee. I am not worthy now of Thy love. Thou hast spared my miserable soul. It is enough; it is all that I ask. If Thou wilt let me serve Thee I will give my life, my poor, wretched life to do Thy will. And when years of repentance shall have passed, wilt Thou then love me a little? O, the mystery of Thy love. Thy merciful call came to me through this stranger, whom I strove to kill.

"Let me hear Thy voice again and again in my soul; Thy merciful voice telling me that I am not lost. Show me now my way; I am only used to

the ways of sin; I need more than other men. Thou must guide me as a child. My God, let me suffer here, send me a cross, a heavy cross. Suffering will purify me, and then I may be loved by Thee! Thou wilt not weary of my cry. I must come closer to Thee; I desire only Thee. O, show me a way to be worthy of Thy love."

During the impassioned prayer of the Mexican, Harold Wilding stood reverently with bowed head. He felt a great peace in his soul. He was raised in thought above all worldly issues, and tasted the sweetness of God's influence. The genuineness of the Mexican's wild cry of repentance filled him with joy. It seemed that the Good Shepherd was there with them, and that the joy in Heaven over the prodigal's return reached them.

Wilding felt also a closer brotherhood with the penitent. Drawing close to him, he said: "This is God's work, the greatest of all His works. There must be no faltering in us, no going back to old ways. There is work to be done that demands faith and courage. But we are not ready for our work. You need the sacrament of penance and I need baptism. In this suffering land there is one church which has suffered less than the others. The wicked men who are destroying Mexico have been held back by some national sentiment from desecrating the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. It has suffered some, but there

we may still find a priest to minister to us. Let us first give thought to seek out and restore to safety this woman whom you lately pursued, and then consign to earth the body of the saintly chaplain. We shall then, if you are willing, make a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Guadalupe."

Wilding's plan gave great joy to the Mexican. It was evident that he wished to remain with the American.

"My name is Pedro Morro," he said. "I am a man without kindred or home. For many years the camp has been my only abode, and I am separated from every known tie of kindred. The great service that you have done me awakens in me a great love of you. Never before in my life have I met a man like you. You have been to me the messenger of the Most High God.

"It seemed impossible at first, but now I believe that God has forgiven me. But I can never again be as other men in the ordinary affairs of life. The realization that God has forgiven me has filled me with a strange, mysterious joy; but the sorrow that I feel for my many sins is with me always. Things that interest men are indifferent to me. I long only to think of God, and to give my poor life to the hardest tasks for God's service.

"I am not worthy to ask to be your brother, but let me go with you as a servant. I know this land as no man not born within its confines can know it. To me you are more than a man. Command

me; spare me not; to suffer for right will be happiness to me."

They went together to where the chaplain lay dead. His head and chest were riddled with bullets. It required strong men to endure the sight. They buried the body as best they could. As they placed the uncoffined form in the clean, fresh earth, they felt a great sense of relief. The man whom they loved and revered had passed beyond human suffering. They knew that his soul was with God, and the earth now shielded his body from dishonorable usage.

They went in search of the woman, but they found this a more difficult task.

While engaged in the search, Piedro sadly related that the brothers of the girl had all been shot. She was, so far as he knew, the only surviving child. Her family was Spanish, and was possessed of considerable means. When the fall of Z—— was known to be inevitable, her father, by greatly sacrificing values, put much of his property into gold coin, in preparation for a flight to the United States. The rapidity of the movements of the Revolutionary troops cut off his flight, but he had secreted the most part of the gold.

One of the worst features of Mexican life is the treachery everywhere prevailing. The leaders of the Revolution were made aware of all the movements of this man through the treachery of some

of those about him. But the Revolutionists could not find the man's gold. They allowed the man and his wife to flee unmolested from their home, as their presence merely impeded the looting. The soldiery ransacked everything. They found things of minor worth, but not the gold.

The youth and beauty of the Spanish girl had inflamed the lust of Pedro. He had turned from the looting to pursue her, with the result already known.

Both Wilding and Pedro were persuaded that the girl had rejoined her parents and that all were in hiding, awaiting the coming of darkness to seek safety in further flight.

Wilding now began to feel alarm for Leon. He trusted the sagacity of Joseph to place Inez and Miriam in safety, but Leon must be somewhere in the neighborhood. He knew his noble nature would never remain inactive while his fellow beings were suffering, and as the Revolutionists controlled everything, he knew that Leon was in danger.

It was now past noon; the men were hungry, and possessed no food. As it would be dangerous for Wilding to enter the city, Pedro proposed that Harold should remain where they were, while he (Pedro) should go to the city and procure some food.

This excellent plan was at once adopted.

Before departing Pedro drew from his pouch several articles of jewelry, a small sum of gold, and a few other articles of less worth and gave them into the keeping of Harold.

"These articles I stole from the home of the fugitive girl. I am incurring some risk in entering the city. If I meet with death in the way, I beg you to make the restitution in the best way you know. There is much restitution that I should make to many others; but the rightful possessors are dead. I have scarcely enough to procure food for us for one day. It is a hard task to undo the deeds of years of sin."

Harold carefully placed the articles in an inner pocket. Then he drew forth from his supply of money a piece of gold and offered it to Pedro, saying: "Pedro, my brother, though we might in our necessity use a portion of your ill-gotten goods to buy bread, let us not do it. Keep even those few coins to give to the poor, whom God appoints as the creditors of money due in restitution, when the original owners cannot be found. Accept my charity. The conversion of your soul has made you my brother, and I shall always be willing to divide what I have with you."

The hand that was extended to take the piece of money trembled, and silent tears coursed down the bronzed face of Pedro. Silently, with bowed head, he set out towards the city and left Harold alone with his thoughts.

CHAPTER X.

Wilding's experience had filled him with a deep hatred of the ruling element in Mexico. He despised their treachery, their vanity, their cruelty, and general lack of character. He knew that there was a portion of the people who were worthy; but these were persecuted and kept from public office. The facility with which unprincipled men acquired power and affluence by revolutionary uprisings had engendered a spirit of unrest and sedition in many. A wicked ambition filled the land with internecine war and brigandage. The spirit of sober justice and peace was crushed in Mexico; the land could not heal itself.

But Wilding was glad that he had come to Mexico. There he had found the true Faith and his beloved Inez. Though distance separated Inez from him, he felt her abiding presence. She was not like other women. She belonged to a limited class of noble spirits who reveal, even in their earthly life, the beauty of soul of the elect of God.

He knew that she was thinking of him now. Something seemed to assure him that she was safe.

The consciousness of the noble deed which he

had performed was doubly sweet in that it made him more worthy of Inez.

His reverie was broken by the sound of a footstep. He stood erect, and peering in the direction of the sound, he saw an old Mexican Indian watching him. The man was not accoutred as a soldier, and bore no arms. He seemed to be nearly eighty years of age. His face was wrinkled and his form was bowed.

He now came slowly towards Wilding, seemingly without fear.

The Indian's face inspired confidence; it bespoke firmness and uprightness.

Without removing his gaze from Wilding, he came up and extended his hand.

Wilding grasped it warmly and waited for the Indian to speak.

"Señor, are you alone?" were the Indian's first words.

"I am," answered Wilding.

"Where is the Mexican with whom you were involved in a fight?"

"He has gone to the city to procure some food."

"Is he your enemy?"

"He is no longer my enemy. He is a converted man, and would now undo the evil deeds of his life."

"Do you trust him?"

"Every man may now trust him. A great

change has come upon him. It is so powerful that it leaves no doubt of his sincerity."

"What does he contemplate in regard to the woman whom he pursued?"

"His purpose and mine is to aid her and her parents to escape to the United States."

"When shall he return?"

"I cannot say. He journeyed on foot, and in these evil days many things may impede a traveler's journey."

"You are not a Mexican?"

"I am a citizen of the United States. My name is Harold Wilding."

"What is your religion?"

"Until lately I had no religion. I accepted the Catholic Faith but a few days ago. Just now I found the good priest, who taught me the truth, shot to pieces in this lonely place. We buried his body there where you see that fresh mound of earth."

The old Indian bowed his head, and moved slowly toward the rude grave. He sank down on his knees and remained motionless beside it.

Some of the racial traits of the Indian remain in him in whatever degree of civilization he may attain. His stoicism, his gloominess, his love of simplicity are deep seated in the Indian character.

Not wishing to interrupt the Indian's prayer,

Wilding fell on his knees, where he was, and poured out his soul in fervent prayer.

Both remained thus kneeling in prayer for the greater part of an hour. It was a test of endurance for Wilding; but he seemed to feel that he ought not to show less devotion to the martyred priest than this unknown Indian.

At length, the old Indian stood erect, and came back to Wilding.

"Have you any kindred or friends in Mexico?" he asked of Wilding.

"My kindred are all in the United States, but I have some dear friends here in Mexico. Their safety is my present greatest concern."

"Where are they?"

"There are two ladies whom we have sent to a place of refuge in the mountains."

"They are safe," declared the Indian.

This assurance was most pleasing to Wilding.

"Then my dear friend Leon has been separated from me. I long to find him and be sustained by his strength and goodness."

"He has been occupied in aiding the religious women of Z—— to flee from the soldiers. I believe that all have escaped, and your comrade is now with me. I am a cave-dweller. In this land many dwell in caves. There also the fugitive woman and her parents are in safety. And they are safe there. No other man in Mexico knows the labyrinths of that cave but me. Even if the

Revolutionists attack it, they cannot find those who follow me into its secret passages. In the days of violence, which have afflicted Mexico, many have been saved there from the fury of their cruel pursuers. Thus have I spent my life; it is nearly spent, and I am filled with regret that I have no one who shall continue my work after me. Perhaps God may yet send me a successor before He summons me from mortal life."

As they conversed, they observed afar off in the first twilight of the departing day, the form of an approaching man. To their anxious eyes was soon revealed the form of **Piedro Morro**. He brought bread, dried fruit, cheese, and a portion of the roasted flesh of a goat.

The Indian is never demonstrative, and least of all to one of his own race.

Wilding presented **Piedro** to the old Indian, who took his hand, and seemed absorbed in deep thought.

"You need food," he said after a pause. "When you have eaten we shall go to my abode."

As a sign of friendship the old Indian partook of their food. They spoke but few words, and when they had eaten, they set out through the gathering gloom towards the mountains.

Following the lead of the old Hermit, they reached the cave after a journey of about two hours.

As they approached the cave, the old Indian by

a sign commanded all to halt while he went forward to reconnoitre. He soon returned and led the two men into a spacious cave.

Complete darkness prevailed everywhere.

By holding one another's hands they advanced by winding passages about 300 yards. They could hear human voices. The Hermit lighted three tallow candles and gave one to Wilding and one to Pedro. By the light of these they advanced more rapidly, and soon entered a spacious chamber lighted by several tallow candles. Here were Leon and the Spanish family.

The meeting of Harold and Leon was extremely affectionate.

The girl still showed signs of her great fright. She clung to her mother, weeping and trembling, as the memory of her fearful danger was revived by the entrance of the men.

The group were soon engaged in earnest conversation. There was much to relate and to explain. Plans were discussed for the future, interesting personal experiences were related, until all began to feel like members of one family.

The bond of a common Christian faith made it possible for all to be united, as were the Christians of old in the Catacombs.

Life in a cave is devoid of many comforts. The old Hermit had made his cave dwelling extraordinary for a dwelling of its class. In this he was favored by the spaciousness and dryness of the

cave. There was a sort of separate ^{many} ~~for~~ for the women; rude beds, linen and ^{meal} ~~blankets~~ there; plain but serviceable household and articles of furniture had been brought th. There was a store of salted meat of various kinds, vegetables, cheese, flour and meal, wine, tallow candles, soap, etc. Its store might be likened to that of a military camp.

Several firearms of excellent make were also suspended from the walls of the cave. Crucifixes and holy pictures were in abundance. It was evident that the old Hermit had often afforded hospitality to those in need.

He was a remarkable man, one of ~~that~~ large class of remarkable men who work in obscurity, and whose history is never told.

All were deeply moved when Harold Wilding brought forth the jewelry and other articles and restored them to the maiden from whom they had been stolen. Pedro Morro sat with bowed head; a flood of painful memories surged in on his contrite soul. Great tears of deepest sorrow flowed down and bathed his clasped hands.

The Spanish family were of very good birth and education. With many protestations the father begged Wilding to give them back to poor Pedro, adding that he would add a good sum of gold from a hidden store, that Pedro might begin life anew.

Wilding knew the thoughts and purposes of Pedro. Addressing the generous Spaniard, he

a sign com-
ward to ~~Mon~~ **Señor**, Pedro would feel that his act of
ward to ~~Mon~~ were not complete if the goods were
the two ~~ied~~ to him. It is true that after the owner-

~~Cop~~ **has** been restored to you the goods are in
~~By~~ **wise** different from other goods, and may be
~~Y~~ **given** by you to whomsoever you wish; but there
~~is~~ **a** sentiment here working that we must respect.

The sight of those articles calls up the most pain-
ful of memories to our brother Pedro. The
change that has come in him is no ordinary one.
He will need but little money or worldly store to
accomplish the purpose to which he now devotes
his life.

"There is one thing, however, which he will
accept from you, if you will give it: let him hear
from your own lips the message of forgiveness."

The Spanish gentleman arose, and going up to
Pedro, he assisted him gently to his feet. Then
embracing him in a strong embrace, he ex-
claimed: "My brother, I forgive thee even as I
hope to be forgiven by God in His great mercy."

The mother and daughter extended their hands,
and with tears declared their full forgiveness.

A beautiful expression lit up the face of the
penitent man. He seemed again to hear that in-
fer voice that had given him hope out in the desert
place. He withdrew a few paces and fell on his
knees in an ecstasy of prayer. There was no
longer trace of despair in his soul; only a mighty
love of God, which burnt up the worthless dross of

life as the fire burns the stubble of the field or the dry leaves of the forest.

The Hermit now brought some excellent wine and dried figs, and insisted that all should partake thereof before lying down to sleep.

Surely the blessing of God rested on that habitation, and His angels kept guard over it.

A perfect sense of security seemed to possess all the company. Notwithstanding the exciting incidents through which they had passed, all slept soundly, and were perfectly refreshed in the morning.

Every one had been furnished with candles and matches. Of course, they were cut off from the pleasure of the refreshing morning air, but the Hermit determined that if possible they should breakfast in the open air.

All felt a deep feeling of joy when the Hermit invited Piedro to accompany him to the mouth of the cave to explore.

They soon returned and made known that all might follow them.

It was a great happiness again to enjoy the purer open air, and the light and beauty of nature.

The Hermit now entered a small ramification of the great cave and led forth some goats. They followed him with great affection, rubbing against him and nibbling at his loose garments. He milked the goats, and then, aided by the mother and daughter, he prepared a very good breakfast,

"I do not believe," said the Hermit, "that the Revolutionists would harm me. None of the warring factions have ever done an unkind act to me, but it is prudent not to incur a needless risk. Life here in the cave is only for a Hermit like me, and as a temporary refuge for those who are in danger. Señor Melendez, you have saved enough out of the wreck of your fortune to maintain your family. When the disorder following the taking of Z—— has subsided, you will take your gold, and under the escort of Piedro you will pass over the border into the United States. It is better to establish there your permanent home. I see no hope of a state of peace for Mexico. It could have peace if its sons were men.

"Among the many mysteries which baffle our understanding is the ethnological mystery of the decadence of peoples. We are decadent; our mixed race is lacking in character. We destroy the very forces which would build us up. There are enough of those who desire that law and order should reign, to put down the bandits and professional revolutionists, if we were united. We distrust each other; every man seeks his personal gain; we persecute the Church of Christ; we destroy Christian civilization.

"In the great Republic of the United States such conditions do not prevail. The Church in Mexico would thrive if she received that impartial fair play which she receives in the United States.

She does not ask for anything but justice and the liberty of conscience, which the leaders in Mexico profess to advocate. The Church in the United States is allowed to incorporate as a legal corporation. The property that it holds is enormous. But this property is a benefit to the state. It is used for the highest good of the citizens. The Religious Orders hold property as legal corporations. Every right-minded citizen of the United States wishes that they had more property. They use it to care for the orphan, to educate the youth, to minister to the sick, to serve humanity. The salvation of Mexico would be to imitate the example of the United States in its dealings with religion, and in its love of law, and order, and peace.

“There is only one act of injustice of which I have knowledge in the policy of the United States touching religion, and that is its discrimination against Catholic schools. All the schools which properly carry out the curriculum of the Educational Department of the state should share the public money. But this is a slight matter when weighed with the blessings which the government of the United States assures to all its citizens, without distinction of creed.

“There is in that land some religious bigotry; there is an unwritten tradition which might be called the Protestant Ascendancy, evil spirits which came into her life from England. But I

believe the effect of these is rather beneficial in challenging Catholics to live so that they may not be shamed before their non-Catholic neighbors.

"You need not fear to be under the protection of Pedro Morro. He would now be faithful to any one, but especially to you, to repair the wrong he did you.

"When Pedro shall have accompanied you to safety, he will return to me: I have need of him. Age has weakened me, and the great summons can not be far off. I should like to perpetuate the little good that I have done by placing here a man to do the manner of work that I have done, but to do it better. It is not a career that appeals to worldly ambition. I choose for my adopted son and heir Pedro Morro. The great soul-change through which he has passed fits him for the task. Pedro Morro, dost thou accept?"

During the discourse of the old Hermit, Pedro sat as though carved out of stone. At the direct address of the Hermit a slight tremor shook Pedro's form. There was a moment of silence, and then Pedro in a low voice said: "If God wills."

"The course of events seems to manifest God's will," replied the Hermit, "and with His blessing we shall accept this disposition of things as fixed.

"There is now a deeper matter, but as it concerns only those who shall remain in Mexico, we shall relieve Señor Melendez and his family of

our presence for a brief interval. While we remain here together, it will be allowed you to enter and leave the cave at your own pleasure. To enable you to do so, I give you here an exact tracing of the labyrinth as far as that portion where we lodged. Do not let this pass out of your possession. Destroy it if there be danger of its falling into unfriendly hands. When you shall go from us, restore this tracing to Pedro or to me."

The Hermit gave to Señor Melendez a scroll of parchment. The Spanish gentleman with his family withdrew into the cave, and the four men at once entered into a secret conference.

CHAPTER XI.

The Hermit first drew forth from a small niche in the entrance of the cave, the Holy Bible.

“History has repeated itself,” said the Hermit, as he opened the Bible. “Days are come upon our land like to those that fell upon the land of Israel in the days of the Seleucidae. The worship of God is forbidden in our land; the churches of the Living God are profaned and pillaged. Women and children, priests and nuns are robbed, outraged, and murdered. Certain of our people have made a pact with wickedness; they have turned away from the true faith, and have joined themselves to the sons of Belial. The words said of Jerusalem in that epoch are fulfilled in our cities:

“‘And they shed innocent blood on every side of the sanctuary, and defiled the sanctuary. And the inhabitants of Jerusalem fled because of them; and she became a habitation of strangers, and she became strange to them that were born in her, and her children forsook her. Her sanctuary was laid waste like a wilderness, her feasts were turned into mourning, her sabbaths into reproach, her honour into contempt. According to her glory, so was her dishonour multiplied, and her high estate

was turned into mourning.'—I. Maccab. I. 37–40.

“If there can be found in Mexico faith and courage equal to that which was then found in Israel, we may save our land.

“The deeds of brave men inspire bravery. In the terrible crisis in Israel, Mattathias, with his five sons, arose to defend Israel. The enemies of his country tried to bribe him, but he answered:

“‘If all the nations that are in the house of the king’s dominion hearken unto him, to fall away each one from the worship of his fathers, and have made choice to follow his commandments, yet will I and my sons and my brethren walk in the covenant of our fathers. Heaven forbid that we should forsake the law and the ordinances. We will not hearken to the king’s words, to go aside from our worship, on the right hand, or on the left.’—I. Maccab. II. 19–22.

“Mattathias and his sons fled into the mountains and forsook all their possessions. Just men joined them until a host was assembled, and they smote the enemies of Israel. They acted with prudence and order. Judas Maccabeus succeeded his father as commander-in-chief. He appointed captains of thousands, captains of hundreds, captains of fifties, and captains of tens (*ibid.* III. 55). Judas allowed no man in his army who was cowardly (*ibid.* III. 56). He and his followers were resolved to save Israel or die in battle.

“Today a Judas Maccabeus and like followers

could save Mexico. We have a better covenant than was delivered to his people, but have we the faith? It is not easy to answer this question. Upwards of four score years have weakened my arm. But the experience of a lifetime and all that is in me I pledge to the cause. The movement might not succeed in one generation. What we need is an organization of men who hold their lives of less worth than the defense of justice and truth in Mexico. We need men who never flinch in the face of danger. We need men who are brave and patient; men who are ready to give all for their ideals; men who only value mortal life for the eternal fruits which they may obtain by devoting it to truth and justice; men who are worthy to be ranked with the heroes of old, of whom St. Paul speaks: ‘ * * * they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were tempted, they were slain with the sword: they went about in sheepskins, in goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, evil entreated (of whom the world was not worthy), wandering in deserts and mountains and caves, and the holes of the earth. And these all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect.’—Heb. XI. 37–40.

“I believe that there are such men in Mexico. They are scattered, unorganized, without a def-

inite plan and a leader. My plan is to organize them, to attach them to a definite purpose. They need not be disturbed now in their mode of life. A few must devote their whole life to the cause; they must seek out those who are worthy to join the organization; they must be prepared to meet death at any moment.

“All secrecy permitted by the Roman Catholic Church must be maintained. There must be grades of initiation, and only those who are tried by many tests are to be admitted to the secret council.

“We must ramify into all Mexico. Our motto must be ‘God, Our Country, and Truth.’ Our purpose must be to give back to Mexico the free exercise of the Catholic Religion; to restore law and order; to put down brigandage and oppression of the poor; to enact just agrarian laws; to develop the industries; to educate the people; to reform the judiciary; to establish a sound national credit; and to insure to the people the free exercise of their right of suffrage.

“Considering the present state of the world, we shall embody in our plan that principle of the Constitution of the United States that ‘Congress shall make no law respecting religion or the free exercise thereof.’ We declare unjust and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, the procedure by which, in the United States, the parish schools of the Roman

Catholic Church are deprived of their portion of the public money, and money received by taxation. We believe that all schools should be under governmental supervision; that every child shall be free in the practice of religion; that where Catholic schools are established, they shall have their just share of public money and money raised by taxation, provided they worthily fulfill the curriculum imposed by the government.

"We recognize the principle that the internal forum is reserved to God and a man's conscience; therefore we adopt in its true sense religious liberty. We advocate stringent laws to safeguard the public morals; all theatres, hotels, and places of amusement of whatsoever nature shall be obliged to conform to a just and proper code of decency. We stand for a Christian Republic, and to this end we pledge our lives.

"And now Señor Wilding and Pedro shall on the morrow accompany Señor Melendez and his family across the border. He shall bear with him the gold which we saved from the Revolutionists. This will maintain him in the exile into which an unjust Revolution forces him.

"Señor Wilding and Pedro will then complete their pilgrimage to Our Lady of Guadalupe. They shall return to us at this place, which shall for the present be the chief place of meeting for our league.

"Meanwhile Señor Leon and I shall move about

and endeavor to enlist some worthy men, so that at their return we may lay the foundations of our organization."

The words of the Hermit produced a profound effect on all the men. They saw the vastness and difficulty of the undertaking; and yet it seemed the sole hope of Mexico. The one great uncertainty of its success lay in the character of the Mexican people.

The plan was just, it was practical, it was beneficent. But to carry it into effect required men of faith, of sterling principles, of courage. Could there be found among the people of Mexico a sufficient number of men of those qualities to give their lives for their country?

The great good aimed at was worthy of the trial. Even if this first little band failed, their example would inspire other men.

The seed that a man plants by sacrificing his life to a noble cause cannot die. It is an eternal principle, from which other life shall spring.

The remainder of the day was spent in preparations for the journey. All passed a quiet night in the security of the cave, and on the following morning Señor Melendez and his family departed, escorted by Harold Wilding and Pedro.

The Hermit and Leon spoke a few words, and then departed from the cave in different directions.

For several days the cave was deserted. Then the Hermit visited it for a night and departed again. Thus his visits were repeated at irregular intervals for about two weeks.

Wilding and Pedro Morro accomplished their undertakings, and returned to find the cave empty. In an inner chamber they wrote some secret signs on the rock and departed.

Soon after strange men were seen to enter the cave. They examined the written signs, wrote other similar signs and stealthily departed.

The Hermit now came to the cave daily. He carefully examined every sign, wrote others, and often held discourse with the men whom he chanced to meet. A definite, well ordered plan was being developed.

On the day when Leon came, a number of men were assembled in the inner chamber of the cave. The Hermit had been unusually busy that day. He had shot a quantity of game and had prepared this for food. The store of bread, cheese, and fruits had been much increased, and some bottles of excellent wine were brought forth from hidden crevices of the rock.

As night approached, Wilding and Pedro came and many other men.

The men never approached the cave in groups, but always one at a time. It was also evident that they came by appointment: the secret signs had appointed the time and place.

As darkness settled down upon the earth, about one hundred men were assembled in the great chamber. No man spoke. Sentinels were placed at intervals from the place of meeting to the mouth of the cave.

The Hermit placed the food on rough planks, which rested on wooden supports.

"Brothers," he said solemnly, "let us take food. We are willing to meet for our great cause on a basis of equality, so there is no preference, no rank; you are welcome to what our abode affords."

With sincere, brotherly feeling the men advanced to the table and ate heartily of the food. There was no loud talking or boisterous mirth, but the silence was broken by deep, earnest conversation.

When the men had eaten and were filled, the Hermit removed the fragments of the repast, and then brought a large silver cup and placed it on the rude table. He poured into this cup a quantity of wine. Then taking a keen pointed poniard, he pricked his arm and allowed a few drops of blood to drop into the cup of wine.

Solemnly and silently every man of the company did likewise.

The Hermit now took the cup and drank a swallow of its contents. He passed it to the man next to him, who also drank of it, and thus it passed to every man, and every man drank of it.

The Hermit arose and addressed the assembly:

“Brothers, we here christen our organization ‘The League of Blood.’ The purposes of our organization are well known to you. We shall rely on deeds more than on words. We here pledge faith to each other and to Mexico. We hope to found a league endowed with such integrity and vitality that it shall not die. Owing to the fact that injustice, falsehood and violence now prevail in our land, we must at present work secretly. The time shall come when our league shall be acclaimed the saviour of our country, and shall be honored by all.

“As individuals, we shall pass away before our great object be attained. But we shall leave the impress of our personality on our times, and other men shall be enlisted to fill the gaps caused by our passing away. Every man’s work is to enlist men’s good will and their membership, if they be worthy, to our cause. Beware of treachery. The blood of your brothers, which you have drunk, shall be a solemn reminder to you as to how you shall protect the League. Let men be admitted to membership who are true and tried. No man shall be eligible who is not a Roman Catholic of exemplary life, and who has not attained the age of 25 years. The men here present shall constitute the Great Council. If there be a man present who values his life more than the redemption of his country, let him arise and withdraw in

peace, and be forever silent on what he has seen and heard here tonight."

No man moved. The pale, flickering light dimly revealed the drawn, set features of the men. It was a remarkable group. Strength and uprightness of character could be read in the face of every man.

The Hermit continued: "Brothers, arise and with uplifted hand pronounce our oath.

"I, N. N., do of my own free act enroll myself in The League of Blood.

"I solemnly swear that I believe in one God and three divine persons. I believe that Jesus Christ became man and died for our salvation.

"I believe in the Catholic Church, and I accept from her all the truths which she teaches.

"I swear to defend the innocent with my life.

"I swear to submit at all times the deliberations, principles, and purposes of The League of Blood to the proper authority of the Catholic Church, and to abide by her decree.

"I swear to refrain from all unjust acts of violence, and only to draw my sword in defense of my God, my country, and truth.

"I swear to work in every lawful manner to establish and maintain in my country a just and stable government, and to this end I pledge my goods and my life.

"So help me God."

An election of officers followed. The Hermit was unanimously chosen president; Leon was chosen military leader; Wilding was chosen secretary. There were no other officers at that time.

The plan of campaign was that, excepting the three officers and Piedro Morro, all were to return to their respective vocations; that every man was to become a peaceful propagandist of the principles of the organization.

The Hermit again and again impressed the truth on all, that theirs was primarily an organization to reform Mexico by peaceable and lawful means. Each member was to be a sphere of influence. As far as he could extend his influence, he was to encourage men to use the right of suffrage to place worthy men in office, and to create a sane and healthy public opinion. This could be accomplished without expense, and without demanding too much of the member's time.

The financial system of the organization was unique. Every man was asked to place in safe keeping in his own name ten per cent. of his income. This was not to be drawn on for the needs of the organization unless a resort to extraordinary means became necessary. If not drawn, it was to remain in readiness until the aim of the organization should be accomplished. All investments were to be made in the United States, until the finances of Mexico should be firmly established.

Trimestrial meetings of the Great Council were to be held in the Hermit's cave, and the deliberations were to be delivered to the other members by their respective representatives.

The present plan of the organization contemplated a state of things wherein the organization would not be permitted openly to work. It was a lawful body, and aimed at the highest national ideal; but at present men who work for these ideals are persecuted and murdered in Mexico. The time would come when they could conduct their propaganda openly; they would enlist in their ranks the best men of Mexico, and by justice and courage save their country from the evil men who were despoiling the fair land.

They were to resort to armed force only as a last resort to enforce the principles of justice and right, when the conditions seemed fit for such a movement.

As the principles and aims of the organization were formulated, Leon realized that at length he had found his vocation. He had longed to see some way in which he could serve some noble ideal. It had come. Here he could use all his powers for his country. He was ready to become a martyr for Mexico's rightful faith and her liberty.

From Wilding's soul also all the old leaven had been purged. He fully realized that in accepting the true faith of Christ, he had found the pearl of

great price. He was supremely happy, and in his happiness the bright vision of Inez appeared as an angel sent by God to show him the way to Heaven.

CHAPTER XII.

Pursuant to the general plan formulated by the League, all the members departed on the following morning.

As there were no matters of importance that immediately demanded the presence of Leon and Harold, they determined to visit Miriam and Inez, and together with them plan something definite for the maidens' future.

As soon as the two young men were for a moment relieved of the excitement through which they had passed, a great yearning possessed their souls to see Miriam and Inez. They traveled as rapidly as prudently they could, and soon had the happiness of finding the two maidens in safety, though somewhat worn by the anxious thoughts that they had continually felt for Leon and Harold. It was a joyful meeting, like to the reunions of the early Christians.

Leon and Wilding related the series of events in which they had taken part, concealing, however, as much as possible, their own achievements. But woman's intuition supplied what the humility of our heroes passed over, and admiration fed the chaste love which already reigned in the maidens' souls.

The manifestation of Joseph's affection for Leon was pathetic. He spoke little, but hung on Leon's words and clung to him as a little child.

The narration of the death of the noble chaplain revived the grief in all hearts. Reverently all knelt and recited the Rosary and the Office of The Dead for him.

"We have prayed much for you every day during our separation," said Miriam, "and now in this glorious work that you contemplate, we ask a part. We shall work, and we shall pray, and fear not that we shall waver in the face of death for our Faith and our Country."

"The sweet vision of such angels in our souls will inspire us to the noblest deeds," answered Wilding.

"You are a born courtier," said Leon, grasping Wilding in a loving embrace. "I could easily be persuaded to employ you to present my suit to the lady of my choice."

"If I know aught of human nature, I believe that you need no advocate with fair Miriam; but your love has already passed into the ethereal state. You love as the blessed love in Heaven. If I were only capable of following the adorable Inez, we might bask in that effulgence; but I am yet of the earth, earthy."

Blushes and confusion followed this assertion; but by reason of it, all felt happier. Wilding and Inez had openly professed their love: it grew

holier and stronger every moment. Leon and Miriam loved each other with a still deeper love, a love so subtle and sacred that it needed no oral expression to confirm it: their souls were knit together.

The little company now entered into serious discussion touching the future. Miriam and Inez must be placed in safety.

After a long discussion it was decided that they should all journey across the border into the United States. The maidens should be domiciled there, and the men should return to take up their work in Mexico.

"You will remember," said Wilding, "that at one time I contemplated an appeal to my Country for help in Mexico. I now see the uselessness of that appeal, and have abandoned the idea. Unfortunately for Mexico, a number of exploiters have by devious methods come into possession of some of Mexico's best natural resources. These concessionaires have no interest in Mexico, except to enrich themselves of her vast wealth. Their immense money power is so great that they are often able to control elections, or rather revolutions, and oppress the common people. If Mexico is to be prosperous and peaceful, these interests must be justly controlled. Some evils will always attend on vast aggregations of capital; but it is the duty of a government to maintain a strong, just, consistent control of these to prevent abuses.

"Now those who are at present in power in Mexico cunningly represent to my Government and to the Mexican people that they stand for the people's rights against the exploiting millionaires. They have induced the present Administration in the United States to believe their professions. And for this cause my Government is not moved by any appeal against the robberies, outrages, and murders perpetrated by these infamous Revolutionists. What the future may bring forth in the form of a change of Administration is yet uncertain. But at present, we can obtain no help from Washington. Were we only seeking earthly rewards, I should counsel to depart from Mexico and fix our permanent abode in my Country. But the cause of humanity demands our lives in Mexico. We shall therefore place our loved ones in safety, and then return to give our lives to the cause of Mexico."

Miriam and Inez were at first reluctant to leave their lovers and their country; but when the dreadful danger that they should incur by remaining was represented to them, they consented to go.

As they possessed Black Bess and Miriam's horse, they were obliged to purchase but three additional horses and a mule for carrying supplies. They journeyed by lonely paths, often riding several hours of the night. They avoided all centres of population, and set the course of

their journey through the most peaceful sections. When the party rested at night, one of the men always stood sentinel.

Thus they journeyed until they approached the border.

A new danger now arose: the border region was more thickly inhabited, and was in a state of anarchy. The men had only a few small arms and a small supply of ammunition. Various marauding bands were operating in the region, and it was almost impossible to find a person there who could be trusted.

After some reconnoitering by Leon and Joseph, the little company found shelter in the home of a Spanish gentleman of excellent character, who, by liberal presents, had thus far succeeded in saving his home from ruin. He was childless, spent his modest income in pious works, and being advanced in years, took no active part in the political struggles. He had known and greatly respected the maidens' father, and was most happy to offer the company the hospitality of his large house.

After the trials through which they had passed, it was grateful to all to rest here in this truly Christian home.

Miriam and Inez employed the time in putting in order the wardrobe of every one of the company, while the men were alert and active, study-

ing and exploring ways and means of making their way across the border.

They thus passed the time for about a week. The absence of any sign of danger had developed in the maidens a sense of security. They often ventured forth for promenades, which increased in length as their sense of security itself grew stronger.

One morning a peon appeared at the house quite early. He was in great distress. His wife and his little child were sick, and he was unable to provide for them. Miriam and Inez immediately answered the appeal, and as the men were making preparations for their journey to the border, the maidens went alone with the poor peon.

They found the family in extreme want and in great need of nursing. Bravely they took up the task, and as the day was drawing to a close, they had provided everything necessary for the sick mother and child. As the grateful mother blessed them, she said significantly: "May God give you little here, but everything in Heaven."

As the peon's family needed his presence, the maidens politely but firmly refused his offer to accompany them. They entertained no fear as they set out: they hoped to reach their destination soon after nightfall. The consciousness of the good deed done by them filled them with courage.

They had not proceeded far when they observed a disorderly troop of horsemen riding across the

plain in their direction. A sickening sense of dread filled their souls. Flight would only invite pursuit. There was no refuge to which they could fly.

Whispering a prayer, they moved slowly forward with eyes riveted upon the approaching horsemen.

As soon as the troupe observed the maidens, they came forward at a gallop.

As the horsemen came up, the leader rode near the two trembling maidens and saluted them.

Miriam and Inez returned the salute, and hope entered their hearts.

The leader was a half-breed, but spoke good English.

"Good evening, ladies," he said, "may we ask whither you are traveling?"

"We have been attending a sick woman," answered Miriam, "and are returning to the home of Señor N——."

"You are not his daughters?"

"We are his guests."

"He is fortunate that you honor his house. May we offer you our escort?"

"Many thanks, Señor, the way is short, and we shall soon reach our destination."

Miriam had scarcely finished this sentence before she was rudely seized by one of the troopers, who had dismounted, and lifted into the saddle in front of the leader. Then seizing Inez, he threw

her into his own saddle, and with a bound adroitly mounted behind her.

The maidens' cries and struggles were useless. The troopers rode forward at a gallop, and within an hour came to their camp.

To add to their sorrows, they were separated: Miriam was lodged in a small house under the care of an old woman of evil appearance.

Inez was given into the care of a younger woman, who bore upon her face the impress of dissipation and crime.

Each was placed in a poorly furnished room, given some food and drink, the door was securely locked, and they were left for the night.

It was a night of terror. What each one feared for herself was augmented by the greater fear of what might befall the other.

Neither Miriam nor Inez slept. They prayed the whole night; not to be saved from death: they were indifferent to that. But they prayed to be saved from dishonor; from that which the true woman fears more than death.

At early dawn, a little before sunrise, they heard firing and the commotion of a battle. Peering from the narrow windows of their prison, they could see that a small group of horsemen had attacked the troopers who held them prisoners. A cry of joy escaped their lips. In the clear morning light they could discern Leon leading the at-

tack, and among his followers they could discern Harold Wilding and Joseph.

The old peon had from afar witnessed the abduction of Miriam and Inez, and had brought the intelligence to the men at the home of Señor N——. All night the three men had labored to collect members of The League of Blood, and now the little band had come to the rescue.

The League of Blood were outnumbered about ten to one. They had no hope of overcoming the superior number of their foes, but they hoped by sacrificing their lives to enable the maidens to escape.

The fighting was desultory. So sudden had been the advance of The League of Blood that the troopers had not time to mount. From behind rocks, from behind great cactus hedges, and from every coign of vantage, they poured volleys of musketry upon The League of Blood.

By his first gallant charge, Leon had succeeded in getting between the Revolutionists and the house in which Inez was imprisoned. The bravery of his men was greater than he had believed possible. Every man was utterly oblivious of personal danger. Many had fallen, but for every man he had lost many of the foe lay dead.

Leon turned to Joseph, who fought near him, and said: "Take a man with you. Break down the door. Rescue the Señorita, and let her flee. We can hold back the enemy for some time."

Instantly Joseph obeyed. The outer door soon yielded to their powerful blows. Like madmen they explored the house. Frightened female inmates ran shrieking from the house. They were in no danger. The League of Blood honored every woman.

Inez was soon found. With characteristic courage and good sense, she sprang forth, even running ahead of her rescuers.

Harold Wilding saw her, and rode towards her.

But now a new danger arose. Another band of Revolutionists came galloping across the plain.

Back of the house a footpath led down to a cliff that beetled out into a great chasm. Inez saw the path, and with a smile and a wave of her hand to Wilding, she darted down the path.

It was a narrow path, running irregularly between crags and boulders. With difficulty two men abreast could pass through it.

Leaping from his horse, Wilding beckoned to Joseph and his companion to follow him into the narrow pass.

The three men took an advantageous position behind sheltering rocks, and prepared to hold back the maiden's pursuers.

Only a part of the reinforcements of the Revolutionists engaged in the pursuit of the girl. The rest directed their attack against the main body of The League of Blood commanded by Leon.

With deadly aim Wilding and his two friends

picked off every man who entered the path. Soon no one of the Revolutionists dared enter there.

But while this unequal struggle was there waged, a number of the Revolutionists made a detour and entered the path. The three brave men were thus exposed to a rear attack, which made it impossible for them to hold out. Volleys of musketry were poured in upon them, also from the high crags above the path.

Bravely they fought and died. They had accomplished their purpose. By holding back the Revolutionists, they had given Inez time to reach the brink of the fearful precipice, and there she stood resolute and determined not to allow the foul horde to defile her.

When the last defender of the pass had fallen, the Revolutionists dashed forward in pursuit of Inez.

She heard them approach. Calmly she knelt in prayer. "O Heavenly Father, save my beloved sister from harm. I ask not for mortal life for her or for me. Take us to Thyself, but without stain. O God, take to Thyself those noble friends who are giving their lives in defense of what is right and holy in Thy sight. Unite us in Thy Kingdom, where sin and sorrow cannot enter. O God, I love Thee, and through love of Thee I repent of all my sins. I forgive all my enemies; I forgive those misguided men who now seek to destroy me. Accept the sacrifice of my poor

little life, and show mercy to my afflicted country, and let Thy blessing descend upon The League of Blood."

The Revolutionists were plunging forward, each eager to seize the fair girl. The foremost soldier was within thirty paces of the maiden, when she raised her eyes to Heaven and commending her soul to God, she sprang into the abyss, into which no living man has ever entered.

The soldiers stood amazed for a moment, and then retreated towards the entrance of the narrow path.

Meanwhile by prodigious bravery, Leon and his valiant men drove back the larger force of Revolutionists.

While these scenes were being enacted, Miriam stood praying at her window and watching the battle.

The old woman entered. Miriam turned to her and said: "Why am I held here?"

"The master loves fair women," answered the woman. He has brought many here, but none so fair as you."

"Help me to escape," pleaded Miriam, "even though death lie in the way. I fear not to die, but I fear dishonor."

The old woman came close to her and said in a low tone of voice: "Señorita, when I look into your face I feel a pity for you that I cannot resist. You are not like other women; you are an

angel. When you come into that true country, prepared by our Saviour for such as you, intercede for this poor wretch, who has only known the rough ways of sin since childhood. Listen; take this dagger, and hide it in the folds of your garments. I will open the door at the risk of my own life. At the outer door you will find a rough sentinel. Then you will have use for your dagger. I send you forth to probable death, for I know what awaits you here. Remember me, O Señorita, when you shall see the face of God."

The old woman thrust into Miriam's hand a glittering dagger, and hurried her forth.

As Miriam emerged from her prison, a brutal fellow caught her in his arms. Instantly Miriam plunged the dagger to the hilt in his side.

With a guttural groan he fell writhing in death at her feet.

Drawing the dagger from its deep wound, she rushed towards Leon.

"O Señor, what hope have we? Where are Inez, Harold and Joseph?"

She had never before realized the full nobility of his soul. He seemed now in this supreme test the incarnation of all that was great and good in all the heroes of whom she had read.

"There is no earthly hope, Señorita; we have been waiting for you. Inez, Harold and Joseph are dead: they are the first martyrs of the new Mexican Freedom. O, it is great to die as they

died. There is no taint on your angel sister. You will meet her among those who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

Leon leaped from Black Bess. "Mount my noble horse and fly, Miriam, and do not let them take you alive. There is no horse in their accursed ranks so fleet and enduring as my Bess. We have now won our victory. Let Black Bess carry you to safety or to death. You are a DAUGHTER OF MEXICO. You fear nothing but dishonor. We shall all fall here; we are surrounded; outnumbered twenty to one. We shall meet in a better land; and perhaps there we shall be permitted to love each other as we have loved upon earth.

"Farewell, Miriam, hasten, quick, to the west, towards the cliff."

Tenderly, but quickly he lifted her into the saddle. He kissed her hand; he read through the tears in her eyes the thought of her soul; and he carried into eternity the happiness of that message of purest love.

His voice trembled as he gave his last command to the noble steed.

Black Bess bounded away to the westward, carrying Miriam to death, but away from that which is worse than death.

The Revolutionists had extended a thin line of cavalry in a movement to surround The League of Blood. The wings of this encircling movement

were being pushed in a converging course to the westward; and to this only open point Miriam directed her course. Beyond lay the great chasm, the unknown grave of the sister she loved.

Miriam was at a great disadvantage. To close in on her, and cut off her retreat, the troopers at the extremities of the wings would need cover about two thirds the distance that Miriam must traverse to escape them.

They did not fire at her; her dead body would be of no use to them: rape or ransom was their motive.

In a fair contest they would have had no hope of winning the race with Black Bess.

But now to save the precious burden which she carried, Black Bess must overcome a heavy handicap.

Erect in the saddle and with superhuman courage, Miriam encouraged Black Bess, patting her glossy neck, and speaking her name.

The splendid animal put forth all her energy. Miriam prayed and hoped.

She was within ten yards of the opening, when one of the troopers, who had ridden a little in advance of the others, came close to her and extended his hand to seize Black Bess' bridle.

Miriam held in her right hand the dagger which had saved her from the sentinel.

As the horseman leaned slightly forward to seize her horse's bridle, she plunged the dagger

into his throat. Her aim was true. The keen blade cut a gash from ear to ear; the trooper fell from his horse, and Black Bess dashed on through the narrow opening, increasing with each bound the distance between her and her pursuers.

With fearful yells they came on; a hundred yards in front was the abyss.

Miriam leaned forward and spoke loving words to the noble animal.

"Save me, Bess, Leon's noble steed. On, on, Bess, Bess."

The dagger had dropped from Miriam's hand, as she struck the trooper. She was within ten paces of the brink of the chasm. Raising her right hand she struck the mare on the flank, and shouted: "On, on, Bess!"

Black Bess quivered under the slight blow. With a snort she leaped forward and plunged into the abyss three hundred feet to the rocks below.

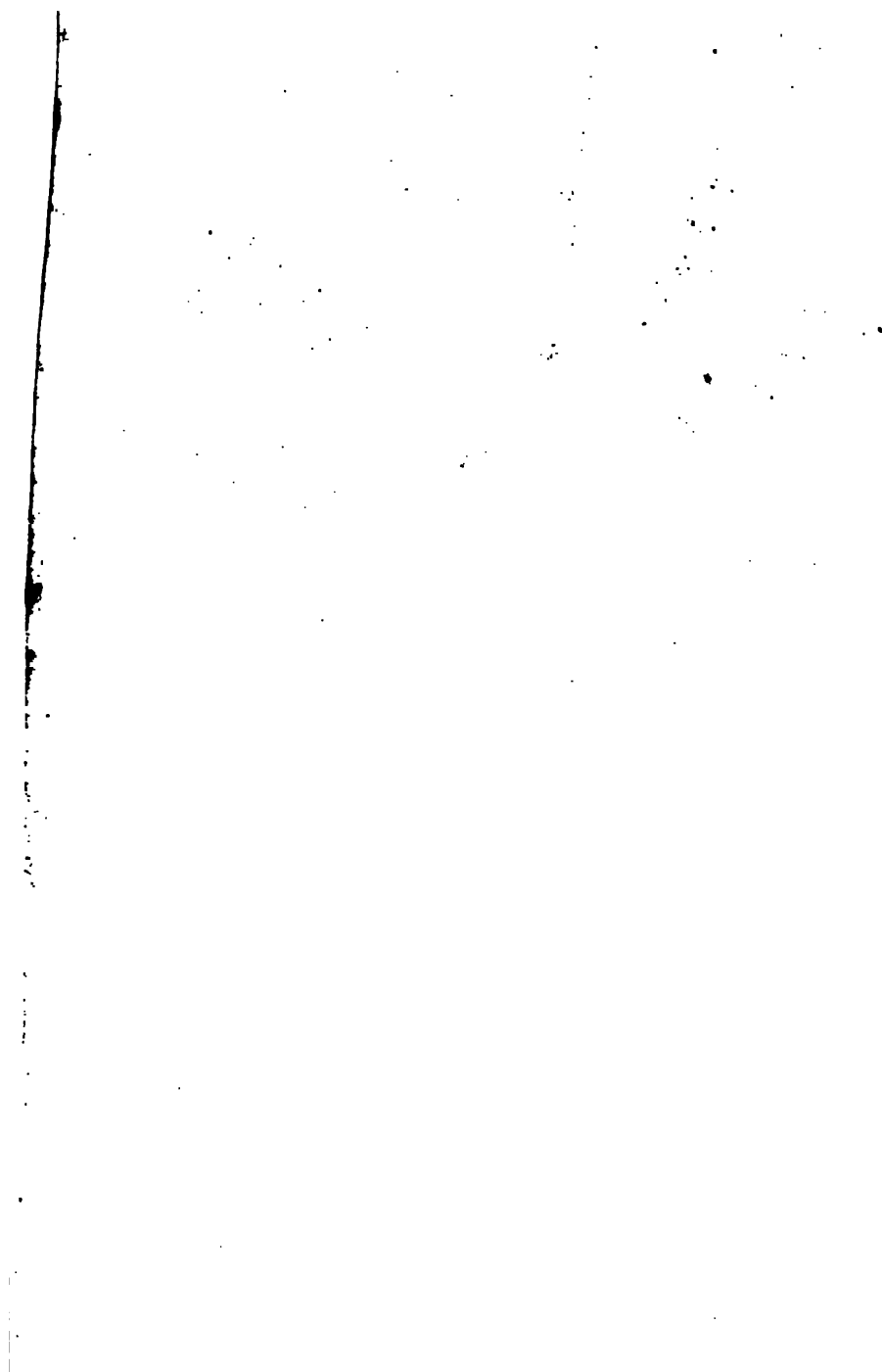
There in the unexplored depths of primeval creation they lay mangled, uncoffined, alone. They had done no evil; they had wronged no one. And yet they had been hunted to death by men who indirectly have the sanction of the Great Republic of The New World.

The day died away; the troopers returned to camp to revel; the pale light of the moon shone down upon the faces of the dead. No man had been spared, Leon and his comrades of The League of Blood had set an example that shall in-

spire other Mexicans to noble deeds until Mexico shall be free.

Those who see with the eyes of Heaven saw angels ascend from that chasm and plain with glorified beings, whose faces shone with the light that comes from the face of God.

THE END.



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